THE AUSTRALIAN
free paper pattern
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE 2d.
Biggest Value in the World.

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN AUSTRALIA

Vol. II. No. 5. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1934. 321 PITT ST., SYDNEY. Phones: M3931 (4 lines). POSTAL ADDRESS: Business, G.P.O. Box 4034W. Editorial, G.P.O. Box 1031K. 48 PAGES

Hikers' Song

Oh, it's here in the open air we are,
The city is left behind,
And it's here on the naked earth we are,
Where the careless bush-tracks wind!

Oh! it's joy to wander at will again
By river and virgin earth;
To hear in the whispering trees again
Pan's immemorial mirth. —P. D.-B.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604171

PLANS for *Local Plane Passed* by RACE EXPERTS

False Fears, that Plans were too Late, Dispersed

Early this week, the committee controlling entries for the great Centenary air race passed the plans and specifications of the all-Australian plane, towards which The Australian Women's Weekly has donated £500 and has started a fund to raise the remaining £1000 needed.

Without this assistance, the completion of the plane would have been impossible, and there would have been no Australian-made machine in the race.

To share in a thrill which has had no parallel in the history of the world, readers should send their subscriptions in at once.

EXCITEMENT ran high when it was reported, late last week, that the plans for the Australian plane would not be in time to be passed by the Air Race Committee in Melbourne. This report, however, was incorrect.

Mr. Perry, secretary of the All-Australian Aeroplane Committee, states that the plans and specifications were lodged within the time agreed upon by the Air Race Committee in Melbourne. At the time the entry for the plane was made it was agreed to accept the plans up to June 30.

These were duly lodged in time, and the only difficulty was that a photograph of the engines was not available owing to a technical alteration, but the plans have definitely been accepted and the plane is eligible to fly in the race.

The committee of the Centenary Air Race was most anxious that Australia should be represented in the great event by an entirely Australian-built plane, and it was for this reason that a concession was made allowing the plans to be submitted by June 30.

As Mr. Perry says: "We were not late in submitting our plans and we will not be late when the numbers go up for the winners."

NOW is your opportunity to fall in behind the body of public-spirited Australians who launched this scheme, by sending along your subscription towards the funds.

The committee behind the movement has decided that all prize-money won in the contest and any surplus funds raised will be donated to the assistance of returned soldiers' organisations and to aeronautical research.

The ablest Australian aeronautic engineers have embodied in the construction of this plane new ideas which will startle the aerial world.

When completed the plane will have a cruising speed of 240 miles an hour, and, in addition, will be able to attain its maximum speed at an altitude of 4000 feet, a distinct advantage in a race where so many landings are necessary.

Some of our readers may be unable to afford a substantial donation towards the funds of this great Australian movement, but all can help in some way to raise the balance of the money necessary for the enterprise.

We have organised a great "bob-in" fund, to which many of our readers have already subscribed. To every contributor of a shilling, a certificate autographed by Jean Batten will be issued as a memento of this support.

All subscriptions to the fund will be acknowledged through the columns of The Australian Women's Weekly week by week.

Don Saville, who will pilot the machine in the air race, is straining at the leash to get his hands on the controls and thoroughly try out the plane for final adjustment before it is taken to England.

Social Functions

PUBLIC functions are being arranged in many cities and towns in every State of the Commonwealth, and you can show your sympathy with the All-Australian enterprise by supporting these movements.

The attention of our readers is specially called to the Australian Aeroplane Ball, to be held at the Hotel Wentworth on July 24. An enterprising committee of well-known Sydney women is organising this great function, which is expected to be one of the social events of the year. The executive committee is Mesdames T. D. Leich, Lionel Dare, Eric Sheller, Murray Waller and the Misses Josephine Marks and Margaret Dare. Mr. Owen Dibbs is hon. secretary, and the honorary organising treasurer is Mrs. C. A. Jaques.

Dancing will be from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. An Australian ballet has been engaged for the occasion, and there will be an exclusive cabaret. Tickets are 7/6, and the table booking is at the Hotel Wentworth.

Under the patronage of the Mayor of Mosman, a bridge and cards party will be held in the small Town Hall, Mosman, to-morrow (Friday) at 8 p.m. The organiser, Mrs. B. J. Heath, assisted by a number of Mosman ladies, has been working very hard to make the evening enjoyable. The hall has been lent by the Mayor and the tickets (2/- each) have been donated, so that the entire proceeds will help to swell the fund for Australia's plane. For reservations ring Y2965 or Y5193.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

Amount already acknowledged, £533/18/.

	£	s	d
Grace Bros. (for prizes)	6	0	0
Air Race Australian Entry, Ltd.	3	11	0
Bob-in Fund (Mr. Heath) ..	11	10	0
Anonymous		10	0
A. L. Bain		10	0
W. E. Bain		10	0
Ernest L. Davis		10	0
Special Press Photos	1	1	0
Theo. Purcell	1	1	0
"Bob-In" Fund		6	0

Donations should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, and every subscription to the funds will be received and duly acknowledged in the columns of this paper.

MRS. CARLA JAQUES, of Mona Rd., Darling Point, honorary organiser of the All-Australia Aeroplane Ball, to be held at the Wentworth Hotel on July 24.

—Dorothy Welding.

OUR *School Systems* in the MELTING POT

Homework, Exams., and the Teacher's Right to Cane

School systems in New South Wales and Queensland are in the melting-pot! The future of thousands of young Australians is involved in the disturbance, which embraces homework, examinations, and the teacher's right to cane. In the boil-over, the powers of the Minister for Education in New South Wales might even evaporate!

The prospect of our girls and boys having fewer opportunities of securing jobs, with an upset of the examination standards, is also an important factor.

AS a result of the dissatisfaction periodically expressed with the present scheme of things in New South Wales, the Minister for Education, Mr. D. H. Drummond, at the end of last year appointed a committee to inquire into the school system.

This committee divided itself into a number of sub-committees, each of which came to independent, and sometimes conflicting, decisions. It has hardly done anything more than lay before the Minister a suggestion that he should appoint a further body which will in its turn consider the main situation.

Working at high pressure so as to have their deliberations ready as soon as they could, the committee of inquiry handed in its findings to the Minister for Education more than six months ago.

Not until last Saturday did Mr. Drummond issue a statement. Many of those interested were greatly disappointed, to put it mildly.

Some idea of the friction that has resulted is indicated by the supplementary statements that have been issued by members of the committee, alleging that Mr. Drummond had omitted important points of the committee's report.

There is some divergence of opinion regarding the powers and constitution of the proposed council.

The committee has suggested that a Council of Secondary Education should be created.

It is not, of course, certain that the proposed council would function without the inclusion of the Minister for Education, nor that it would be more than an advisory body.

Mr. Robson, a member of the inquiry committee, and headmaster of the Church of England Grammar School, North Sydney, in a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly stated:

"It is of fundamental importance that the council should not only be advisory, but also endowed by statute with power to carry its determination into effect.

"The Schools' Board in Victoria, which provides an interesting parallel to the council suggested for N.S.W., includes the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the president of the Professorial Board, eight representatives of the University, eight representatives of the department appointed annually by the Minister (but not including the Minister) ten representatives of schools outside the department, and two members representing business interests of the community."

Who Will Control?

Therefore, although the Minister would appoint members to the council, if the Victorian example were followed in N.S.W., the Government would only be represented by State schools' inspectors, and other departmental officers, exclusive of the Minister.

Under the present political system, the portfolio of Minister for Education does not call for specified educational qualifications, and it is said that the advisory council, apart from any other consideration, would have some check over future Ministers for Education, and prevent any move to spread political propaganda through the schools, which, it has been alleged, has occurred in the past.

The proposed council is very different from that suggested by Mr. Drummond's comment that "there appears to be no sound reason why the constitution of the Board of Examiners should not be modified to permit of representation of those who are actually engaged in teaching."

Exams. Controversy

THE main Committee of Inquiry appointed various sub-committees to go into the questions of (1) Technical Education, (2) of matters affecting the health of pupils (such as homework), (3) "general problems of secondary education," and (4) "secondary education in its relation to matriculation."

The sub-committees dealing with (3) and (4) decided that the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate examinations are required no longer.

The findings of other sub-committees, however, were in favor of retaining these examinations.

Ultimately all the members agreed that it should be left to the proposed Secondary Educational Council to decide whether these examinations should be superseded by a scheme whereby education would be general until the end of fourth year, when there would be an examination, and then, during the final year, there would be specialised learning, followed by another examination. Those who wish to retain the present system emphasise that, taking into consideration the fact that about seventy-five per cent. of children leave school before the end of their fourth year to get jobs, and that employers demand from children some certificate of their ability, the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate should be retained.

The question of homework was considered, but as no cases were found where homework caused ill-health, under any new system, homework, as well as examinations, also, will still be required.

QUEENSLAND Education Department has given a setback to the old proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," by taking a step which is expected to lead to the end of corporal punishment in schools; a step which will arouse interest all over Australia.

Girls are not to be caned at all, while boys can only be punished this way under unusual circumstances. In some schools, it is reported, children are already beginning to take advantage of their new freedom, and many teachers are having a bad time of it.

Officials of the Queensland Teachers' Union are reticent on the subject of the new regulations affecting the use of the cane in State schools, preferring to defer the expression of their opinions until the matter is discussed officially at a meeting on July 7.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604172

Let's Talk of Interesting P·E·O·P·L·E

ORGANISED OPERETTA

MISS NATHALIE ROSENWAX organised the Australian Operetta Competition in which "Collits' Inn" was a prizewinner. Since then "Collits' Inn" has won fame throughout Australia, and a cabled report of the week indicates that it may be produced in London also.

Miss Rosenwax is a notable musician, and her work for the career of the Australian singer Miss Rene Maxwell is widely known. To this gifted young singer Miss Rosenwax has been "guide, philosopher and friend." She herself received her musical training at the Melbourne Conservatorium during the regime of Professor Marshall Hall.

Miss Rosenwax founded the Opportune Club, Sydney, and the Dominion Artists' Club, London.

FAMOUS COMPOSER

DAME ETHEL SMYTH, the greatest of women composers, has attained the ripe age of 75 years, but is apparently as vigorous—mentally and physically—as when she was in her prime. She studied at Leipzig, and it is 57 years since her first work was produced.

A close friend of Mrs. Pankhurst, Dame Ethel was a prominent worker in the cause of women's suffrage. She is a noted author, and her recently-published autobiography is one of the best works of the day.

Among her many famous personal friends were Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie. Her keen intellect and nimble wit have won her a reputation for repartee, and time does not seem to dull her brilliance.

Amazingly energetic, she is still an enthusiastic golfer.

—Trissie Deasbery.

KNOWS THE EAST

MISS BERTHA CLARKE, formerly of Brisbane, has just returned from a tour of China and Japan. She was the first Australian woman to conduct personally a tour of the Far East. The party, which consisted mostly of members of the English-Speaking Union and visitors from overseas, visited Japan, Peking, Shanghai, and Hongkong.

Miss Clarke is a daughter of the late Joseph Clarke, first Art master of Brisbane, and one of the founders of Brisbane Art Society, of the Technical College there, and of the Johnsonian Club. She is also the niece of Australia's famous poet, the late Brunton Stevens.

She has a wide knowledge of the East, having spent several years in Japan and China.

HAS LOVE *Ever Made* YOU *Write* LIKE THIS?

Famous Love Letters of the Past

Everybody who has ever been in love and who has suffered from heartache, lack of appetite, insomnia, and other manifestations of the "divine madness," has felt the urge, from time to time, to pour forth the soul through the medium of pen and ink.

Some people go so far as to write poetry; others write love letters, while the more unfortunate merely write cheques. Many love letters, penned by famous people, have been handed down through the ages.

Here are some. Read them... study them... then dip your pen in the ink and start, but when you have finished be wise and destroy all traces of your effort!

ON THE LEFT, Josephine—on the right, Napoleon. The great idol of the French appears to be giving a perfect demonstration of a love-sick man. As will be seen from his letter to Josephine, published below, the great Emperor could not adopt the same tyrant's methods with Cupid as he did with statesmen and nations. Napoleon met his Waterloo in Josephine long before he met Wellington.

THIS is the first letter which Anne Boleyn wrote to Henry VIII. When she was 20, Henry was then 36, and very good looking. He had just given her a job in his wife's (Catherine of Aragon's) household.

Sire.—It belongs only to the august mind of a great king, to whom Nature has given a heart full of generosity towards the sex, to repay by favor so extraordinary an artless and short conversation with a girl.

Inexhaustible as is the treasury of your majesty's bounties, I pray you to consider that it cannot be sufficient to your generosity; for if you recompense so slight a conversation by gifts so great, what will you be able to do for those who are ready to consecrate their active obedience to your desires?

How great soever may be the bounties I have received, the joy that I feel in being loved by a king whom I adore, and to whom I would with pleasure make a sacrifice of my heart if fortune had rendered it worthy of being offered to him, will ever be infinitely greater.

The warrant of maid of honor to the Queen induces me to think that your majesty has some regard for me, since it gives me the means of seeing you oftener, and of assuring you by my own lips (which I shall do on the first opportunity) that I am

Your majesty's very obliged and very obedient servant, without reserve,

ANNE BOLEYN.

Henry's Reply

THIS is how Henry wrote to her before he had divorced Catherine of Aragon:

"Myne awne Sweetheart,—This shall be to advertise you of the great ellingness that I find here since your departing, for I assure you, methinketh the tyme longer since your departing now last then I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervence of love causeth it, for otherwise I would not thought it possible, that for so little a while it should have grieved me, but now that I am coming towards you, methinketh my pains been half released, and also I am right well comforted, insomuch that my book maketh substantially for my matter, in writing whereof I have spent above iiii hours this day, which caused me now to write the shorter letter to you at this tyme, because of same payne in my head, wishing myself (especially an evening), in my sweetheart's armes whose pietty duckys I trust shortly to kysse.

"Writtne with the hand of him that was, is, and shall be yours by his will. —H.R."

Napoleon's Effort

HERE is a different kind of love letter; one written by Napoleon 270 years later, when he was feeling jealous about his wife, Josephine, who was neglecting him. They had only been married a year. He was 27, she 33:

"I do not love thee any more; on the contrary, I detest thee. Thou art horrid, very awkward, very stupid, a very Cinderella. Thou dost not write me at all, thou dost not love thy husband; thou knowest the pleasure that thy letters afford him, and thou dost not write him six lines of even haphazard scribble.

"What do you do then all the day, Madame? What matter of such importance is it that takes up your time from writing to your very good lover? What affection stifles and pushes on one side the love, the tender and constant love, which you have promised him? Who can be this marvellous, this new lover who absorbs all your instants, tyrannises your entire days and prevents you from being solicitous about your husband? Josephine, beware, one fine night the doors will break open, and I will be there.

"In truth, I am anxious, my good amie, at not receiving your news; write me quickly four pages, and say those amiable things which fill my heart with sentiment and pleasure.

"I hope before long to press you in my arms and shall shower on you a million burning kisses as under the Equator.—BONAPARTE."

* * *

AND here is Disraeli, on October 29, 1838, writing to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, the widow whom he married. He was trying to write a play:

"I cannot reconcile love and separation. My ideas of love are the perpetual enjoyment of the society of the sweet being to whom I am devoted, the sharing of every thought, and even every fancy, and every charm and every care. Perhaps I sigh for a state which can never be mine, which never existed.

"But there is nothing in my own heart which convinces me it is impossible, and, if it be an illusion, it is an illusion worthy of the gods. I wish to be with you, to live with you, never to be away from you—I care not where, in Heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth.

"I would have written on Friday but was really too unhappy. So I sauntered about thinking of you, and gleaned, for we can no longer gather, flowers which I sent you, and which I amused myself dexterously packing in franks; for, to tell the truth, I spoiled more covers than one before I could stow them, which with the united aid of scissors and patience I at last contrived to succeed in.

"I have lost all heart for my tragedy. I always aim in all I do at the highest. I see no use in writing tragedies unless they be as fine as Shakespeare's; and, as that is impossible to attain, what am I to do? In fame as well as love, my motto is, 'All or nothing,' because I prefer happy obscurity to mediocre reputation."

Browning

ROBERT BROWNING wrote this note to Elizabeth Barrett four months before they were married, in 1846:

"Sweetest, I have this moment come from town and Mr. Jameson—the Marc Antonio prints kept us all the morning—and at last said, 'There is a letter for me at home which I must go and answer.'

"And now I cannot answer it—but I can love you and say so. God bless you, ever dearest, I have read your letter—but only once.

"Now I shall begin my proper number of times.

"Ever your very own."

* * *

MODERN times have produced this beautiful letter from the late Lord Oxford (Asquith) shortly before he married Lady Oxford:

"You have been good and sweet beyond words to me to-day and I can't go away without telling you what an absolute sovereignty you hold over my thoughts, my heart and my life. I won't weary you with protestations; it is enough to say—which I do with the deepest sincerity of unavailing conviction—that I can conceive of no future of which you are not the centre, and which is not given, without a shadow of doubt or a shiver of fear, to you alone.

Please turn to Page 4

The Love Letter in Australia

According to an expert on divorce, Australians are poor writers of love letters; but then it is not fair to judge by those letters brought to light in divorce cases.

Readers are invited to discuss the subject through the columns of our "So They Say" page.

Do Australians write love letters, and when they do are they good ones, or have we, as a nation, a sense of humor which handicaps such displays of sentiment?

Goldenia Tea

Prove the delicious flavour of this super-quality tea—it's the tea that makes meal-time enjoyable.

S179. S401A

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604173

BABIES—World's *Greatest Problem* TO-DAY

Opposing Forces in Fight for Safety!

By Our Special Commissioner

The world's greatest problem to-day is, in one word—"babies." Never before has medical science concentrated, as it does to-day, on the problems of infant welfare.

The famous Englishman, Aldous Huxley, disagrees sharply with the attempts of medical science to lower the rate of infant mortality, and it is interesting to read his view on the matter, as set out below, and those of the eminent Australian authority, Dr. Harvey Sutton, given in a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

IN a recent publication Aldous Huxley states that social reformers who, in the cause of helping humanity, have taken increased care with the upbringing of infants, causing a decline in infant mortality, have in reality hindered social progress.

This is because, he says, the infants whose lives are saved are weaklings who would be better dead. From their ranks are, to a great extent, recruited mentally defective individuals, who subsequently became a grave social problem.

Dr. Harvey Sutton, Professor of the School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine in Australia, however, disagrees with this view. He agrees that, as a rule, physical and mental feebleness are correlated. If one has a strong body, but a feeble mind, the chances are that one has been born healthy in mind and body, but become diseased in mind owing to some accident or illness.

But he points out that the increased care taken nowadays of infants mainly results in healthy babies, which might ordinarily have been harmed by ill-treatment, being kept from harm. The weaklings die off just the same.

If this were not so, the death rate would increase for the years of childhood, for the weaklings would certainly succumb to disease during this period. Yet this does not occur.

It is estimated that there are not only a number of mentally defective individuals at large in society—about one in every two hundred—but the number of inmates in the asylums is increasing. It was 3.43 per 1000 of the population in 1927, 3.45 in 1928, 3.46 in 1929, 3.51 in 1930, and 3.54 in 1931.

The Government Statistician notes this may be due to "A greater willingness in recent years to submit afflicted persons to treatment at an earlier stage, and an increase in the number of recorded cases, therefore, and does not necessarily imply an actual increase in insanity." Moreover, "The more rapid increase during the last two years is possibly a reflection of the financial stress of the period."

That is to say, those individuals who have benefited by modern methods of infant care (who are still in their youth) would not be the persons to be swelling the numbers in the asylums. Dr. Harvey Sutton also concurs in this.

Yet, even though Dr. Sutton does not believe in Mr. Huxley's cause, he does agree with his conclusion. There is an increase in the proportion of feebleminded individuals at large in society, he considers. Feeblemindedness is not only a financial burden on society. From the ranks of the mentally unfit, to a great extent, the criminal classes and other social outlaws arise.

Two Smart Notions And They Are Free

Just received by air mail from overseas, the fascinating little knitted over-jacket on page 26, depicting the very latest notion in knitwear.

For a winter frock that is at once smart and serviceable, send for this week's free pattern, illustrated on page 27.

What does the future hold for these babies of to-day?

Feebleminded!

THE reasons for feeblemindedness are many, but one is most important. A feebleminded child nearly always has a feebleminded parent. If one were to stamp out all the feebleminded individuals at present alive, it would not entirely eliminate the possibility of the trait cropping up again.

Reformers contend that the essential means of restoring the quality of our race is either to make the unfortunate mentally deficients pay the penalty of their disease with death, or to prevent them from having children.

To give instruction in birth-control does not help, because only those who are not feebleminded have the insight, and the strength of mind to practise it. There would just be the same number of feebleminded individuals born and—fewer children to better-class parents.

Sterilisation has been suggested as a remedy. This does not interfere with an individual's life in the smallest particular, except to prevent reproduction.

Sterilisation is legal in Great Britain and Australia already for therapeutical means, such as to remove cancer. But, even if the patient wishes it surgeons do not dare to operate in other than therapeutic cases.

In the Middle Ages, as a result of mutilation of offspring by parents so that they might gain sympathy in their begging, a law was passed prohibiting mutilation of the body. This law stands in the way of modern English society's ridding itself of mental defectives.

Voluntary sterilisation is, however, legal and very successful throughout Switzerland, in most of U.S.A., and in Alberta, Canada.

* * *

GERMANY goes a step further and makes this operation compulsory in certain cases. All those people so hereditarily sick that they might be expected to communicate disease to their children are to undergo operation, which may be enforced by the police. The cost is estimated at 20 marks, and a period in bed of four days in the male, and of 50 marks and eight days in bed for females. Four hundred thousand persons have come under the law, and the first cost is estimated at 14 million marks. Yet, as the annual cost of the hereditarily sick is 350 million marks, this is considered not unsatisfatcory. The chief opposition to this enactment is said to come from those with strict religious beliefs.

Everyone turned with amazement and said....

"WHAT wonderful HAIR!"

You can get NEW HAIR Quickly!

Great Distribution of HAIR TREATMENTS!

NOW, you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid you of dandruff or any other hair trouble you suffer from within 30 days it COSTS YOU NOTHING!—not one penny! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated, it places you under no obligation; all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW!

What I Discovered About Hair

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried! I know you have not used the RIGHT method! My own hair fell out in handfuls until I fast began to go bald. I tried everything; but now I have a thick, lustrous growth of hair—thanks to the important discovery that—

Tonics Will Never Grow Hair

THEY never have—because it is impossible! There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelso Murchison Treatment! It's a new way—entirely different, and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight!

Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers"; but accept my great offer and watch your hair grow! Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

It Does Not Matter

IT does not matter how long-standing your hair or scalp trouble may be, it does not matter what you have tried—J. Kelso Murchison is prepared to PROVE to you beyond all doubt, and without you risking one penny, that YOU CAN DEFINITELY GROW NEW HAIR—if you send the coupon below NOW!

J. KELSO MURCHISON

Dept. W2, LOMBARD CHAMBERS, PITT ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

30 Days Amazing Trial Offer

Still More Genuine PROOF—READ IT

HAIR GROWING LIKE WILDFIRE!

"You asked me to report in one month on your treatment for the hair. The month isn't quite up yet, but it isn't necessary to wait that long. I could have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. I have used a lot of different 'restorers' in my time, but yours is the only one that I ever used that I have had any faith in. You said it would cure dandruff in one week. Well, I can beat that easily, as it cured my dandruff in one night. It has completely changed the color of my hair. It has turned it from its dry, dead, straw-looking color back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I might mention that I never gave your treatment a very fair go, either."

R. J. REYNOLDS, M., Vic.

WONDERFUL RESULTS!

"I have been using your hair treatment for one month, with wonderful results. My hair is no longer thin and scraggy. It has stopped falling out, and all the dandruff has disappeared, also the itchy scalp. Where it used to be short and thin, it has grown much longer and thicker. My hair seems as though it has new life in it, thanks to you. I think your course wonderful, and so easy to do."

MISS M. DAUMANN, M., N.S.W.

NEVER THOUGHT HAIR WOULD GROW AGAIN.

"My hair is growing very nicely on top of my head, and is also starting in front. I had thought that my hair would never grow again, but you have proved this to be a fallacy. I never realised how badly I must have suffered from dandruff, but now, thanks to you, all signs of it have disappeared."

L. ROBERTS, N., N.S.W.

HAIR HAS IMPROVED WONDERFULLY.

"After following your course of natural hair growing for 30 days my hair has improved wonderfully. I have not only noticed it, but others ask me what I have been doing to my hair."

S. KEARNEY, G., N.S.W.

£1000 GUARANTEE

I guarantee that all testimonials published in this announcement are genuine extracts from reports received.

(Signed) J. KELSO MURCHISON.

Rip This out-and POST!

IT IS FREE

J. KELSO MURCHISON, Dept. W2, Lombard Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Enclose 4d. in stamps for postage. 7/7/'34.

MAE WEST *Rouses Ire* of *Victorian* WOMEN

Mae West may go west in Australia soon if Victorian women follow the example of America, and if the other States follow Victoria.

The present popular phrase, "Come up and see me sometime," will fade away to oblivion, and Mae will be allowed on the screen only in the most proper of roles.

THE National Council of Women in America has banned famous studios such as Paramount and United Artists because of suggestive and indecent pictures they have produced.

The Council's action is likely to find an echo in Victoria. It is rumored that the ban may mean the end of the careers of Mae West and Anna Sten at Hollywood.

The National Council of Women executive, at its meeting on Monday night (July 2), discussed the films in question and the action taken by American women.

Many of the members, including the president, Mrs. I. H. Moss, have never seen Mae West's pictures. Some of them say they have no desire to.

The Women's Vigilant Society will discuss suggestive and indecent pictures in general, and Mae West in particular at its meeting on July 12. Neither the president, Mrs. Gregory, nor the hon. secretary, Mrs. Allen, have seen her. The society appointed an advertising and publications committee some time ago which succeeded in having "live" advertisements, in which semi-nude men and women drove through Prahran on lorries, banned and the promoters prosecuted.

* * *

OFFICE-BEARERS in both organisations agree that it will be necessary for members to see the films objected to before any action is taken.

Mae West's last picture, "I'm No Angel," was shown in Geelong last week to crowded houses, and will be shown in Melbourne suburbs shortly. It has been suggested that Paramount should invite interested women's organisations to see the picture.

The manager, Mr. H. A. Kelly, said he has received mountains of fan-mail for Mae West, and hundreds of requests for her photograph. "I'm No Angel" was not cut at all by the Australian censors. It created a record at the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney.

"It Ain't No Sin," Mae West's latest picture, is due to arrive in Australia soon. Mr. Kelly thinks that after its ban by the New York Board of Regents the film will be entirely re-made at Hollywood.

Where to Find

BOOKS	6
BRAINWAVES	17
BEAUTY	29
COOKING	31
FASHION	12
FILM NEWS	20
LOUISE MACK ADVISES	22
MEDICAL	29
MUSIC	14
MOTHERS AND WIVES	24
PATTERNS	27
SPORT	29
SO THEY SAY	19

Has Love Ever Made You Write Like This?

Continued from Page 3

"I don't want you to think too much of what might be asked of you in return. I know that there are moments when you picture to yourself with a shudder a life drained of movement and of color. I would rather be blotted out of your thoughts and even your memory than be the means of shutting you off from the sunlight and the free air which you need, and in which alone your nature can put forth its incomparable radiance.

"Don't think that I mean or would ever consent to this. I will give you everything that it is in me to give—shelter, devotion, unshakeable loyalty, tireless trust and homage, and I will take from you nothing but your love. The way of your life shall be as you determine it, and your choice shall be my law.

"These are not, as you know well, a lover's idle vows.

"Don't be sad and trust me even now to help and lighten, and not to overshadow, your life.

"Write me a line to Englemere."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604174

Continuing . . .

STORM *Music*

Twenty minutes went by before I saw her again, and then she came out of the garden with the lass that had stood at the door.

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

The Characters

JOHN SPENCER, an Englishman, who tells the story.
GEOFFREY BOHUN, his artist cousin.
BARLEY, their manservant.
LADY HELENA YORICK, a beautiful Austrian girl.
THE COUNT OF YORICK, her young brother.
PHARAOH, an English criminal.
DEWDROP, BUGLE, and RUSH, members of his gang.
FLORIN, warden of the castle.
SABRE, Lady Helena's Alsatian.

By DORNFORD YATES

AS guardian of £2,000,000 in golden sovereigns, Lady Helena Yorick, beautiful mistress of an old Austrian castle, is exposed to the attacks of a desperate band of criminals—Pharaoh, the leader, and Dewdrop, Rush, and Bugle. They plan to rob her of the fortune which is hidden in the castle.

Motoring through Lass Lady Helena is startled when a stranger—an Englishman—runs excitedly from a cafe, jumps on the running-board of the car, and gasps out an extraordinary story of a grim burial he had witnessed in the forest that morning.

The Englishman is John Spencer, who is travelling with his artist cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, through Austria, accompanied by Barley, a manservant.

In the forest John had found four men stealthily burying a fifth, dressed in a gay green smock. He himself was nearly discovered when one of the rogues picked up a letter addressed to him.

Geoffrey, from his cousin's description, had recognised the murderers as desperadoes wanted by Scotland Yard. It was Pharaoh and his gang.

The murdered man was young Florin, son of the warden of Yorick Castle. The similar green uniform worn by Lady Helena's chauffeur had attracted John's attention.

For strategic reasons the cousins prepare to leave Lass at once and go to Annabel, but just before the strange chance that caused John to meet Lady Helena he had accepted his lost letter from a messenger, a fact which makes him a marked man.

When the cousins move to the Reaping Hook Inn, at Annabel, they drive right into Pharaoh and his gang, but escape after an exciting skirmish.

They accept Lady Helena's subsequent invitation to live at Plumage Farm, on the Yorick estate, and patrol the locality in search of Pharaoh.

Several days later, Lady Helena invites John to dine at the castle. Her brother has returned suddenly. She warns John that the Count, who has supreme authority under ancient laws, must not know what is afoot.

Lady Helena and John are in the dining-room when the young Count enters with a guest. It is Pharaoh, posing as Captain Faning.

Lady Helena knows that her headstrong brother would not hear anything against his assumed friend, and plans to leave the castle with John. They escape through a secret tunnel. Pharaoh sets Sabre on their trail, but the dog outruns him in the dark.

Picking up some belongings at Plumage, Lady Helena and John are almost trapped by the gang in a narrow lane, but a quick ruse saves them.

"We'll go to my nurse at Pommers," said Lady Helena, now that the castle is shut against them. On the way they run out of petrol. Hiding the Rolls, they start the long walk to the nearest farm shown on their map.

John collapses on the way. His back had been badly strained in pushing the abandoned car out of sight in the forest. They cannot go on, and are forced to spend the night in the open. The search for the farm is resumed in the morning.

NEARLY an hour had gone by when we saw before us no farm, but a little time-honored cottage standing in a glade of the forest, with a garden of flowers about it and a hooded well to one side.

From ridge-pole to eaves its respectable roof of thatch was fully twice the height of the snow-white walls below, yet it did not overwhelm them, but only made me think of a hedgehog up on his feet. An open dormer window shone from this jolly pelt, and an old red chimney, pierced it, to send up a wisp of smoke. A second casement and a doorway were set in the wall that we faced, and the fireplace plainly belonged to that on our right, for there the chimney ran down to a sturdy pent-house with a doll's house window high up in its lime-washed side. The borders of the path to the doorway were gay with blooms, and the door itself standing open, the sunshine was bravely rendered by some pot or pan of copper that hung on the wall within.

WE were forty paces away when a young woman entered the doorway and stood looking into the garden alight with the sparkling flowers. For a moment she stared upon them. Then she leaned against the jamb, put her arm up to her eyes and began to weep. Helena and I stopped dead.

Then—

"You stay here," she said quietly, "and I'll go on and see what the trouble is. Perhaps we can straighten it out in return for a meal."

Twenty minutes went by before I saw her again, and then she came out of the garden with the lass that had stood at the door. The latter was smiling now, as she had been sad, and seemed as excited and eager as any child.

For a moment the two stood speaking.

Then the woman dropped a curtsy and started across the forest in evident haste.

Helena beckoned to me, and I got to my feet. As I came towards her:

"The trick," she said, "has been done. Our hostess has gone for petrol, and when she comes back, in two hours, she's going away for good—for three days at least to Salzburg. Our host, however, will remain. He's inside now, in the very best of humors and finding our use of his cottage an excellent joke."

"I hope he's getting your breakfast."

"It's ready," said Helena, turning. "Bread and milk and honey, just as I said."

I followed her into the cleanest of tiny kitchens, all bright with old wood and copper, and smelling of sweet wood-smoke. Beneath the open window a table was laid. On the fair linen cloth was our breakfast—a truly scriptural meal, with bowls for cups and saucers, a knife for the bread like a hanger, and two jolly wooden spoons.

Sabre was lying on the flags in front of the hearth, and a pretty, fair-haired baby that might have been two years old was seated beside the Alsatian, trying to stuff a whistle into the great dog's mouth. Sabre suffered him gently, moving his tail.

Helena sat down by the infant and drew him on to her lap.

"Max," she said, "this is my brother. He's rather nice."

Naturally the child ignored me. His eyes were on Helena's face.

I glanced at the steep stone stairway that led to the room above.

"And our host?" said I.

Helena looked up, laughing.

"This is our host," she said. "If you had any manners you'd come and give him a kiss."

I drank with some violence and set my bowl down on the cloth.

"All right," I said. "I can't help it. Do what you like. If the Countess Helena of Yorick is determined to dwell in a solitary two-roomed cottage with an imitation brother and infant-in-arms and a dog——"

"Till your cousin arrives, she is. Besides, he isn't in arms—he can walk beautifully. And now listen to me: Freda's man is in Salzburg; he's lying in hospital there and gradually getting better of a fever which nearly carried him off. Yesterday she got a letter saying that now she might visit him, but that on no account must she bring with her the child. I imagine there's a risk of infection which a grown-up can safely take. Well, that provision tore it, for she's no one to take the child. And that is why she was weeping. . . .

"I did the obvious deal. This place is just what we want. I offered to care for the baby and give her a present as well if my 'brother' and I might stay here until her return. She simply jumped at the bargain—could hardly believe her ears. As I told you, she's gone for petrol—I thought we'd better have that; and when she leaves for Salzburg she'll take a letter to your cousin, telling him what has happened and where we are. I need hardly say she's promised to hold her tongue."

So I sat down and wrote to Geoffrey, telling him what had happened and where we were. Retired though it was, the cottage was easy to find, for the path which Freda had taken led straight to cross roads in the forest some two miles off. The spot was known as Witchcraft, and was marked on the map.

It was nearer ten than nine when Freda returned; she was heavily laden, for she bore two gallons of petrol which she had begged of the farmer that sold her milk; and as well she had brought two chickens and a basket of new-laid eggs. What tale she had *told* I know not, but I think that it served her turn, for we were not once molested by curious eyes. Very fine she looked when she was ready to go, in her fair white linen embroidered with blue and gold and a scarlet kerchief binding her pretty, fair hair.

When she held the baby close she bowed her head. Then she set him down in his pen and wiped a tear from her cheek.

"The half of my heart," she said simply, "I leave with you. And I am content, my lady, because of the look in your eyes."

Two minutes later her kerchief was out of sight.

I took my ease for the most of that day, but while I am sure the repose did much for my back, it was Helena's use of the lotion that actually healed the strain. What the liniment was, I know not, and I do not think Freda knew, but I think it came out of the country and that some wise woman had made it that knew no pharmacopoeia. Be that as it may, by that evening I felt no pain when I stooped, and as far as I know from that time my back was well, for it never hurt me again.

Now Freda had advised us that a lad brought her milk every evening at six o'clock, but that he was well accustomed to finding no one at home; we therefore put out our pitcher at half-past five and, taking the baby with us, made our way into the forest and sat ourselves down out of view.

As I lighted my lady's cigarette:

"TO-NIGHT," I said, "I am going to get the Rolls. I'll fill her up at some pump and then find some place near Witchcraft and park her there. Her value apart, we simply must have that car. Without her we're tied by the leg."

"I shall come, too," said Helena. "Sabre can mind the baby and keep the house."

"I think," said I, "that you've done enough to-day. You've fetched and carried and nursed me and played with Max."

"It's been one of the laziest days that I've spent for years. I've idled and dreamed over everything that I've done. But you'll only have eggs to-night. I'll have to think over those chickens before I start upon them."

"I'm more than content," said I. "I never felt so fit in my life. That bread. . . ."

"It is good, isn't it?" said Helena. "And it is so easy to make. I thought it was terribly hard, but Freda's shown me the trick, and I don't think I can go wrong. Of course I can cook a little: Mother was awfully good and she made me learn." She lay back and looked at the sky. "Oh, John, why wasn't I born to a life like this? The life I lead is a duty—and that's the truth."

"We're not born to idylls," said I. "We've no such luck."

Helena crossed her ankles and laced her delicate fingers behind her head.

"D'you find it idyllic, too?"

Please turn to Page 23.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604175

thanks to

BISTO

the gravy maker for all meat dishes

Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LAXETTES

"No crying with stomach pains"

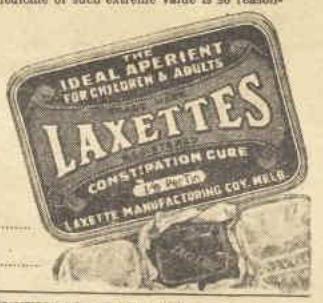
Here is still another mother's evidence in her own words of the unexampled good that Laxettes do:—

"To Laxette Co.
"I have two children, and use Laxettes for both of them. They "have their 'off colour' days, and I straight away give them a "Laxette. There is no crying with stomach pains, but their "bowels are moved and cleaned splendidly. I cannot speak too "highly of Laxettes, both for adults and children. You may use "this letter as you see fit, omitting the full name please.
"Mrs. J. D.....,
"Crystal Brook, S.A."

(You can see the original of this letter in our office)

Genuine Laxettes do more good than nasty-tasting old-fashioned salts, oil and purgatives, that children detest. Laxettes taste so good that children coax to *have* them instead of having to be coaxed to *take* them.

Laxettes are so successful because *every Laxette is in fact a prescription compounded by chemists of the highest degree of skill.* Be certain you get *genuine* Laxettes—square tablets, sold in tins only, with the name on every tin and tablet. No other medicine of such extreme value is so reasonable in cost—1/6d. for the enlarged tin at chemists everywhere. Never give your children any other "opening medicine," but *only* Laxettes *always*.



SAMPLE

We will send you a free sample. Write your name and address below. Post to The Laxette Manufacturing Company, Dept. WW, Melbourne, C.1.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

FOR INTESTINAL WORMS
Use Baxter's Worm Tablets
If unobtainable from your chemist write The Laxette Mfg. Co., Melbourne.

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by JEAN WILLIAMSON

Christina Stead's First Novel

The more one delves into "Salzburg Tales," Christina Stead's first published novel, the more one becomes intrigued with the personality of the writer, without ceasing, however, to be fascinated by the unusual charm of her book.

IT is an extraordinary book for a young woman to have written, extraordinary in its concept, its vocabulary, its technique and its imagery.

London reviewers have likened Miss Stead's book to those of many celebrated authors. "The Times" labels it a "20th Century Decameron" and hails her as "a writer of many gifts" with "an altogether admirable command of the fantastic."

"The Sphere" finds a parallel in "The Decameron," also. Rebecca West considers the book has the charm of "Heine's Florentine Nights;" Sir John Squires has said "to me it resembles the wild eloquence of 'Wuthering Heights';" and "John o' London's" critic finds in it something of Sitwell, of Grimm, and of Edgar Allan Poe.

From this it will be gleaned that the book makes a wide appeal. It has resulted in many famous critics seeking for a comparison in the works of well-known literary classics. But all arrive at flattering conclusions.

* * *

THE book is a collection of tales, told by a motley group of people, congregated at Salzburg for the Mozart Festival. The description of these "Personages" to which the first chapter of the book is devoted is as arresting as the tales they tell. Many are caricatured from well-known personalities. All the storytellers are modern, some ultra modern.

There is the festival director, the devout Frenchwoman, the Scottish woman doctor, an Englishman, schoolteacher, poet, schoolgirl, German student, a lawyer from Budapest, a philosopher, a mathematician, centenarian, London solicitor, Danish woman, critic of music, town councillor, naturalist, police commissioner, an American broker, and others. Pen pictures of each are drawn with an artistry that inspires as well as reveals imagination.

The Vienesse conductor, another of the group, is delightfully portrayed, his pose and mannerisms handled delicately, and summarised in the concluding sentence, "he was a wonderful actor of concertos."

These people meet in their leisure hours in the Capuchin wood outside the town and exchange stories. They are fantastic for the most part, but include others that are humorous, tragic, satirical and supernatural. One of the most tragic and eerie, told by the Scottish woman doctor, has its setting in Terrigal, N.S.W.

About forty tales are told during the seven days on which these pilgrims meet, and there is enough material packed into the stories to fill many volumes. But the writer scorns padding of any sort. She writes in a direct, forceful way, but one, nevertheless, that impresses the reader with the charm and music that can be found in a judicious use of words.

* * *

CHRISTINA ("PEGGY") STEAD is a daughter of Mr. D. G. Stead, of Sydney. She went abroad seven years ago, and now resides in France. She has written another book, "Seven Poor Men of Australia," which will be published by Peter Davies shortly, and he has contracted with her for two other novels and two volumes of short stories.

MISS CHRISTINA STEAD, the Australian author, whose first book, "Salzburg Tales," has been accorded high praise by reviewers at home and abroad.

The first copies of "Salzburg Tales" that reached Australia sold rapidly, but additional supplies are on order and should arrive shortly. (Peter Davies, 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"Fly Away Youth." Godfrey Winn. The hero of this story is Michael Deering, a journalist, who has written his first successful novel. At a house party he is introduced to Margaret Lestrange, a woman novelist who had already made her name and fortune. Michael goes to live at her villa to write a book, where he meets Diana Gold, the mistress of Margaret's husband. Diana and Michael take a cottage together in the country, where Diana supports him until his book is published. Afterwards they quarrel and part, but when Michael finds that Diana is about to become a mother he marries her. An interesting story with sex always well in the foreground. (Duckworth. 7/6.)

"Travel Stained. Kay Cornwallis. A novel that will be welcomed is "Travel Stained," by Kay Cornwallis, whose first book, "Jeopardy Insurred," was so well received. The story is written round an English middle-class family who go to make their home in Boston, U.S.A.

The young wife is the central figure, and her excursions into the social life of her new surroundings, and a flirtation that threatens disastrous results, will prove a delight to the readers of the book. (John Long. 7/6.)

"The Breton." R. J. White. Armand de Chateaubriand, the hero of this romance, is an historical figure, famous in the days of the French Revolution as "The Hero of Brittany, the Defrauder of the Guillotine." He enters the service of the King and takes part in the battle of Valmy. When they are defeated he takes refuge in the Island of Jersey. He has been wounded, and is nursed back to life and health by Jenny le Brun, whom he afterwards marries. However, when Napoleon is at the height of his military glory, he finds the call to action too strong, and throws himself into the struggle with the Emperor. An interesting and dramatic story of those heetic years in Europe (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"Backwaters." William Holt. In this novel the author has drawn upon his personal experiences, both as a cotton worker at home and a traveller abroad, to produce an interesting story of industrial life. Joseph Stone, a cotton worker, is striving to escape into a world of culture, beauty and freedom. He acquires a lucky fortune which he proposes to use to this end. He discovers, however, that wealth and social position are little less sordid than poverty. After making over his entire fortune to his wife he clears off to Canada in search of peace and solitude. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7/6.)

"Poems of the War and After." Vera Brittain. Vera Brittain, whose book, "Testament of Youth," was of such outstanding merit, has published a book of verse which will make a special appeal to those who lived through the war years and suffered accordingly.

Miss Brittain, in a foreword, states that the volume has been compiled as the result of inquiries for her book, "Verses of a V.A.D.," frequently quoted in the "Testament of Youth," and which is now out of print. She has included what she deems best of these earlier poems, together with others of more recent date, and the result is pleasing, though it bears the imprint of suffering, leavened with a triumphant note of man's conquest over his own soul. (Gollancz.)

HOST Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.***

Steele Rudd's . . . Twenty-sixth Book

STEELE RUDD is busy correcting the final proofs of his twenty-sixth book, "Green Gray Homestead," and the Macquarie Press who handle it make his sixth publisher.

The story "Green Gray Homestead" is told in prophetic vein, and will hold much interest for women—particularly country women. Its central figure is a youth bent upon a life "on the land." The author unfolds much that he will have to face and pull through before he reaches the goal of success.

This, for instance: "You'll find the evenings getting long and hard to put in at your little homestead. They'll pall on you sometimes, and fill you with memories of the old home you knew, years now far a-rear. . . And it will all be because you have at last made up your mind to get married. You'll sit thinking and wondering if you are going to do the right thing or not. . . . With no one to confide in it will be harder for you to decide. So you'll sit thinking on, and dreaming back, turning over little mistakes, and chance, let slip, while your pipe will burn out, and Rover, stretched as usual at your feet, will snore in his sleep."

"Green Gray Homestead" will be on sale within the next few weeks.

Recollections of Vesta Tilley . . . Famous Male Impersonator

Vesta Tilley, the most famous of England's male impersonators, has written her memoirs, and presented a story which will prove of interest even to those of this generation, to whom she is only a name.

VESTA TILLEY, Lady de Frece in private life, is now seventy years old, and her intimate glimpses of well-known personalities give added interest to her own story.

The foreword to her book has been written by Sir Oswald Stoll, and it contains also an appreciation by Sir Alfred Butt.

Nothing but a stage career seemed possible for Vesta Tilley. She is one of those rare people who found fulfilment in her work. Commenting on those who aver that if they could live their lives over again, they would live them differently, she says, "such a thought never occurs to me. If I had to live my life over again I would not wish to live it differently in the slightest degree."

Her father was manager of a music hall, and recognising the talent of his daughter, he gave her her first opportunity

She began her career before her fourth birthday, and, after appearing at the music hall her father controlled, she went on tour as "The great little Tilley."

Sims Reeves was then at the height of his fame, and as Tilley had by that time exhibited talent as an impersonator, she studied his songs, among them, "The Anchor's Weighed," "Come Into the Garden Maud," and "My Pretty Jane." Equipped with this repertoire, and a diminutive suit of clothes, she made her first appearance as a male impersonator at Day's Concert Hall, Birmingham.

She recounts some amusing incidents that arose out of this revolutionary change in her "act," as, for instance, when she reappeared at Pauls, and on making her appearance dressed in male attire, was ordered off the stage to "put on her skirts."

* * *

FOR five years she toured the provinces and this period, she states, was remarkable for the change that was taking place in music halls, resulting in their elevation to the rank of Variety Theatres.

Some of the original music halls were literally pot houses, with wooden platforms for the artists, and plain benches and tables for the patrons, sawdust floors, mugs of beer, and all the usual taproom surroundings. The performers had a very hard time.

When she first started, women were rarely seen among the audience, but as the attraction of variety increased, more suitable halls were requisitioned for the purpose. The audience was entirely comprised of working-class people.

Interesting records of the improvement in the places of entertainment, as well as conditions for the artists and her life in the provinces are among the valuable and most interesting passages in the book.

Vesta Tilley married Walter Frece in 1890. He was the son of Henry de Frece, the well-known theatrical manager.

Hutchinson. 18/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604176

PAYING GUEST

Even to modern youth love brings the same old problems....

Complete Short Story

By Margaret Stevenson

Illustrated by Boothroyd

It was a morning ritual that they should go as far as the bus-stop together.

EIGHT o'clock in the morning was the time when Beech House woke up. Came to life with sounds of whistling and running water from the bathroom, and hurrying sounds from the bedrooms—voices and windows being slammed shut to keep out the crisp cold air while the girls got dressed. At eight o'clock, too, Teddy was having his breakfast. Teddy was at school, and had to leave home about twenty past eight to get there in time. A tall, fair, awkward boy, Teddy—always falling over his own feet; or, worse, over other people's.

Jonny was supposed to have breakfast with Teddy, because she ought to be out of the house by half-past. But she never could be induced to be up in time. She usually went without breakfast cheerfully, in spite of all her mother said. Gulping down a cup of tea, folding a slice of buttered toast in her mouth.

"You ought to get up in time to eat a proper meal, these cold days, Josephine!" Mrs. Linden would say, looking annoyedly at her youngest daughter; "it doesn't do you any good to rush off like this!"

"Darling sweet!" Jonny would say, cramming her tiny cap aslant on her fair head. "Can't be done. Girl must have her beauty sleep," and she would rush out of the room, her long legs taking her along the garden path in a twinkling. Mrs. Linden would stand by the window of the blue room and watch her go, and shake her head a little. Funny how the child managed to look so well turned-out on so little. But then Jonny always had loved clothes. She was in a shop in the city—only they didn't call it a shop. It was too grand for that. Jonny got little hats cheaply. Copied frocks skilfully—always looked ahead of fashion, Coralie said.

By a Girl of 17

As a Man Loves

Tenderly now I have laid you to rest,
Dreaming of days when you hid in my vest;
Here left alone, do you wonder I pine
Dearest old comforting comrade of mine?

Dark was the way, yet the fire in your heart,
Glowing with warmth, was for ever a part
Of all the fond hopes that I cherished for years;
True, you have been through my joys and my fears.

Ah! I have loved you, delight of my soul,
Puffing the smoke from your squat, blackened bowl.
Old Pipe! you are broken, and this is the end,
But I'll not forget you too quickly, my friend.

—YVONNE WEBB.

Coralie was the one who came down to breakfast last. With Graham Cummings. Here she was now. Not so tall as Jonny, nor so fair—a girl with a rebellious mouth and sweet eyes and tawny hair.

Graham came in some minutes later. Tall, he was, and dark as could be. He had a job in an advertising agency—a good job. And he was engaged to Dr. Freeman's daughter, Viva.

Coralie looked up from her bacon and eggs, muttered a brief "Morning," and looked down at her plate again. "Good morning, Sunshine," said Graham.

She didn't take any notice of him, or his wisecracks. She replied to them automatically. She'd been against the whole idea of a paying guest, from the first. Her mother had said, "Well, I'd rather do that than give up the house!"

"It's bad enough that you have to do so much for us, without doing it for a stranger," Coralie said.

They didn't look on Graham as a stranger now. Even Coralie's Beech House wasn't the sort of place for that. There was something friendly about them all.

When breakfast was finished, Graham and Coralie both stood up. They grinned at one another suddenly. All through breakfast they kept up a running fire of wisecracks, trying to get one in on each other; but when the last mouthful of tea was gone, and the last piece of toast eaten, they walked together as far as the front door automatically. It was a morning ritual that they should go as far as the bus-stop together.

"You'd better look after yourself these next few days, and not go hurling yourself under cars, or knocking down harmless pedestrians in your morning hurry!" said Graham, as they walked down the frosty street. "I shan't be here to watch over you—and God knows you need it, you weak, foolish woman!"

She had forgotten, for a moment, that to-night Graham was going to the country. An old uncle of his had died. She said: "However long you're away, it'll be over too soon for me. At last we'll have some peace and quiet in the home!" A bus came along, and she ran for it. "Daren't be late again. Cheero. Hope you get a million!"

No such luck, he thought wryly, as he stood there. But he could do with it, with things going so badly at the office. And Viva always urging him to ask for a rise. Didn't dare to tell her he was much more likely to get a cut.

Viva took things so much for granted. Expected little luxuries and expensive outings—theatres and dinners in town, and the best seats in a cinema, and flowers and chocolates that could only be bought in the dearest shops. Not that he grudged them. She was worth all the best and loveliest things on earth. So unfailingly gay, so slim and blue-eyed and smart. The trick she had of making him her slave . . . .

MRS. LINDEN said that Beech House didn't seem like Beech House without Graham. Teddy said. "It doesn't, does it?" Jonny said. "If that cat Viva Freeman hadn't snaffled him, I was going to ask him to come to the dance Madame always gives me tickets for each January. But now I s'pose he wouldn't come. I s'pose I couldn't really ask him, anyway!"

Only Coralie said nothing.

On Monday, Graham came back. "Hey, Rockefeller! Surely you're not still on foot. Where's the Rolls?" said Coralie.

"It's coming!" said Graham, and swung himself into the easy chair by the fire. She thought he looked tired and pale and a little unhappy.

"He's left me five hundred," he said, presently, lighting a cigarette. "There wasn't as much as they thought, apparently."

"Well, that's better than somebody stepping on your pet corn!" said Coralie.

"Coralie!" said her mother, gently. She deplored the way the girls would talk like the heroines in the talkies, and sometimes not even nice heroines, either.

"And—I'm sorry—I'll—er—be leaving at the end of the month," said Graham, stubbing out his cigarette end. He said it with an effort, obviously embarrassed. He knew that the Lindens were really hard up, and that this would be bad news for them. Besides, they'd always been so jolly decent to him. Very comfortable he'd been, at Beech House. Only—he supposed, in a way, that Viva was right, and he might as well move into the small private hotel almost next door to Dr. Freeman's. Personally, he'd had the idea of saving the money towards getting married. But Viva said, "Don't be so stuffy! You'd get on much better if you were seen about more. If people got to know you. You'll never make money saving it!"

Graham looked up and met Coralie's eyes. Hard, condemning eyes and a scornful, bitter mouth. Mrs. Linden went to answer a call from Jonny about her gloves. Coralie got up and followed her.

Graham said, "I'll be sorry to go. You've all been such good friends. I've been happy here. Not like an outsider. . . ."

She said, "So it seems!" and put a world of derision in her tone, and went out.

He sat there, looking at the fire, and wondered why, when Coralie always had quick little answers ready for him, this particular one should make him feel so suddenly miserable. Yes, in spite of the five hundred and going to live nearly next door to Viva.

AS for Coralie, she stormed upstairs and said to Jonny: "There's your Prince Charming! Going directly he's got a few pounds in his pocket. After all Mummy's done to make him comfy here. He's been more bother than all of us—porridge for his breakfast and hot baths in the morning and coming in all hours——"

Jonny said, looking up from the chaotic tumble of clothes on the bed: "What! Graham going? When? Why? Has he come into a fortune?"

"That's it . . . and we aren't good enough for him now. He wants a better address," Coralie said.

"Well, you can't wonder," said Jonny, in a matter-of-fact way, rather impeded by a length of ribbon held in her mouth while she looked for a safety pin. Seeing Jonny go off in the morning, or out in the evening, you wouldn't believe that such a little dandy emerged from the tumbled disorder of her bedroom. She sighed: "I'll miss him! Won't you?"

"Like toothache," said Coralie unkindly.

After he'd gone, they didn't get another P.G. for some time. Mrs. Linden didn't seem keen on the idea.

One day, Teddy burst in and said that he'd seen Graham driving a sports car. One of those low, noisy cars that look impressive. Scarlet and black, he said, it was. Viva Freeman was with him. "She'd got on a red outfit and she looked like Norma Shearer," said Teddy.

"She thinks so, too," said Jonny, in what she thought a cutting tone.

GRAHAM came round not long after, driving the long, low car. He brought chocolates for both the girls, and flowers for Mrs. Linden. Coralie compared him with the tall, twinkling young man who had first come to Beech House two years ago—and it was much to his disadvantage. He wore a wide-brimmed dark hat ("Trying to look arty!") and coat cut on American lines. Mrs. Linden thought he looked very smart. "And very prosperous!" Coralie said.

They didn't see or hear of him for nearly six months, then Jonny met him, and brought him home for coffee.

"Where's the car?" they all asked.

He hesitated a moment. "I had a crash-up. It's in dock. . . . There was some fuss with the Insurance people and I came off rather badly."

Mrs. Linden said: "Do you still like the hotel? It's very up-to-date, I hear. Running hot and cold water in all the bedrooms, and modern improvements."

"It's very expensive!" said Graham with a slow smile.

"Well, you've got to pay for comfort and luxuries," Jonny said wisely.

Coralie refilled his cup with coffee and added a generous portion of cream.

"But they don't make coffee as well as you do here!" said Graham, and smiled at Coralie across the cup, as he took it from her hand.

She was thinking that she missed him: and that probably he never missed her. You don't think fondly of a walk to a bus stop when you possess a car to take you from door to door. You don't think longingly of eggs and bacon and home-made jelly for breakfast when you can get iced grapefruit, sole Morny and grilled ham. . . . You don't have any hankerings after a nondescript girl with a quick tongue, when a Hollywood blonde slips an arm round your neck and lifts expensively rouged lips for your kiss. That's life.

Jonny got up: "Well—it's been fun seeing you, Handsome—I've got a date, so I must rush off, now."

"Well, I'll walk to the end of the road with you!" said Graham, and got up, too.

Coralie was left to clear away the coffee tray and wonder what it was like to be Viva Freeman. Not that she wanted to be anyone but herself.

They Missed the Paying Guest

IT was Jonny's birthday in early March. She was giving a party. "I'd like to ask Graham along," she said.

"Well, you can make your own telephone calls, can't you?" said Coralie.

"Ask him to bring Dr. Freeman's daughter, too," suggested their mother.

Jonny looked up from the list she was writing. She wore a demure little grey frock and looked young and sweet and in need of looking after. "Must I?" she said. "Well—I s'pose so. I expect she'll be too grand to come, though."

She rang him up the next morning. Coralie heard her. Presently she came back into the sitting-room.

"He can't come," she said.

"What'd he say?" asked Coralie.

"Oh—just that he was afraid he'd got something fixed up for that date. He didn't seem very sure. He said he'd ring up if he found out he did happen to be free——"

Coralie tugged on a beret. She thought, bitterly: He doesn't want to come. Too proud and too prosperous, now, for us. I bet if I'd spoken to him, I'd have known that! Jonny can always be fooled. That's what happens to men. They get on—they make money. They don't want to know the people they used to know. Graham's like that. Never comes to see us, now. Makes an obvious excuse when we ask him to a party. Yet, when he stayed here, he used to like our parties! Even if there isn't a band and hired waiters and champagne and truffles. . . .

It certainly looked as if Graham really were finished with them all. He didn't ring up before Jonny's party. He didn't send her a box of chocolates or some flowers. Coralie, coming home from the office one Saturday lunch-time, saw him across the street and could have sworn that he saw her, but he hurried out of sight among the crowds of shoppers. Mrs. Linden said that she'd seen him one morning, and he'd barely stopped to raise his hat and then hurried past.

"Give a fellow a chance. I expect he was going somewhere in a hurry. To meet Viva, I shouldn't wonder," said Teddy, and looked mischievous.

"We must think about getting in a new P.G.," said Mrs. Linden and sighed a little. "I don't like the idea much . . . but we can't go on without one for the rest of the year."

"We might get one of the girls from the office," said Coralie. "Miss Oliver did say that she was tired to death of living alone in a one-room flatlet!"

But of course it wouldn't be such fun having Miss Oliver—she wasn't exactly sure she wanted anybody from the office.

IT was while she was tidying up the corner room that Graham used to have; the room with three windows—two in the front and one at the side, that was always full of a miscellaneous untidy jumble of things any time you passed the open door (for Graham never quite shut it)—a discarded sweater, a pair of socks, to which the suspenders still hung limply—a book that had fallen to the floor face open, an empty cigarette box, a tennis racquet or, perhaps, his golf clubs—that Mrs. Linden came across a few remaining belongings of Graham's. There was a cigarette case, two books and a cardigan with a lightning fastener.

She packed them up, carefully, and sent them to him, with a little note. They waited a long while before he answered it. But one morning, instead of the usual quick knock of the postman leaving letters, there came the rat-a-tat-a-tat-tat of the postman lingering with a parcel to be taken from him. When Coralie came down to breakfast, she saw the parcel on the sideboard.

"It came back," said Mrs. Linden—"you'll be late to-day, Corry—marked 'Not known at this address'."

"You sent it to the Wavertree Hotel, didn't you, ducky?" asked Coralie, striving to swallow a mouthful of scalding tea, a piece of toast and a generous portion of scrambled egg at the same time, with a good deal of success.

"Yes, Lyndon Rd.," said Mrs. Linden.

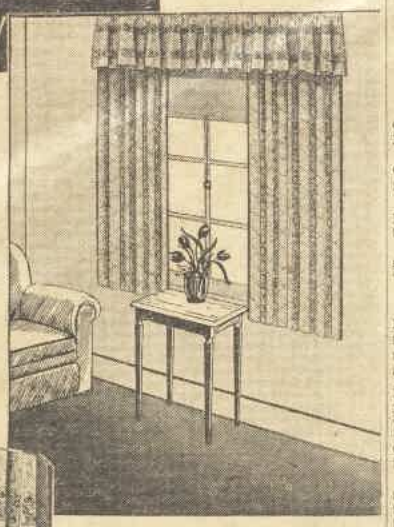
"P'raps he's moved to the Ritz," said Coralie, flippantly, almost knocking over her chair. "Good-bye. Don't wait up for me to-night—I'm going to the films in town with Johnny Phillpson."

She crammed on her hat and tore down the garden path as fast as Jonny, struggling into her coat on the way.

Please turn to Page 34

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604177

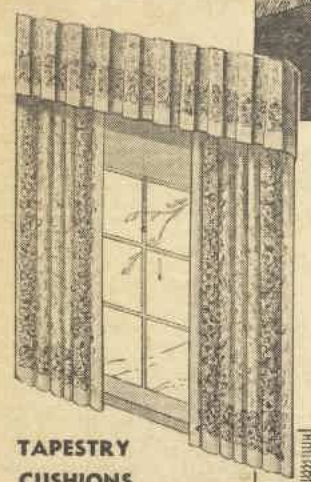
CURTAIN all YOUR WINDOWS inexpensively!



READY-MADE CURTAINS OF IVORY NET!

THE SET 5/6

A Curtain of great usefulness and service, made to gather, on a 4ft 6in rod and with a length of 2 yards. Ivory Curtain Net, daintily striped, was used; it's in a range of shades. SET 5/6



READY-MADE CURTAINS OF CASEMENT CLOTH

THE SET 11/9

These Curtains are 2 yards long, with a valance smartly box-pleated to fit a 6ft rod. Floral Casement Cloth is the material, fawn ground with bright floral design all over, and wide handsome border. SET 11/9

TAPESTRY CUSHIONS

Service is the keynote of this Cushion made of assorted fabrics, tapestry in mauve shades and blue plush, etc. Best quality Kapok is used in the filling. Size, 16 x 24 inches. PRICE 5/11

PARCHMENT LIGHT SHADES

There's many years of service in this heavy-weight Parchment Shade, made in a host of attractive shades, all tinted and hand-painted, and silk fringed. Size, 13 inches square. PRICE, EACH 4/11

Marcus Clark's

MARCUS CLARK & CO. LTD., "The Big Store," Central Square, Sydney.

Good food deserves good sauce —

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference!"

Cooler days will bring keener appetites, and this piquant Sauce will make your meals doubly enjoyable. Pick-Me-Up Sauce is a Genuine Worcester Sauce made in Australia. A delightful addition to hot or cold meats, fish and fowl, soups and stews, salads and savouries, with cheese, sandwiches, etc. Order a bottle from your grocer.

If you prefer a sweet fruit Sauce — try

LANCASHIRE RELISH

A delicious P.M.U. product.

A *Sleeping* DRAUGHT

Complete SHORT STORY

By Anthony PARSONS

"GOT any brandy with you?"

"Eh?"

Startled, I dropped the book I was reading and leapt from my bunk. "What the devil's the matter?" I ejaculated.

My cabin-mate came in and closed the door behind him. Sweat was oozing from every pore of his body. His pyjamas were literally soaked.

"Nightmare!" he mumbled. "Nerves!" One hand went up to his throat and felt it gingerly.

"You'd better put a blanket round you," I said as I poured him out a stiff tot. "You're wet through!"

"I know!" He took the brandy at a gulp and held out the glass for more. "What's the time?"

"Two o'clock exactly!"

"Thought so. Always the same time. Be afraid to sleep at all soon!" He took the blanket I gave him and wrapped it round his perspiring limbs. "Don't look a nerve case, do I—ordinarily, I mean? And I'm not really, if it comes to that. But this damned ——" He stopped, hesitatingly, and for a moment sat eyeing me as I poured him out another drink. "Shall I tell you a story?" he finally blurted out.

I glanced at my wrist watch, and shrugged. It was past two o'clock in the morning, and I knew there would be no more sleep for me that night. Coleman—that was his name, by the way—offered me a cigarette from his case and took one himself.

"I never had nerves in my life until after I investigated the murder of Jimmy Westerham——"

"Is it a murder story you're going to tell me?" I interrupted.

"It's a devil of a story—a perfect devil of a story!' he said emphatically. And as I lit the cigarette he had given me: "Ever been up Irak way?" he started off. "You haven't? Well, it doesn't matter very much except that Irak is the mise en scene. This Jimmy Westerham was the Commissioner of the Sheikhan District, up there; and I, you understand, was his immediate superior."

"You?" I shot out surprised. "I didn't know you were in the Service at all?"

"No? Well, I am, anyway—and at the time of which I am speaking Jimmy Westerham was just due for leave. He wasn't a very popular figure in the Service—I don't know why, exactly—but he hadn't a very pleasant personality, for one thing. Bit too quick in backing his own opinions, if you know what I mean. You see, I'd known them for a good few years; in fact, long before they——'

"HALF a minute!" I interrupted. "Do you mean that he was married when you speak of 'they'?"

"Oh, he was married all right. Didn't I mention that before? Yes; he was married all right, but that only made everything so very much more difficult. His wife, you see—she was a lot younger than him—was one of the most popular hostesses in Bagdad, when they were stationed there, but if you wanted to see her—and, of course, we all did!—it simply meant that you'd got to pay the price of a whole evening of undiluted Westerhamisms. Well, a good many people wouldn't pay that price, and so it was that a certain resentment sprang up between Julie Westerham and her husband. It was all very awkward; and although we were all sorry to lose Mrs. Westerham, none of us was sorry to see the back of her husband when he got his marching orders for the Sheikhan District.

"Was it a good district? Well, it was and it wasn't! It was a good post as regards promotion, but a devil of a post as regards social amenities. You see, there was only one other European in the place, a chap called Hollingworth—a civil engineer engaged on some river work up there—but you'll be hearing more of him as I go on. Where had I got to when you interrupted me?"

"You were saying that this fellow, Westerham, was just due for his leave," I reminded him.

"Ah, yes! Well, being his superior in the Service I was deputed to examine his district and to give him what you might call his 'clearance certificate.' I arrived at Jebel Pir, his headquarters, on the heels of the last rains, and on the third day of my stay there, after dinner, Westerham suggested the inevitable three-handed bridge. To my intense relief, Mrs. Westerham flatly refused to play.

"'Well, what are you going to do if you won't play cut-throat?' he grumbled.

"'Personally, unless Major Coleman has anything particularly bright to suggest, I'm going to bed!' said his wife.

"I assured her I hadn't. Cut-throat with Westerham, I might mention, was always a thing to be avoided like the plague—and I'd had a couple of long nights of it already.

"Westerham, of course, started to make a fuss about it. He was one of those men who must always be getting their own way about things—if you know what I mean?

"'If you're all going to bed, I'm going across to the office to do a spot more work,' he said in that unpleasant way of his. And after glaring from one to the other of us, 'You are going to bed, I suppose?'—suspiciously.

"'I am!' she said with a shrug.

"'So am I,' I echoed.

"'Then good night!' said he, banging the door behind him.

"I couldn't help smiling. It was too damned absurd for anything. But happening to catch Julie's eye, I suddenly realised that such childish behaviour could be vastly irritating. It was evident that transplantation to Jebel Pir had not improved their relations with each other—and they had been bad enough, God knows, even in the Bagdad days. Something of the kind must have been in Julie's mind, I imagine, for after a minute or two of rather awkward silence, 'Well?' she challenged.

"I took another cheroot. I had no wish to be drawn into a discussion of Westerham's brutishness.

"'You've never told me how you like being up here, yet,' I said. 'It's a better climate than Bagdad, at any rate, even if it is lonelier. Does the loneliness affect you at all?'

"She said it did, and she said it with emphasis. She dilated at great length upon the filthy heat of the place, upon the myriads of mosquitoes which lived and bred in the muddy waters of the creek below, upon the poorness of the local Dassini servants, and the rottenness of the local Dassini food—in fact, I very soon realised that I'd hit upon her favorite topic. But I got my opportunity when, for either the third or fourth time, I caught her glancing across to the clock on the mantelpiece.

"'You're tired,' I interrupted. 'You're wanting to go to bed.'

"'I am!' she confessed at once. 'I'm dog-tired. I wonder if you'd excuse me?'

"'Lord bless you, yes!' I exclaimed. 'Old friends like us don't need to stand on ceremony. You toddle off!' I got up and opened the door for her, stepped out on to the verandah to watch her safely to her room. 'Good night!' I called after her.

"Half an hour later I was fast asleep.

"I AWOKE to what sounded like violent hammerings in the next room. It was daylight, I saw, for the first rays of the morning sun were just coming in through my window. For a few minutes I lay idly listening to those hammerings, wondering what the dickens the boys were up to at that hour of the morning. And then I heard Julie's voice calling: 'Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy!'—urgently, like that.

"'What's the matter now?' was my thought as I struggled into my dressing gown. And, unbolting my door I stepped outside.

"'Good God!' I ejaculated in amazement. A dozen boys were crowded round Westerham's door, and Julie, clad in some kind of silk kimono, was throwing herself bodily against the panels.

"'We can't wake him!' she panted as I ran up. 'We can't make him hear!'

"'Can't wake him?' I repeated. 'What d'you mean?'

"'He won't answer!'

"'But is he inside?'

"'Of course he's inside. He hasn't got up yet! There's—there's something wrong!'

"'Let me have a try!' And, giving the door a bash that would have awakened any but a dead man: 'Hi!' I roared at the top of my voice. 'Hi! Westerham! Get a move on, man!'

"But in the dead silence which followed I, too, realised that something was amiss.

"'Stand aside a minute!' I ordered, backing away from the door so that I could get a run at it. The next minute, having bunched myself together, I hurled my whole weight against the woven grass which alone formed the top part of the door. It bent and gave under the impact, and, recovering myself, I peeped through the resulting slit.

"'Can you see him?' I heard Julie ask breathlessly.

"The next second I had snatched a hammer from the hands of one of the boys and, working frenziedly, had smashed the bolt to smithereens and lurched headlong into the room beyond. Westerham was lying still beneath his mosquito net, so much I could see at a glance, but when I snatched it aside——

"'A——h!' A shrill scream from Julie told me that she, too, had seen the horror that was lying there, and spinning round I was just in time to catch her as she staggered back against the mantelpiece.

"'Hold up!' I said sharply. 'Hold up, girl!'

"'Oh, my God!' she whimpered. 'Did you see?'

"I had seen, and I was not anxious to look again. On that bed lay Westerham—stone-dead—nor did it need the added evidence of his ghastly, staring eyes to point the manner of his death, for his tongue—half-bitten through and protruding from between blackened lips—showed beyond any shadow of doubt that the man had been brutally strangled.

"WELL, I'll pass over the next few hours because as far as the story goes they were unproductive of any result whatever. They were occupied in getting Julie Westerham back to her room, and in getting her back to some semblance of reason, and it was close on ten o'clock before I again found myself in Westerham's room. And then I sat down to work the thing out.

"Strangled! It didn't seem possible. He was lying on his back more or less in the centre of the mattress, and one arm, his right, was still wrapped round the pillow which he, in common with most other men in those parts—myself included—was in the habit of putting straight down the bed so as to act as a rest for his arms and at the same time to prevent the sweat collecting between his arms and his body. The hand of that arm—the right, you remember—was lying across his throat as though trying to defend it from the hands of his assailant, while his left arm was underneath him. There were four livid finger-marks on the left side of his throat, and a great bruise where a thumb had pressed down upon his gullet. So much for Westerham himself.

"THE next thing to consider was how the murderer had got into the room.

"Now Westerham's bed stood in the corner opposite the door which opened on to the verandah—the door I had broken in—and the head of it was pushed close under the casemented window which looked out over the creek. You will see, therefore, that there were only three possible methods of entry into that room—one, through the door from the verandah; two, through the door which communicated with Julie's room adjoining; and three, through the window. Of those three methods of ingress the first had to be ruled out at once, because no Dassini tribesman could possibly have withdrawn the bolt from the other side of the door, nor—even presuming he were capable of that—would he have stopped to rebolt it after he had committed the crime. He'd have got away with all the speed at his command!

"For exactly the same reason the second method had to be discarded, because to have got into Julie's room the murderer would have been up against precisely the same problem as that which pertained to Westerham's room. Her verandah door was an exact replica of the door of which I have been speaking, and was bolted on the inside in just the same way, so that there would have been no point in trying to get into Westerham's room through hers.

Please turn to Page 22

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604178

FAMILY *Listens-In to the* TEST MATCH

This Midnight Cricket Business is too Exciting for Me!

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist.

These Test matches in England. . . I wish they wouldn't hold them in the middle of the night. Why can't they play in the daytime the same as we do in Australia? That's how they beat us last time. Waited till it was real dark and then bowled us.

Not that I'm complaining, much. It may be that I'm a bit testy, as it were, after sitting up all night listening in. Grandfather and grandmother and the wife and kids and myself had a late session the other night.

THE announcer kicked off by saying that Wyatt won the toss, and grandma said that it was disgraceful and that she thought they were there to play cricket, and not to gamble, and that it ought to be stopped.

"Sutcliffe and Walters will open for England!" said the announcer.

"Now, there's a batsman!" said Grandpa. "I can tell a batsman when I see one. I was talking to W. G. Grace a few years back, and I said, 'That boy Victor Trumper has the makings of a good cricketer,' and Grace said, 'Yes, Frank, I think you oughter take him in hand and learn him,' and I said—"

"Shut up!"

"Hooray! Hooray!"

"What's happened, Aggie?" (Aggie's our eldest).

"Sutcliffe's out! Sutcliffe's out! Out l.b.w!"

"Is he on our side?" asked the wife.

"No, he's an Englishman."

"Well, it serves him right. What's l.b.w?"

"Leg before the wicket!"

"Is he supposed to stand behind the wicket?"

Chorus: "Shut up!"

Father - in - Law: "Where's the opener?"

Self and Grandfather: "I'll get it!"

Adolph (aged four): "Yo! Hammond's out for two. Caught and bowled by Chipperfield. I win three bob!"

Wife: "You what!"

Adolph: "Aw, nothing."

Grandma: "I think that's rubbing it in. It's hardly sportsmanlike. It was enough to bowl the man without catching him as well."

* * *

ANNOUNCER: "There are about fifty thousand people here now!"

Grandfather: "How the blazes do they get all those people into the studio?"

Wife: "Adolph, leave the wireless alone!"

Adolph: "But Walters is out on 2XY and he's still batting at 2YZ."

Me: "Well, try 2ZA, and see if you can get a couple more out. They've got some good bowlers in these broadcasting studios. Where's the opener?"

Hours elapse . . . .

Wife: "Well, I'm going to bed. And you're not to have any more to drink, do you hear?"

Me: "There isn't any more, dear!"

Her: "Do you mean to say you've drank those whole two bottles of lager in three hours when there's only four of you. Why couldn't you keep some for to-morrow?"

Exit wife, grandma, and kids.

Furtive whispering among the survivors: "Where is it?"

"There's six behind the sofa."

"I've been sitting on one all the time. Dashed uncomfortable, too."

"There's one in the wardrobe, but I can't get at it now."

"Damned silly place to put it!"

"Shh! Not so loud! Hold your glass out!"

Voice (from hallway): "Oh, Len, you won't forget to put the milk jug . . . Well, my goodness! (Sheepish looks and coyness registered by male miscreants). "I might have known. Well, don't you come trying to borrow your tram fares off me in the morning, that's all."

Exit, schoolmistressishly.

Grandfather: "Well, anyhow, she knows now. Shut the door and turn that damn wireless off. A man can't hear himself talk!"

Father-in-Law: "Where's the opener?"

Curtain.

Illustrated by WEP.

A tense scene... even the grandfather clock ticked faster.

WHEN *a* NO-TRUMP *Call . . . is* NOT *in* ORDER

Playing Contract Bridge to Win

An example of how successful an opening suit bid may prove in preference to the vague and indefinite no-trumper, is given in this week's contract bridge article by Ely Culbertson, world's champion player, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost authorities on contract bridge.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

NEVER neglect an opportunity of bidding a suit in preference to No-trumps. The 2½ honor tricks requirement for an original bid does not mean that one is compelled to bid whenever a hand contains them. When the hand is "flat," i.e., the suits are distributed 4, 3, 3, 3, it may be advisable to **pass, even though the hand does hold 2½ honor tricks.**

Such hands are to be regarded as defensive in character, whose only tricks are the honors. Being poor in distributional values, viz., suit lengths and ruffing ability, they are not to be regarded as "attacking" hands.

Opening bids of one range from those hands containing a bare 2½ honor tricks to very strong hands—real "rock-crushers"—with as many as 5 or 5½ honor tricks.

A hand containing 2½ honor tricks automatically produces about four playing tricks. Sometimes when the hand is devoid of length values, only 3½ playing tricks may be present, and such hands can frequently be passed with advantage.

The example at the end of the article is a striking illustration of how successful an opening suit bid may prove in preference to the vague and indefinite No-trumper.

By ELY CULBERTSON No. XXIV

THE approach principle is one of the most important features of the Culbertson system and means that whenever a choice exists between a suit bid and a no-trump bid, the suit should be preferred. We have seen in the preceding article what suits are considered biddable and what suits are considered shaded. Whenever there is an opportunity to bid a suit rather than a No-trump, the former should be chosen.

To justify a bid in a suit in the first or second position the hand should contain at least 2½ honor tricks. A bid in this position is always preferable to a pass because it is an attacking move and places the opponents at a disadvantage.

A one-bid in a suit can range from 2½ honor tricks all the way up to 5, and for this reason is the ideal bid in contract.

Only an absolutely bare 2½ honor tricks and a 4 3 3 3 distribution justifies a pass.

Examples of sound opening bids of one in a suit;

1. S—K Q 10 6. H—K J 7. D—K 4 3 2. C—6 3.

2. S—A K 6 5 4. H—K 5 3. D—7 4 3. C—5 4.

3. S—A K Q 5. H—A K 6 3. D—A 9 6 4. C—7.

These hands vary considerably in strength, but in each case the proper opening bid is one spade. A hand which contains 2½ honor tricks, but which still might be passed, is the following:

S—A K 7 6. H—K 5 3. D—9 4 3. C—8 7 6.

In the third or fourth position, the hand should contain about 3 honor tricks, or 2½ honor tricks with excellent distribution. The following are examples of sound third or fourth hand bids:

S—8 5. H—5 3. D—K Q J 5. C—A Q J 8 6.

S—A Q J 9 8 7. H—7 5. D—A 8 3. C—9 3.

In the first instance the proper bid is one club, and in the second instance one spade.

When vulnerable, hands in the first or second position should contain some slight plus value in addition to the minimum requirement of 2½ honor tricks. This plus value may consist of an extra queen or of some distributional strength. Incidentally, any distribution at all is stronger than that cancerous growth, the 4 3 3 3.

We have already discussed which suit should be bid first when the hand contains a choice of two suits. This principle applies even if the suits are shaded, but does not apply when the suits are sub-shaded.

In all cases, it should be remembered that to open the bidding with a no-trump when able to open with a suit bid is automatically shutting out one line of communication between the two partners.

The bidding is immediately placed at a higher range than necessary, and it may be that the eventual fit between the two hands is one which requires three or four rounds of bidding to discover. Take, for example, the following hand:

S: J 8 6 4
H: 9 5 3 2
D: K 7 6 3
C: 7

N
W E
S

S: A Q 10 5
H: A 7 4
D: A 5 2
C: A 9 8

If South should open the bidding with a no-trump, North would be forced to pass; if he opened with one spade, however, the final contract of four spades would undoubtedly be reached. This contract depends only on a successful spade finesse.

(Copyright)

HOGT Holbrook says: A nice dainty delicacy—hot buttered toast, then spread a little of Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste ★★★

Why John Gilbert Cannot Stay Wed

From Our Special Correspondent.

FRIENDS of John Gilbert, "the perfect screen lover," are asking, following his separation from Virginia Bruce, his fourth wife, why it is that he fails to make a success of marriage.

His wives offer various explanations.

Leatrice Joy, his second wife, says brusquely: "Temperament."

Ina Claire, his third wife, says: "He is irritable and moody."

Now his fourth wife, Virginia Bruce, says: "If there is anything wrong with him it is that he is the victim of his own driving ambition. His work is his mistress."

And John himself: "There isn't anything for me to say is there?"

Bank Interest Now Lowest on Record

The rates of interest charged by the trading banks on overdrafts are now the lowest on record, and are considerably below the rates charged before the depression.

The rate of interest mainly depends on the supplies of money available, the demand that exists for that money, and the risk involved in lending it.

When the public are cautious about investing their money in commercial enterprises, they lodge it with savings and trading banks. The rate of interest on deposits, therefore, falls as the money in these institutions increases.

The banks, having more money to lend, lower the rate they charge to borrowers in order to increase the demand for money.

Thus the banks do not arbitrarily fix deposit and overdraft rates, both of which rise or fall with changes in the supply of, and demand for, money.

Bank of New South Wales.

90C

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604179

An Editorial

JULY 7, 1934.

OUR CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD

IN deciding to financially support the Australian-built aeroplane in the Melbourne Centenary air race, The Australian Women's Weekly had in mind the urgent need for recognising local inventive genius.

It is quite an easy matter to buy aeroplanes in Europe and America. Just as easy as it is to import opera singers and artists and films and various manufactured goods.

But achievement and personal enterprise are deeply rooted Australian instincts. We like to "give things a go." The great factories and industries of our cities are a tribute to our material effort. In artistic and intellectual fields we are not so far advanced, but we are making headway.

The plane being built for the air race should appeal to those who are concerned in promoting both our material and our intellectual achievement.

Not only is the work of construction being carried out here, but the actual design, embracing new scientific principles, was evolved by Australian brains.

And there is a last and very important reason why all Australians should be interested in the plane. It is the one and only all-Australian entry in the historic race, and as such should appeal to the sporting instincts.

We have actually challenged the great aeroplane makers and designers of the world—and believe we have more than a sporting chance of success.

That is why this paper is standing behind the plane. We are sure the women of Australia will endorse this effort to develop the sturdy, self-reliant character of the Australian nation.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

Listen!

There is laughter in the Heavens.
If you have only ears you will not hear it,
You will not hear
The sweet, seductive
Laughter
In the Heavens.

But if you have a heart high-beating,
Searching for truth in man,
And for that great beauty
That is of all the earth but most in man,
Then you
Will hear that laughter
And be happy, too.

—P.D.-B.

POINTS OF VIEW

Gas Abont Gas

WOMAN has been stigmatised as the talkative sex, but when it comes to gorging on words in a big way women are never invited to the banquet!

Latest of Marathon talking contests is the Petrol Commission, which to date has enjoyed ninety sitting days of 4½ hours each. The expense of this talk-fest is officially estimated at over £100 an hour.

Talking, doctors assure us, involves quite a large expenditure of nervous energy. If only the energy loosed at such speechifyings as the Petrol Commission could be captured and conserved, it would probably provide sufficient power to drive all the motors in Australia for a very considerable time.

❖ ❖ ❖

Royal Democrats

MANY Australians have been revelling in the experience of being presented at Court, and many readers of Australian papers have been keenly interested in reading all the available details of these majestic functions, but over in U.S.A. the Court Ceremonies have been arousing the wrath of the true-blue democrats.

One writer in a leading American paper very bitterly held up to ridicule the American women who, every year, migrate from U.S.A. to England to be presented to our King and Queen. George Washington, says this writer, was once pressed by a number of his admirers to become a king, but he refused. The conclusion drawn was that these "foolish" Americans who go to Court Presentations are flouting the wisdom of the Father of their country.

What such Yankee writers apparently do not realise is the essentially democratic nature of these presentations. Practically any reputable citizen can secure presentation if he or she makes the approach through the correct official channels. The presentations are in no sense "exclusive."

❖ ❖ ❖

Was Burns Responsible?

COMPARING the smaller families of to-day with the families of tens and dozens of yester-year, speakers at public functions are apt to refer regretfully to "the lost art of family life."

Bobbie Burns is, I believe, largely responsible for the prevailing rosy view of the family life of grandpa's day. His "Cottar's Saturday Night" limns a picture of all the bairns cosily tucked in by the fireside with "Feyther" as the loved master of ceremonies, which has hypnotised thousands into the belief that all was well with the large family idea. Burns, himself, it is scarcely necessary to add, was far from being the ideal family man!

Actually, in the vast families of a score of years ago, a full muster could rarely be made after the eldest had reached the earning age. The small families of to-day give the parents a far better chance than THEIR parents had to master "the art of family life" by providing the right environment for the developing of the children's powers.

Admittedly, competition for entertaining the youngsters has waxed keener. The head of the family twenty years ago hadn't to face the rivalry of Laurel and Hardy or the Marx brothers, and, naturally, could rely on getting a pretty attentive audience in his own household. But compare the chances of the average youngster in a family of four to-day with that of the ninth or twelfth member of a family of the past, and you'll surely admit it's mostly distance lends enchantment to the old-time view.

❖ ❖ ❖

Blows for G.B.S.

FORTHRIGHT criticism of Shaw's latest book, "The Adventures of a Black Girl in Her Search for God," has been delivered by the Archbishop of York. "A profoundly stupid book, and a profoundly ignorant book," is how the Archbishop describes it.

His Grace is probably the first man of outstanding eminence to call a G.B.S. book stupid and ignorant. He explained, "I don't mind using such language about Mr. Shaw, because he uses it himself about other people."

Another shrewd blow at the Shavian reputation was dealt by J. B. Priestley recently, when he wrote, "Mr. Bernard Shaw, who appears to favor iron autocracies, has continued his residence in a country where he can say what he likes to the next interviewer."

Solomon's Faulty Judgment

NEW Biblical narratives, lost for 800 years, have been deciphered by Dr. Julian Obermann, Professor of Semitics at Yale University.

One of the 25 apocryphal narratives which it contains relates how Solomon did not believe that any woman was faithful. With his 700 wives, Solomon was history's most-married man, and, on this matter, his judgment was naturally obscured by his mass-mind outlook.

The man of to-day who felt peeved because a woman didn't remain true to a one seven-hundredth share in him wouldn't get much of a reputation for wisdom.

❖ ❖ ❖

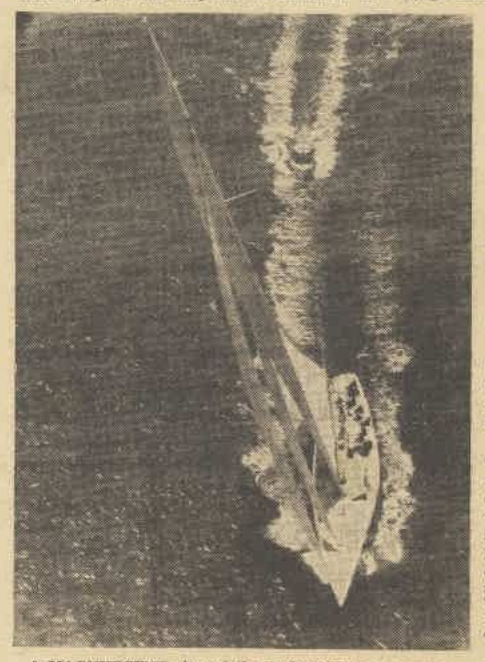
What Statisticians Say

A STUDY of the vital statistics for the Commonwealth reveals that while in every other State the voice of the city woman stands for the greater proportion of the respective female population, the country woman in Queensland has a louder say than the fair sex in the capital city. Country women in Queensland outnumber their Brisbane sisters by about 5½ to 3.

In Melbourne there are nearly twice as many women as in the rest of Victoria, which State, incidentally, is the only one in Australia in which there are more women than men, the female populace beating the male by just on 14,000.

Sydney, with 644,133 females, is the home of several thousands more females than in the rest of the State, the same applying to West Australia. South Australia, however, the State in which the proportion of male and female inhabitants is most evenly balanced, shows about 3-8ths of its female population to be domiciled in Adelaide.

Albeit, on the whole the female population in Australia is very evenly balanced between city and country, the gross figures disclosing a difference of only about 5000 in favor of the country. Apparently Queensland's figures offset the preponderance of females in Melbourne.



A MAGNIFICENT view of the yacht Rainbow, as seen from an aeroplane when the craft spread her sails for the first time. The prospective America's Cup defender was skippered by Harold S. Vanderbilt, the society-sportsman, who heads the syndicate which constructed the boat at Bristol, Rhode Island. If successful in preliminary yachting competition, Rainbow will meet Tom Sopwith's British-built Endeavour late this summer in the classic race.

Our Fading Film History

Movie Records Perish

By A. SHELTON-SMITH

The news that the Cinema and Photographic Branch of the Commonwealth Government is preparing a film called "A Hundred Years of Progress," for Melbourne Centenary publicity, has brought to light a little known branch of Federal activities.

IN the vaults of the Cinema and Photographic Branch of the Commonwealth Government, historical films are fading and rotting. Collection of historical films is only a minor part of the work of the branch, which has to devote its time and resources to Australian publicity and propaganda films, and there is no organised arrangement for a complete record of our history on the screen.

The branch was formed 33 years ago, and any historical films in hand were given into its care. Odd films have been added from time to time. They include the visit of the King and Queen when Duke and Duchess of York; the Prince of Wales; the history of Canberra from its beginning; the unification of the Kyogle-Brisbane railway; Burrinjuck Dam; the opening of Sydney Harbor Bridge (excluding the de Groot incident); visits of British and American Fleets; and the flights of the late Squadron-Leader Hinkler and Sir Charles Kingsford Smith.

The old films are very rarely shown, and, as the years pass, more and more of them develop faded and rotted lengths that have to be destroyed. Films made in the early days perish very quickly because the quality of films was not as high then as it is now. Some parts of the old films have been selected for inclusion in "A Hundred Years of Progress," a film being made for Centenary publicity.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE making of publicity and propaganda films means a programme of intense activity for the director (Mr. Maplestone) and his staff of 12 camera men and technical and laboratory workers.

The camera man's life is one of countless risks and adventures. He may dangle on the end of a rope over the roaring waters of the spillway of a dam, hang suspended by a crane from a church tower, or brave stormy weather in frail craft on a raging sea. He travels by car, aeroplane, camel, and Shank's pony. This is an average trip for Mr. Bert Ive, who is one of the best-known camera men in Australia.

To Brisbane from Melbourne by train; by air to Longreach to photograph station life; motored back Rockhampton way, filming more cattle stations; back to Melbourne, and straight through to Fremantle on the transcontinental railway to record W.A.'s Centenary celebrations; by air to Broome; chartered a lugger to join the pearling fleet which had already put out to sea; nearly wrecked in a heavy sea; severe storm on the return trip, and badly hurt from being hurled across the deck; by air to Perth; to Kalgoorlie for a mining picture; to Adelaide to take a film for the South Australian Government; thence to Melbourne—and the whole series of adventures crammed into less than three months.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE Cinema and Photographic Branch made 130 silent films from 1925-28, and in 1929 the "Australia, Day By Day" series of 52 pictures. After a special study of sound recording it made in 1931 its first sound picture, "This Is Australia," which is still being shown, and has been released in England, France, Germany, America, Canada, Egypt, Africa, Sweden, and the East.

Nearly all the trade and publicity films are released on a commercial basis, and bring a handsome revenue to the Commonwealth. Very few of the films made by the branch have been shown in Australia, but arrangements were made last week for their release throughout Australia and New Zealand.

Apart from scenic and primary and secondary industry films there are others dealing with life in Central Australia, sport, a complete history of the conquest of the prickly pear, and a unique film not yet released called "Air Route to Gold," a New Guinea Airways picture taken by Captain Mustar, who pioneered the route.

A number of Commonwealth films have been used by the Agriculture Bureau in Tasmania, where talks to primary producers are subsidised by the Government, and lecturers and equipment travel in a specially fitted car.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604180

The END of the GAME

By Hylton Cleaver

MILES BARRY could play Football ... but it took a Girl to show him how to play the game of Love ...

Illustrated by WEP

Miles chose his moment; his feet left the ground and trailed behind him; then the ground rose as his arms tightened; both crashed.

A UDREY CASS, clad for repose, lay on the silken cover of her bed. Into this she would presently be getting for the night. Her pale arms rested, crossed, behind her shingled head. One knee draped round with Milanese was raised. On this svelte pedestal was balanced an exhilarating cigarette case in jade green, platinum edged, and tangled in a slender chain; while as if fascinated by her skill at balancing the same, she tilted it occasionally to learn how far it could be tilted without falling over, as learned policemen do before they license buses.

"You see," she said, "I've picked the man I'm going to marry, only he doesn't know it yet."

Deep in that kind of chair from which it is sheer heroism to arise even in courtesy, another girl reclined. Her name was Biddy Grey. Colors were wound about her so that she looked a chrysalis in motley; of limbs one saw alone a slim hand toying with a flagrant gasper and a pale foot acting as a hat peg to a slipper of maroon. A gas fire burned. Under the soft glow of a tilted lamp she thought that Audrey's hair looked like the floss of memory when we imagined what sensational results we should obtain from silkworms in our youth.

"You mean Miles Barry, I suppose?" Audrey nodded and Biddy eyed her with severity.

"Then," she remarked, "perhaps you will explain why you are going about the whole time with Gerald Scott."

"Biddy," said Audrey, and like an after-dinner speaker who has got as far as "Ladies and Gentlemen," she paused to choose her next words, "if you were fond of a man, love wouldn't depend on whether he were a Rugger international or not, but . . . if you knew that a man you loved already could get his cap if he liked to stir himself you would rather like to see him get it. Why, who wouldn't? Miles could have played for England if they hadn't spoilt him, and I want to see if he can be brought back now."

There was an interesting silence.

"Viewing the matter," Biddy mentioned at last, "in this passionate half-light as calmly as I can, it looks to me a gripping situation. You are in love with Miles, but you trek about with Gerald Scott. Miles is in love with no one, unless possibly himself. I will read on from there."

MILES BARRY woke next morning and believed at first that he must be recovering consciousness after a railway accident. This was because he could hear nothing but the gnashing teeth manipulated by his brother Robin, who was munching an apple as will a man of rugged culture who enjoys moist food.

"Have a piece, Miles?" he heard.

Miles made no answer, for he hated people eating apples, and he lay in torture. Robin, who knew this was the only way to wake him, took a last bite, laid aside the core, consumed the cup of tea and announced:

"Miles, my lad, you used to be a man to whom I would advise my friends never to teach a new game. You would make it look too easy, which annoyed them."

He cast a shrewd glance at the still form beneath the bedclothes.

"Oh, don't be cocky!" Miles put in, "just because your name is Robin."

"You used to be that kind of chap," the other went on earnestly. "If you had to pass an examination you would stroll into the hall, fill in the answers to the questions with one hand in your trouser pocket, then pass out whistling by the door marked 'Exit,' and in due course you would hear you had done so with honors. As a small child I was put through the music-lesson hoop, and came out on the back of my neck. You, though too indolent to read a note of music if it was given to you, could play a popular tune by ear if you had heard it once. If we were asked to a rousing party on a yacht I was sick below while you danced with Lady de Vere on deck."

"Ring the bell," Miles mentioned, "for my shaving water."

ROBIN ignored him. "You were born," he said, "with a silver spoon in your mouth. Where is that fine spoon now? It has gone rusty and it is shortly going to choke you. Take Audrey Cass."

He had leaned keenly forward, and the other, for the first time, started and stayed like a roused dog with ears pricked.

"When she was a child," Robin went on, "you never gave the girl a thought. At parties you worked it so that I had to see her home. She wasn't much to look at then, and she wore old-fashioned frocks. . . . Her mother's fault. What now? Her barbed-wire hair is cropped. Her legs are the same shape, but they're swathed in silk. Her skirts are the old length, but they're modelled. She turns out to have been hiding sweetly pretty shoulders. So what takes place when we three meet again? Why, every time I go to speak to her I hurt myself against your elbow!"

His eyes were fixed upon the other.

"You're interested in her now. I'm glad you are because you're going to learn your lesson. You are about to find, my lad, that a girl can be interested in somebody else."

"The best thing you could do with your voice," Miles said, "would be to grate cheese on it."

He reached out irritably for a cigarette. It was a further sign that he was interested anyhow. He lit it, looked into his empty cup as though he had not wanted it in any case, dropped the match into the saucer, and arranged the pillow comfortably behind his shoulder blades.

"Do you think she's interested, then, in you?" asked Miles incredulously.

"I'm afraid not. She is interested," Robin bravely said, "in a little boy you used to bully."

"I never bullied anyone."

"You used to send him on errands for you, and because you were a little tin god he had to go. You kept him out of the first fifteen."

"Rats!"

"You did! You were the school fly-half and that was where Scott played for three years in the second fifteen."

"As far as I remember, Gerald Scott was a perfect little tyke."

"He was. But he has had to do what you have been excused. He's had to work. Abroad. And he's kept up his Rugger. Now that he's home he's been snapped up by a first-class London Club. What difference meanwhile do we see in you? You," he said bitterly, "have spent that time in getting soft. You haven't had to work. Rugger interfered with week-end parties so you dropped it for pat-tennis. And now that Audrey's grown up where does she go for honey? Why, she goes to watch that little tyke called Gerald Scott play Rugger. Yes, I promise you, she does."

Miles turned argumentatively.

"Are you suggesting that a chap like Scott can become a hell of a chap all in a few years? Nonsense. Scott was a wash-out."

"A chap like Scott becomes a hell of a chap in just the time it takes you to get soft. You've flirted with success too long, young man. This is your swan song."

He rose, like Caesar, an exotic dressing gown held close about his waist.

Then, with a jerky movement of the wrist, he helped himself to another cigarette from his brother's case, took a disgusted look at him, and, stalking to the door, tripped over his dressing gown and stumbled out.

Miles lay, turning in the direction he had taken. His eyes were fixed amusedly upon a corner of material wedged in the door, and presently that door was irritably reopened to release a flowing dressing gown. Robin had made a rotten exit.

Then Miles sat up. He was a young man of attractive looks, clean-cut and masculine; he peered through his cigarette smoke at the telephone; brought it nearer. Bunched up in bed, he called a number and stayed till he heard a girl's voice at the other end; then, watching his toes, he said:

"That's Audrey, isn't it?"

"Audrey it is."

"Now what," he said, "about to-day?"

"About to-day, now what?"

"Why we arranged that I should ring you up."

"Ah, you arranged that. I'm afraid. I told you it would be no use. Im going out with someone else."

When a presentable young man is told by a girl in whom he has begun to take an active interest that she is going out with someone else he generally makes out that it means nothing to him. Miles sat there like a little cross-legged idol, and to help in the illusion he went slightly green. He hooked up the receiver and put back the instrument. No doubt he could afford to smile; but, all the same, he didn't.

SO far as Robin's words went, Robin was the elder, and as they had no parents living he had assumed the usual responsibilities. Miles was used to that. But he was not used to an attitude like Audrey's in his lady friends, and it made him think. He rose eventually and shaved with short, sharp downward strokes and long, defiant upward ones, one of which nearly removed his ear and flung it through a window.

He was late down to breakfast. Robin had finished and had gone. Miles sat down heavily and viewed kidneys and bacon with distaste. He had never seen Gerald Scott since school and the news that his football was worth seeing seemed subtly to annoy him. He pushed the breakfast dishes back, rose with the paper and stood by the window, feet apart, opening the sheets out irritably and folding them with little slaps.

He was still smoothing out the creases when Robin reappeared in plus fours, his legs thin as stalks. Robin had never been any good at games; he was eighteen at golf, spare built and had a slight stoop which made him look like an anarchist. Miles said:

"Will you be doing anything this afternoon?"

"Yes." It was a snappy tone in which to answer. "You will be going to a cocktail party, I suppose?"

Miles rose not to the bait. He watched Robin pick up pipe and pouch, look for his cap and pull it across his head so that it showed a lock of hair awry as he strode from the room.

NOW at Richmond that proved to be a perfect Rugger afternoon. The turf was firm and clean and level, stretching under a sun sublimely pleasing to the soul. Behind the stands groups stood as on a racecourse, watching occasional young men who strolled in overcoats or blazers, shoulders hunched behind their ears as though they felt the cold.

Distinctively amongst those groups stood Audrey. From the way she stood the guess could be hazarded that she danced de luxe. Her short chinchilla coat was held so that it cuddled up her shoulders. Beneath a knee-length jade green skirt, stockings which were the acme of the framework knitters' craft told a story with a happy ending in shoes of crocodile.

Miles Barry, rather to his own surprise, had passed through the turnstile, and as he walked alone behind the stands he saw Audrey and stopped, ostensibly to light a cigarette; his manner was that of the man who, having said he will not join the party, turns up self-consciously after all and stands alone, a little sulkily, but waiting to be spoken to.

He had come here to see how Scott played, and now that Audrey had appeared he was inclined to give a little snort. Scott was there with her, in shorts that looked akimbo and with a muffler round his neck.

Miles wandered humming to himself here, there and everywhere; always he tried not to look towards Audrey, always she managed to be in the corner of his eye. It seemed an age before Scott went, but when Miles realised at last that he had really left her he wandered back. He looked about him airily then, as they met, appeared to notice her with some surprise. You, the onlooker, would have admitted Audrey's eyes were wonderful. Beneath her little hat you would have not known whether her hair were cropped or no; one only saw her little ears, quite innocent of curls above them but with green ornaments suspended. And when she spoke her voice was just the kind men carry with them when they go off, in order to forget, to the outposts of Empire.

"Well," she said stopping, "fancy you at Rugger?"

"But," he said, "you did not fancy me. You came with someone else."

"I came with Gerald Scott, to watch him play."

"Ah, then I will sit with you, if I may, and see how wonderfully my old schoolfellow plays."

He spoke lightly but he was far from pleased.

She shook her head.

"I don't think that would be quite fair."

"Don't you? Oh, I'm sorry. I will stand in the crowd in front of you and every time he goes by with the ball I will lift my hat and cry 'Hear, hear!'"

Catching at that significant touch of feeling close behind his tone, she said:

"You don't play Rugger any more?"

"Not any more than anybody else." Certainly he was out of temper.

"That seems a pity," Audrey said; "but still, you could make rings round Gerald with a cigarette."

Miles looked very stiff. The teams were going out. He heard her say, "I have a seat upstairs!" He raised his eyebrows and his hat. He turned once to peer after her. He could see nothing but a blurred red haze.

ALL through that afternoon he stood among the crowd and watched Scott's form, and he had to admit Scott was the mainspring of his side; he had the requisite magician's hands, he had developed a swerve at full speed like a slide-slip right across the field. He could give a good pass and accept a bad one. He was a classic tackler. On this play, Scott would move into the limelight of a trial for England.

Now Miles could not afford to smile and so he did. He had pretended not to mind that Audrey went about with Scott in preference to himself, and yet before the game was over he made for the turnstiles with that lift about his shoulders which displays determination. Soft? He had played pat-tennis? P'raps he had. And as he walked along some man came up behind him and Miles turned to hear him say exactly what was in his own mind now.

"Barry, you used to make Scott look like two cents."

"Yes," said Miles, grateful that someone had remembered it, "I did."

"Why aren't you playing now?"

Miles had his eye upon a distant white cloud in the sky. At last his answer came; to his surprise he heard himself say:

"As a matter of fact, I am."

A hand came down and closed about his arm.

"Would you care for a trial then with the Mohicans?"

"Yes," Miles admitted, facing him. "If you could get me one, I would."

He would go back into the game and show them, and more especially he would show Miss Audrey Cass.

Robin came home that evening, made himself a drink with careful judgment of the mixture, then stood about the room holding the glass and trying to catch the light upon its contents until he heard a sound outside, the patter of running feet that seemed to be coming down the road.

Please turn to Page 35

A Complete Short Story

My Favorite Poem

Simples

Come, buy, you lusty gallants!
These simples which I sell!
In all our days were never seen
like these,
For beauty, strength, and smell.
Here's the king-cup, the paunce,
with the violet,
The rose that loves the shower,
The wholesome gillyflower,
Both the cowslip, lily,
And the daffodilly,
With a thousand in my power.

Here's golden amaranthus,
That true love can provoke,
Of horehound store, and poisoning
helebore,
With the polipode of the oak;
Here's chaste vervain, and lustful
eringo,
Health-preserving sage,
And rue which cures old age;
With a world of others,
Making fruitful mothers:
All these attend me as my page.
—Gervase Markham.

Sent in by "Ala," Gambler, S.A.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604181

THE FASHION PARADE

BY JESSIE TAIT. SKETCHED BY PETROV.

Organdies have taken on a magnificent mien. They are sequin-trimmed, beaded, and striped with velvet bands.

WIND-BLOWN *Silhouette* Gives *Graceful* LINES

DRESSES and coats that look as though they were being blown by a strong wind are features of the latest Paris collections.

The wind-blown effect begins with the head. The new hats sweep to the back of the head, or else forward over one eye, and the hair is all brushed back with curls at the crown and the back of the head.

Flung-back furs on winter coats, capes and cowls that float gracefully backwards all show this movement.

THE general rule for the wind-blown silhouette is for evening clothes to float gracefully backward, and day clothes to blow forwards, although many day dresses and coats follow the evening line.

There are tightly-fitting evening frocks that have tiny fins sticking out from the waist at the back, little wings floating out from shoulder blades, volants soaring from hips, and trains swishing along the floor.

One designer ties to snug sheaths removable tulle trains—ties them on like aprons at the back, instead of at the front. (You can leave the train at home for informal evenings.)

Flowing capes and scarves and long sashes, spiral frills, deep cowl-backs, even tiny bustles—all these are used to achieve the backward motion on evening gowns.

Lucien Lelong and Mainbocher make evening frocks that float ahead of the wearer—this can only be managed when the frocks are of stiff silk, such as taffeta or faille.

Lelong's day dresses and suits have this same forward motion, while his waistlines are slightly higher in front than at the back. This pulls the fullness logically up in front. Jabots, ruffled lapels, jutting-out revers, give a full-bosomed appearance.

* * *

PARIS dressmakers use sleeves to achieve the windblown silhouette.

Patou makes a kind of leg-o'-mutton sleeve that is very full at the back of the arm.

Lelong puts ruffles along the back of the shoulder blades and down the back of the sleeves.

Vionnet's coat sleeves fly out at the back between armhole and elbow. Fans of pleating and small wings of sunray tucked cloth are placed at the top of dress sleeves or on the shoulder blades.

Movement is the ideal of these new clothes. You must have the appearance of sailing along. The side view is all-important. It must be one that sails out behind or in front.

Practically all materials lend themselves to this "stormy weather silhouette"—as Schiaparelli calls it. For evening, taffeta and stiff slipper satin are blown by strong winds, while chiffons, crepes and net are wafted by gentle breezes. A great many spring models have frilly tulle or net capes which literally float as you walk. Net and tulle compose whole frocks, and the frills are often stiffened by a fine wire to give the correct windblown effect.

Alpach has suddenly become fashionable—used in black or white it makes evening frocks and day suits.

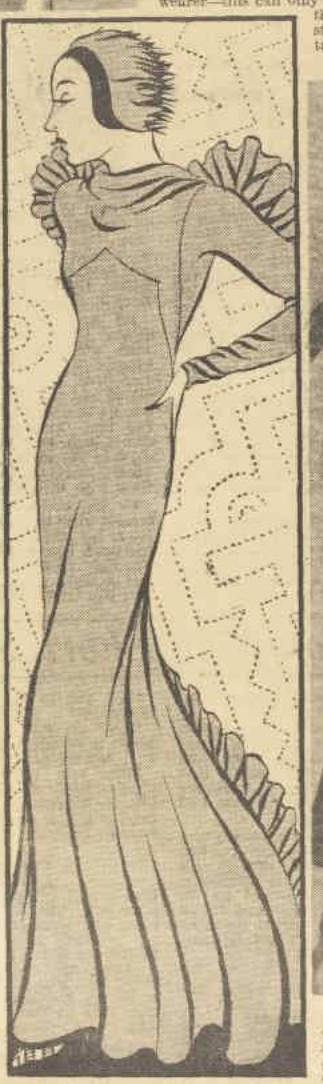
Rage for Taffeta

TAFFETA is the rage abroad—for both day and night. If you don't have a dress or suit of it, you wear a plaid or brightly-colored taffeta scarf. Under your crepe or chiffon evening dress you wear a taffeta slip—or else a chiffon or satin petticoat with taffeta ruffles at the hem. When you go forth on spring evenings you will both sail and rustle.

SCHIAPARELLI designed this dress. Like a ship in full sail, it has jutting wings at the back and panels on the skirt. This model is in pale grey taffeta.

EVENING GOWN in deep blue stiff satin. The train and back shoulder ruffles fly backward, the top of the side panels and the front shoulder-ruffles blow forward.

LUCIEN LELONG gives this emerald-green velvet dinner dress ruffled wings along the shoulders and sleeves. The flaring skirt has three godets in back with a ruffle trimming the centre one.



LANVIN shows the new split skirt in this afternoon suit of black wool. The stiffened basque flies outwards and the pleated white taffeta jabot forwards.

VIONNET'S windblown coat has leg-o'-mutton sleeves that billow out between the shoulders and elbows at the back. The astrachan collar also flies back.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

WAISTLINES for daytime are often slightly lowered in the back and higher in front, and the bodices above them are slightly bloused.

SKIRTS, except when they are short for sports and practical wear, are on a sliding scale as to length; they can be moderately short or ankle length for afternoon, ankle or instep length for dinner, and either just off the ground or trailing for evening. Some uneven hemlines are shown for evening.

ARMS and shoulders are uncovered in the evening. The most extreme decollete seen in the bodice cut off round the top under the arms, and held up by narrow shoulder-straps, while the neckline in front is straight or heart-shaped. Low square and V-cut decolletes are more in favor than round, draped or U shapes.

SOMETIMES the neck is cut the same shape back and front, but the square front and V back (or vice-versa) is very popular.

LANVIN puts a black and white printed chiffon over red satin. Molyneux puts black gowns of net, tulle, organdie, and chiffon over pale pink, blue or pale green taffeta slips.

EVENING capes made entirely of huge lacquered chiffon poppies are featured in Molyneux's summer collection. Other designers make these short, circular capes of white velvet violets or pastel chiffon or taffeta flowers.

FOR tennis there is a chic sports dress consisting of a more or less flaring tie-on skirt that barely meets in the front or at the side, and is worn over very simple shorts, which are all in one with a shirt-like bodice. For golf Lelong makes a plain skirt slightly flared by three gores set in front or back.

BOTH evening and day skirts are slit. Splits from a few inches to a foot in depth are shown in front, in back, on both sides. Evening skirts are sometimes split as far up as the knee, and if you don't like your leg showing, wear a ruffled petticoat in a color contrasting with your frock.

ONE of the reasons for these splits is that the silhouette is often so tight and narrow that you must slit the skirt to enable you to walk in comfort. Many hems are faced in a contrasting color to the dress, so that when you move a gay streak of color is glimpsed.

BOUFFANT, filmy skirts, worn over contrasting colored slips, form new spring evening gowns.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604182

MILLINERY MODES • • are apt to be - very - Contradictory

• *ARUM LILIES inspired Schiaparelli to use the neckline of this blouse, which is made of feuille-de-soie. It has fine pinstripes running through it, when used for day wear, and a gold or silver thread for evening wear. The hat is curious, but not lacking in interest, if worn at the correct angle.*

• *NIGHT BLUE PALETOT (at right) of jersey velour this outfit is styled in Vienna. The sleeves and neckline of the utmost simplicity contrast becomingly with the coat, so effectively decorated with stitched pleats. This model was featured in the department of "Knit Art" at the Austrian Exhibition at Dorland Hall, London.*

• *LA FRANCE, just as depicted on the postage stamps, was the inspiration for this very new and very unusual cap of the forage variety. Beige corduroy velvet was used for this model, but it was also exhibited in linen and in pique with equally striking effect.*

• *PAVE (at left) is the new material used in this ensemble. It is a fabric attractively crinkled in squares, and it hangs with an air that is quite distinctive. With the ensemble, Schiaparelli again employs the fascinating arum lily neckline.*

"HAND-KNIT" is all the Rage in London and Paris

From Our London Office.

THE "hand-knit" craze has reached major proportions.

Every collection of models sponsored by a big dressmaking house shows at least several models in hand-made tricots, while it is said that 500 small houses have sprung up in Paris in the last six months which devote their entire time to inventing new stitches and new uses for these fabrics.

It is not only wool which is employed in the various new yarns making their appearances, but cotton, linen, and artificial silk, sometimes used singly and sometimes used in varying combinations with each other and with wool.

Blouses, pyjamas, boleros, loose three-quarter swagger coats, which are seen everywhere in great number, fitted evening jackets and evening dresses are made in new forms and stitches.

Knitting needles have been employed to create fabrics that look like tweed, lace, turkish towelling, box pleats, and even grey flannel!

o o o

KNITTED small jabots, white pique bows, large bow-knots of plaid organdie, heavy silk cord run through a rounded neck and tying in a bow at one side, cork buttons in the shape and size of gold balls, bolts and screws in miniature in white oxidised metal, and wooden buttons are some of the embellishments used on the new tricot models.

Close fitting berets, Breton sailors with upturned brims, rakish Homburg shapes, and big, wide-brimmed sun-hats are all made from hank-knit fabrics, usually in closely-woven stitches in wool, or combinations of cotton or linen and wool.

o o o

AN unusual blouse in the collection of Anny Blatt is made of natural colored linen in a pattern resembling canework in chairs and has knots of bright red and blue wool drawn through the fabric itself and cut off to form a rough polka dot pattern. Its neck is round, its bodice form-fitting, and its sleeves almost elbow length and fairly snug.

Winka de Nagornoff, a young newcomer to the field, has used big plaid designs of blue and white or red and green worked in a loosely knit chain-stitch on a clear background of yellow and white. She has a set of shorts for beach wear which is done in white with cross-bars of red and green. The bodice has a turtle neck, short, full sleeves, and the plaid design forming yoke and sleeves, while the lower part is in up-and-down ribbing, to hold its form.

Another house shows a soft, grey-green suit which is knitted to look like box pleats both in the jacket and skirt. It is perfectly straight, with a narrow leather belt woven in and out at the natural waistline. A pullover of the same green and white in a small plaid design completes the costume.

Smart shops all over the world will show hand-knit blouses and dresses, but the clever girl can imitate these very well.

THAT Australian women are not behind the leaders of Continental fashions in their appreciation of the hand-knit vogue is evidenced by the tremendous response to The Australian Women's Weekly knitting competition.

The week before the closing date entries passed the first thousand mark, ranging from an evening frock of cobweb texture to tiny mittens for a very young babe.

LIVE on the Youthful side of life!

The youthful looking, energetic people you know are usually the ones who aren't bothered with constipation. They include "bulk" in their diet.

Live every minute of your life. Restore healthy regularity by this simple, delicious *natural* means. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily, with cold milk or cream. This excellent cereal corrects most types of constipation. It provides "bulk" which *exercises* the intestines, while its Vitamin B and iron tone up your system. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Sealed inside with the WAXTITE bag.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION
Made in Australia by
KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604183

How to Hail the PRINCE

And Other Forms of Address!

One instinctively feels that the American style, "pleased to meetcher, Prince," will not be the thing to say to His Royal Highness, Prince Henry, in November, but, as he is a Prince, why is it wrong?

The reason is, etiquette. To know that people possess certain titles is not enough. One must learn how to use those titles.

PRINCES and Dukes can be called by these titles, but only by their social equals. The upper classes of the aristocracy cannot even call Prince Henry "Prince," but must say "Sir."

This style of address is permitted also to the "gentry"—the army, navy, clergy, Bar, medical and other professions, the aristocracy of Art, and the aristocracy of wealth. The rest of the rank and file must say "Your Highness."

Letters to Prince Henry are addressed "His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester," and should begin, "Your Royal Highness," and end, "I have the honor to be, your Royal Highness's most obedient servant."

But the correct use of Prince Henry's titles is by no means the only fact about titles Australians have to learn. We may not have many peers in our midst, but we have an abundance of other kinds of "Ladies," and of "Sirs," not to mention our fine crop of Vice-Regals, Archbishops, Admirals, and such.

Even the title "esquire," which it is becoming positively rude to omit from any envelope, unless the addressee has a higher title, is really not correct for many who demand it.

One also meets women who refer to their husband as "Mr. So-and-So." Women correctly only speak to inferiors thus. To acquaintances they say, "my husband," and to intimate friends call him by his Christian name.

Wives' Privileges

IN Australia, the first gentleman of the land is the Governor-General, and after him come the State Governors. This is because they represent the King. In England the Archbishop of Canterbury ranks first after the Royal family, as spiritual peers rank above temporal ones. The Archbishops of Australia, therefore, come next in precedence to the Vice-Regal families.

Feminists should note that wives enjoy the privileges of their husbands' titles, even when they have no especial rank of their own. Archbishop Mowll, for instance, is "Your Grace." His wife is plain "Mrs." Mowll. Yet she enjoys the privileges of her husband's rank.

The Governor-General and his wife are both entitled to be addressed as "Excellency," and so are the State Governors, but the wives of Governors are not correctly so addressed. That this is not generally appreciated was shown by Lady Isaacs, soon after Sir Isaac Isaacs' appointment, having to instruct the staff of the Queen's Club, through the secretary, to call her "Your Excellency" instead of "Madam," as was their habit.

Family Names

AN opposite misuse of a title was made when the wife of an Australian knight asked some acquaintances in Melbourne to call her "Lady ——." While baronets and knights are addressed as "Sir," the wives of peers only are entitled to be called Lady and their Christian names and they only may also have the article "the" prefixed, such as The Lady Anne.

Baronets and knights' wives must add their husbands' surname after the prefix "Lady."

Lord Huntingfield, Victoria's new Governor, who is a peer, shows another peculiarity of this rank. All peers have a family name as well as their titles, although in numerous cases, especially in the lower ranks of the peerage, the two are the same. The family name is used by the sons and daughters of peers, except for the eldest sons of Dukes, marquises, and earls. This is why the children of Lord Huntingfield, Victoria's new Governor, are called Vanneck.

As the navy is the senior service, titles duplicated in the army rank higher in the navy. An Admiral therefore precedes a General. They are addressed by their titles and surnames.

MUSIC OF the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Big Music Week Festival on the Way

IT seems little time since a tiny committee of enthusiasts in Sydney set about preparing for New South Wales' first Music Week, yet the fifth annual festival is to begin on August 25. This annual event sets an example which, in the interests of cultural life of the whole nation, might well be copied by other States.

I was privileged to be very closely associated with the N.S.W. movement at the outset, and remember only too well the early discouragements with which we were faced. Nevertheless, the first Music Week was a real success, and through the years more and more workers, recruited from the profession, from the trade and the music-loving public, have joined in the work of spreading the gospel of good music.

The first week, in retrospect, seems but a puny affair in comparison with the ambitious festivals which have followed, and the 1934 Week looks like being the greatest of them all.

Opening Concert

THE Week will open officially with a Town Hall concert, August 25, and end on September 1, actually running into the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, which is an offshoot of the Music Week movement.

Other activities which the week has sponsored are the Music Lovers' Club (300 members) and the Music Week Younger Set, which was inaugurated about a month ago and has a membership of over 100 young musicians and students.

MISS MURIEL EDSALL, who will give a piano recital at the Conservatorium on July 5. Elsa Corry will be the assisting artist. —Lupton Studios.

"Music Sunday"

AUGUST 26 will be observed as Music Sunday, interest being centred on a huge open air demonstration by massed bands and choirs.

Every day in the week there will be an historical pageant and recitals at mid-day in various halls, department stores, churches and schools.

Municipal councils are undertaking associate festivals, while on August 29 there will be a Musical Carnivale and Ball.

It is proposed to issue a specially designed flag and business houses will be asked to fly it during the week and to distribute also small hand flags. The proceeds of this particular item will go to the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution.

On France's Day

IN keeping with the occasion of France's national day on Saturday, July 14, the music in the evening programme from 2FC will be exclusively French. One of the most attractive features will be the pianoforte recital by Winifred Burston, who will play "Petites Litanies de Jesus," by Groviez; the Prelude from the "Prelude, Aria and Finale" of Cesar Franck and a Ballade by Debussy.

Songs at the Piano

DOLLY STEWART is a soprano with a flair for presenting songs to her own piano accomp niments. She will be associated with the A.B.C. (Melbourne) Concert Orchestra and Newstead Rush, baritone, in a national programme on July 13. Mr. Rush has won many awards at the South Street (Ballarat) competitions and has been frequently heard with Victorian choral societies. His principal radio success was the singing of the title role in the broadcast performance of "Hiawatha" last year.

Miss Stewart, besides touring this country, has appeared in concerts in the United States and Canada, and has also achieved considerable repute as a composer.

The Eisteddfod

LAST year over 5000 entries were received for the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. For 1934 the number of sections has been increased to over 200 and a huge number of entries is expected from all States. Last year 60 choirs competed. There are now 17 sections to attract choral ensembles.

These, then, are some of the highlights in the Fifth N.S.W. Music Week and the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. The stimulus to general interest in worthwhile music should be tremendous.

Russian Concert

THE "Night of Russian Music" in aid of the Russian Church in Sydney was a colorful event which attracted a big audience to the Town Hall last week. An orchestra some 60 strong acquitted itself creditably under the baton of Francois Stempinski, playing Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slav," "1812" Overture, "Nutcracker" Suite and Rimsky - Korsakov's Overture, "La Grande Paque Russe."

It was joined by Alexander Sverjensky (pianist) in a splendid performance of the Tschaikowsky Concerto. There was some impressive singing by the Russian National Choir, conducted by P. Golliff, while assisting artists who were popular were Molly de Gunst (soprano), Senia Chostiakoff (tenor), Barend Harris (baritone) and Margaret Chalmers (accompanist). The exquisite second movement to the Borodin String Quartet was beautifully played by F. Stempinski and A. Podinowski (violins), M. Sargato (viola), and Athos Martelli (cello).

Dr. Bainton's Debut

THE debut of the new Director of the N.S.W. Conservatorium at the regular Chamber Music recital last week attracted a much larger audience than usually patronises these concerts. Dr. Bainton proved his ability in the "Little Sonana" of John B. McEwen and the Mozart Quartet in G Minor. The first work was for violin and piano, Florenz Hoogstoel being the competent violinist, while in the Mozart Dr. Bainton was supported by Mr. Hoogstoel, Blodwen Hill and Gladstone Bell.

The new Director impressed as a musician of culture and taste. There was clarity in his touch and variety in his phrasing.

Other features of the recital were the somewhat dull Frank Bridge Quartet in E Minor played by the "Con." Quartet, a group of Schubert songs artistically interpreted by Elsa Corry (soprano), and the discreet piano accompaniments of Muriel Edsall.

Clement Q. Williams

AFTER a somewhat serious illness, that most artistic of Sydney baritones, Clement Q. Williams, is back at work again, and during the week presented an impressive array of students at the Forum Club. Several were palpably of professional qualifications—for instance, Sidney Butcher (baritone), who sang "The Erl King" most vividly, and Neville Beavis, whose baritone is an unusually rich and effective organ, and who interpreted "Eri Tu" from Verdi's "Masked Ball" with expression and power.

Another promising student was a young bass-baritone, Tom Davey, while a singer in the same category was Donald Woodrow, whose voice was admirably handled in "Myself When Young." Of the women students, Netta Murray (mezzo-soprano) impressed most with her fine reading of the difficult "O Don Fatale" from Verdi's "Don Carlos." Other excellent pupils were Edward Hall, Flora McNeil, Jack Lyons, Esther Cameron, Hiroshi Ishida (who sang two quaint and charming Japanese songs), Eileen Magnusson, Mervyn Barnes, Dora Fairclough, Leoni Hughes, Eric Falkinder, Lerri Barnes, Kenneth Wilcox, and Russel Massey.

Mr. Williams himself sang in quartets, while Enid Conley (whom I regard as one of the finest pianists and accompanists in the country) was a tower of strength at the keyboard.

Helmuth Hoffmann

RADIO concerts by Helmuth Hoffman convinced us that in this German musician we had acquired a pianist of outstanding merit. He confirmed this impression in an interesting programme at the Conservatorium during the week.

Mr. Hoffmann exploits a comprehensive technique with much musicianship. He produced some powerful effects in his transcription of the big Bach Organ Toccata in F Major, and later proved the intellectual bias of his work in the Brahms Sonata in F Minor.

The remainder of his entertaining programme was devoted to shorter pieces by French, Italian, and Spanish moderns, with Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Chopin as a final group.

WHIDDON WINS

Five £1000 Prizes

CASH FOR READERS

Mrs. McAuliffe, of Rose Bay, and Mr. W. Sexton, of Auburn, are among the people who have recently received cheques for £1000 from Mr. W. H. Whiddon.

W. H. WHIDDON

Mrs. H. Harmer, of Oatley; Mrs. G. Smith, of Dulwich Hill; and Mrs. T. Shaw, of St. Peters, were also included in Mr. Whiddon's £1000 winners.

Readers may share Whiddon's luck next week by clipping the coupon below and posting it to-day.

Whiddon wins every week. In 32 weeks he won and paid out over £41,000. He has won every major prize in the Lottery, and is the only man to have won the first prize of £5000 twice, the second prize, of £1000, five times, and the third prize of £500 four times. In addition, he has also won hundreds of other prizes ranging from £300 to £5.

His Fifth Shares, which can win £1000, are only 1/6, and Seventh Shares, to win £714, are 1/- each.

Send the coupon below with a postal note for the share you require, together with a stamped addressed envelope. Your share will be sent to you by return post.

If in town, call on Mr. Whiddon at his office at 10 Barrack Street, where he will be glad to see you.

The whole of the profits from this advertisement are for St. Margaret's Hospital, where over 10,000 little Australians have been born and where 1/- a day keeps a baby a day.

Don't Delay — Post To-day!

Whiddon's Luck Can Come Your Way!

Mr. W. H. Whiddon, Dept. W.W.A4, Box 3370PP, G.P.O., Sydney.

I want to share your Lottery Luck. Here is a postal note for .... and stamped addressed envelope. Please send me

........Fifth Shares at 1/6 each.
or
......Seventh Shares at 1/- each

NAME ....

STREET ....

TOWN ....

(Cross out the line you do not need).

"I used to be dull, despondent, moody and temperamental. Then I heard of Bile Beans ... and I am thankful. Now I never miss my one Bile Bean each night. It means vitality and healthy, regular habits."

1 BILE BEAN *each night*

Ladies! Learn!

HAIRDRESSING & BEAUTY CULTURE

AT THE PREMIER SCHOOL OF HAIRDRESSING

Prospective pupils of both sexes or their parents are cordially invited to visit the beautiful, new, modern premises of The PREMIER SCHOOL OF HAIRDRESSING 7th Floor, "The Block," 428 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. Experts Teach Every Branch of Hairwork and Beauty Culture. Phone: MA5109. Send for Prospectus.

HOLIDAY at NORFOLK IS.

IDEAL CLIMATE—WONDERFUL SCENERY

Stay at "Dewville" Guest House, delightfully situated at Kingston. Tennis courts, close golf course, beach. Cheap excursion fares now available. Full particulars, reservation.

A. E. CRISP,
2nd Floor, 62 Margaret St., Sydney. B2781.

POULTRY

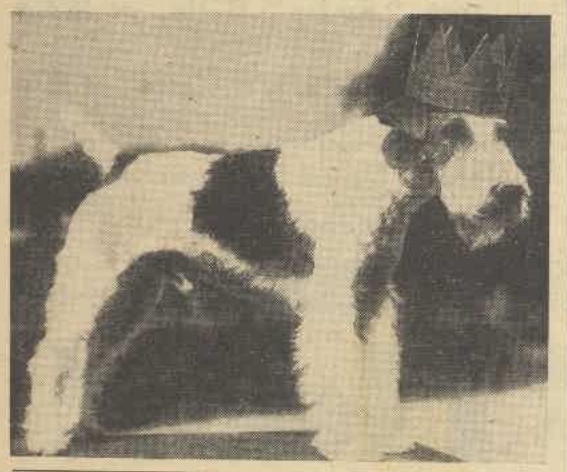
A BARGAIN in day-old Chicks, with a reputation of 15 years' standing. Black Orpingtons, 9/- per doz., 50/- per hundred. White Leghorns, 6/- per doz., 40/- per hundred, plus freight.
TYREEL HATCHERY,
269 Connell's Pt. Rd., Hurstville. LW3483.

WANTED TO BUY

OLD Gold, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt St. (near Hunter St.)***

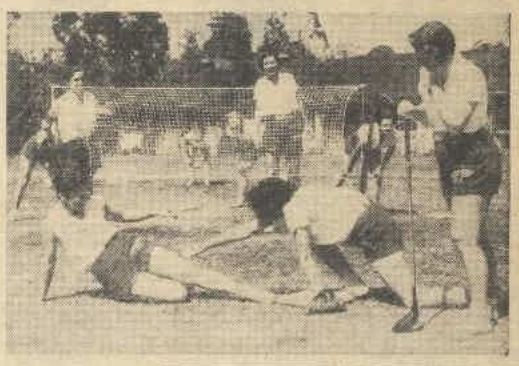
Plough Teams Start Their Steady March

"GIT UP THAR, NOBLE! Pull away, Pilot, . . . Come on, Model . ." together with a peppering of unprintable expletives, and the plough team plunges forward in the morning sunshine. All over Australia just now the great teams are busy up and down the fields. Horses and men toil and sweat that a nation may eat. (Camera study by Kimbel.)



DOG KING.—His canine majesty Littleway Chunky of Brandwood, king of American dogs, who was declared so at the Los Angeles Kennel Club National Summer Show. This is the fourth time Chunky has won the crown in the wire hair fox-terrier section.

TWO FAVORITES ABROAD. Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, those inseparable artists of the stage, snapped in Central Park, New York, during their present American tour. The pair are as popular over there as in Australia.



ABOVE: The evolution of a new game: American girls seem to be getting a little mixed in this cross between baseball, basketball, tennis, golf, and croquet. Teeball is the name of the new game, which requires two teams of nine and lots of imagination.

RIGHT: AMERICA has a "biggest" edition of nearly everything in the world. Here is the "biggest" book. It is the official register of the city of Los Angeles which has been made specially for a future trade exhibition.

ABOVE: Here's an idea that is really worth passing on. Stocking-guards for shoeblacks. Not to keep them concentrating on their work, but to prevent polish from staining silk stockings. Muriel Evans, M.G.M. player, shows how it works.

Miss Billie Lample, American girl who earns a living and fame by making artificial eyes for animals, mostly stuffed birds and beasts, required for museums, etc. She has also made occasional glass eyes for live society dogs, cats, and horses.

SETTLING AN INTERNATIONAL DISPUTE in the modern and most up-to-date manner—over a cup of tea. A hundred years ago these smiling gentlemen would have been slashing at each other with swords or shooting with guns. Acting as "Mediator" in the Chinese Eastern Railway quarrel, Japanese officials called the contending parties, the Soviet and Manchukuo, to a tea party in Tokio, where everything was settled in the most friendly way.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604185

Shoe Clearance!

FARMER'S SALE

SUPER-SPECIALS IN COMFORT SHOES AT SALE PRICES THAT NO WOMAN WILL EVER MISS!

HIGH SPOTS

—are Sale Prices still further reduced for one day only. Don't miss them. Lists distributed at the Store's entrances guide you to them!

29/6 Carina Courts, *now* 23/9
The "Carina" Court reduced! Black or brown kid with built-in arch brace supports. 2 to 7 and half sizes. WHY NOT LAY-BY

29/6 Smart Kid Oxfords, 23/9
Guaranteed comfort—and at a big reduction. Black or brown kid instep Oxford with built-in arch supports. 2 to 7 and half sizes.

32/6 Soft Black Kid, *at* 21/-
Sensible One-bar for the broader foot. Softest of black kid with built-in arch supports. 2 to 7 and half sizes. CARRIAGE PAID

200 prs. 17/9 Pumps

THEY'RE HAND-MADE

Smart Step-in Courts of black suede with trimmings of black kid, also others with insertions of grey lizard. Sizes from 2 to 6, including half sizes. These shoes were originally 29/6, and were reduced recently to 17/6. Sale Price 12/9 *LAY-BY!*

12/9

AND LAY-BY!

Farmer's Lay-by Service is a bigger benefit than ever with all these Bargains. To-day's Sale prices revert to usual prices July 14.

39/6 "Swiss" Bally, *at* 32/6
Bally's One-bars of sheer black satin; Baby Louis heels; 2 to 6 and half sizes. 50 pairs high heels, 2 to 5, excepting 3 and 3½.

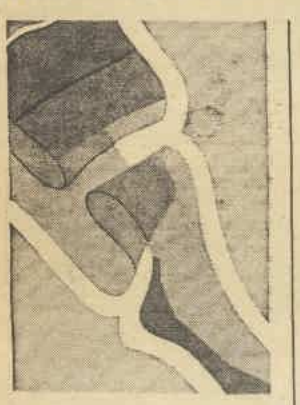
10/9 Sandalettes, *now at* 8/6
Blue, red, green, caramel or white. 2 to 7 and half sizes, but not in every colour. Leather soles: Us., 10/9. Sale, 8/6. "Kromhyd" soles. Sizes, 2 to 7 and half sizes. Usual Price, 12/9. Sale, 8/11

35/- "Broad-Fit" *now at* 27/9
Brand new Winter stocks of black suede and calf Derbies reduced! Light pump soles. 2 to 7 and half sizes. Usual 35/-. Sale, 27/9

Wednesday offers the brightest lunch-hour of the week—Farmer's Business Girls' Luncheon. "Blaxland" Galleries at 1 p.m. Luncheon, 1/-

-and Ground Floor!

THE GROUND FLOOR WITH ALL THE GLAMOUR! SMARTEST ACCESSORIES! SACRIFICING AS NEVER BEFORE



Extra Special!

9/11 Silk Hose that everyone longs for!

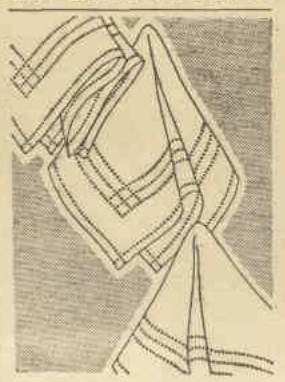
Now, 5/11

They happen to be "mediums" but it will take close scrutiny to find the tiny "fault" in these beautifully-fashioned pure-silk Stockings. Panel heels and exquisite versions of all the new shades. Remember the Lay-By

HOSE ON GROUND FLOOR

HALF-PRICE

7/6 Ostrich Tri'mg, 3/9
Ostrich Feather Fringe Trimmings, 4 ins. wide; apricot, lemon, jade, and flame. Us., yard, 7/6. Sale, 3/9



Spoke Stitched!

HALF-PRICE

1/4½ Hankies, 8½d.

AND IRISH LINEN

Irish Linen spoke-stitched Handkerchiefs, size, 11 x 11 ins., with ¼-in. hemstitched hem. All white. Assorted spoke stitch designs; 1/4½. Sale, 8½d.

GROUND FLOOR, PITT STREET

16/6 Flap Jacks

NOW AT **5/11**

They're Those Neat Flat Cigarette-Case Shapes

Modern enamels in beautiful and really uncommon designs. Eleven designs, in all! Eight colour effects. *Ground Floor.*

1/6 Linen Centres, 1/-
These are traced to embroider. Usually, 1/6. Sale Price, 1/-

2/6 Faille Ribbon, 1/3
Faille Ribbon in saxe, beige, pink; 2¼ inches wide.

3/6 Book Ends, 1/9
Chinese Brass Book Ends in several of the new designs.

11/6 Oil Sketches, 5/9
Oil Sketches in hand-made frames; 11/6. Sale, 5/9
No Mail Orders

5/6 Carons Talc, 3/11
Caron's Talcum Powder ... Usual, 5/6. Sale Price, 3/11

3/11 Gauntlets, 2/11
Leatherette; elastic wrist, laced contrast; arab mocha.

7/- Doz. LACES, 2/11
A table of Lingerie Lace in a large range. Us., 7/- to 9/6. Sale, doz. yds., 2/11

Don't go without one any longer!

SMART 5/11 BLACK UMBRELLAS 4/11

Smart Umbrellas, are these, with quite squat handles and the usual smart "etceteras." Covers are of strong black cotton. Also see the huge assortment of oddments. In all qualities

MAIL ORDERS TO P.O. BOX 497AA, SYDNEY

2/11
USL., 5/11

ONE OF THE

Half-Price SCARVES

BIG VARIETY OF STRIPES

An excellent silk that hangs in crisp folds. Roman and "Young Moderns" stripes in a selection of colours. Tremendously popular, 5/11. Now 2/11

GROUND FLOOR, PITT STREET

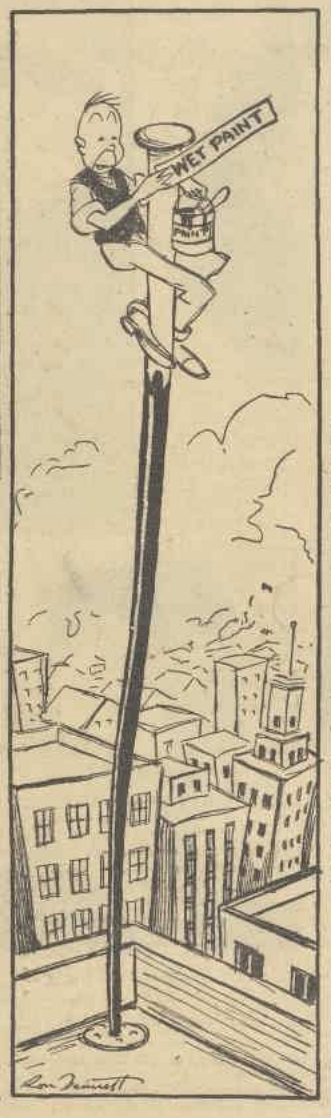
LAY-BY!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604186

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

"I just dropped in to see how you were getting along."
"That's real nice of you—whom will we talk about?"



"She leaks a little, but I can't fish if you're going to get restless about it."

"And did your husband enjoy your cruise?"
"Immensely! You see he didn't come."

"What do you want to buy, my little man, lollies?"
"You betcher life I do, but I got to buy soap."

"Hands up—and not a sound!"

"Sir, the Commander says you're to come up and see him some time."

KILLS GERMS OF CATARRH AND TONSILS

Catarrh
Adenoids
Septic Tonsils
Hay Fever
Snoring
Earache
Head noises
Deafness
Coughs Colds
Sore Throat

Poisons from catarrh and septic tonsils pour into the blood stream and cripple thousands with rheumatism, arthritis, gastritis, catarrhal deafness, head noises, failing eyesight, and chronic headaches.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH AND GERM INFECTION are frequent colds, "running nose," "hawking" and spitting, bad breath, snoring, deafness, chronic headaches, failing eyesight, sore throat, head noises, and stomach trouble.

If you or your children suffer in this way, get a flask of Kanatox from your chemist and put 5 drops into the nostrils every bedtime, for Kanatox surrounds and kills the germs that cause these diseases.

Dr. Brodie's Kanatox will make operations for tonsils and adenoids unnecessary and prevent the re-growth.

Everyone can afford Kanatox, for six weeks' treatment costs only 10/-, or the trial flask 3/6, at your chemist's.

These recent reports on Kanatox are interesting.

MAN OF 70 LOSES HIS CATARRH

Mr. McAndrew says of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox:

"Kanatox is the best remedy I have ever known for catarrh. No one has suffered more from catarrh than I have, and I have used many things without success. One large flask of Kanatox has practically cured me; my hearing is much improved, and I am quite capable of directing my business, which is an extensive one, although I have passed 70 years of age. Everyone with catarrh should use Kanatox. Thanking you. A. McANDREW."

ADENOIDS DISSOLVED

Mrs. Norton writes:

"Please send me another flask of Kanatox. I am very grateful for the good that Dr. Brodie's Kanatox has done for my children, Jack and Shirley. They were both very much troubled with adenoids, caught colds easily, and were frequently out of sorts.

"I have used one sample bottle of KANATOX and one standard size, and already there is a wonderful improvement in them. They are so much brighter and better tempered, and the adenoids are certainly going. They know it is doing them good, and use it themselves without any trouble. Thanking you. (Mrs.) L. NORTON."

HOW TO USE KANATOX

Adenoids. Drop 3 to 5 drops of Kanatox into each nostril after breakfast and at bedtime each day, and if possible after lunch as well. If Kanatox appears too strong at first, mix it with an equal quantity of Paraffin or Olive Oil, returning to full strength as soon as possible. **After Operations.** After tonsil and adenoid operations, Kanatox should be used as above every night to prevent their re-growth.

Catarrh, Hay Fever, Head Noises, Deafness. According to the age of the patient and the severity of the disease, drop 3 to 10 drops of Kanatox into each nostril after every meal and at bedtime. Press your finger on one nostril to close it while putting the drops in the other, and inhale the drops, strongly drawing them through the nostril into the throat. Repeat this with the other nostril, closing the treated one with the finger this time.

Snoring. Put 5 to 10 drops into each nostril at bedtime each night, to stop snoring quickly and permanently.

Coughs. Use in nostrils as for catarrh, and take 5 drops of Kanatox on sugar or in water every 2 or 3 hours.

Tonsilitis, Sore Throat, Loss of Voice. Put 20 drops of Kanatox in a wineglass of warm water and gargle every 2 hours. Kanatox is absolutely harmless, and contains no drugs.

Get a 10/- flask (6 weeks' treatment) or a 3/6 trial flask from your chemist (each complete with special English dropper).

DOCTOR BRODIE'S KANATOX

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

WIFE: I think, darling, I'd like to be cremated.
Husband: Very well, my love, get your hat.

IRENE: Don't you think Harry dresses nattily?
Ronnie: Natalie who?

A GIRL calling on a friend seated herself at the piano and entertained the little girl, aged eight. She played a very difficult piece and closed her performance with a crash of chords. The little girl looked up. "I can't play that, either," she said sympathetically.

HENRY (at the Zoo): Is that a lion or a lioness, dad?
Dad: Which one, dear?
Henry: The one with its face scratched and the hair off its head.
Dad (with a sigh): That must be the lion.

THE salesman had succeeded in selling an expensive all-wave radio gramophone and was mentally spending the commission when the customer said: "There's just one adjustment I'd like."
"Yes, madam," replied the salesman, all smiles.
"We're not fitted with electricity; will you have it converted for gas?"

JONES: Is John's new dog a setter or a pointer?
Brown: He's neither; he's an upsetter and a disappointer.

"OH, General," gushed the sweet young girl to the Army officer who was sitting next to her, "are you fond of music?"
"Oh, yes," said the gruff officer. "I like almost any kind of noise."

CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rub Curlypet on Baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube, 3/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 3817 T., G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail. CURLYPET

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
Takes Terrible Toll

IN one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood Pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—

1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flushes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART. If you suffer in this way, act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries, so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, like Cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and one or more of these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** occasionally after meals, Mentholds being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralise and expel the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal. For the average case a three months' treatment with **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** is sufficient for this purpose.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY. **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for Mentholds sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys, and make you feel young and vigorous. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, go to your chemist to-day, and get a flask of **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds,** and take one Mentholds at meal time. You can get large flasks of **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds,** containing enough for one month's continuous treatment, for 6/6, or smaller flasks for 3/6, from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART. In every flask of **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to **MENTHOID LABORATORIES, Dept. 3, Box 3817T, G.P.O., Sydney; D. MACLEAN & CO., Dept. 3, Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; C. F. LLOYD & CO., Dept. 3, 313 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; DUNCAN AGENCIES, Dept. 3, Theatre Royal Buildings, Hindley St., Adelaide; or R. D. BENJAMIN, Dept. 3, 231B Murray St., Perth,** and your **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed. Be sure and get genuine **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine which contains no drugs.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604187

SEIZING the *Chance* to WIN *Film* FAME!

Our Screen Personality Quest Attracts Entries from All Ages and Types

Entries are pouring in from all quarters for The Australian Women's Weekly Screen Personality contest, in which this paper is co-operating with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy.

To-day, we print more photographs of competitors.

A glance at the present occupations of the contestants provides interesting reading. Entries have been received from bank clerks, trained nurses, mothers of families, society girls, typists, milliners, and people in many other avenues of employment. Undoubtedly the prospect of a film career appeals to practically everybody.

MISS PHYLLIS GREGORY, Bradley St., Randwick. —Raymond Sawyer.

MISS LAUNA McGAVIN, Strathfield Rd., Bellevue Hill.

MISS MAVIS LANG, The Avenue, Hurstville. —Paramount.

MISS MOLLIE NAILON, Avoca St., Randwick. —Falk.

MR. TIM WATSON, Battery St., Clovelly.

MR. TRAFFORD W. WHITLOCK, Rockwell Cres., Potts Point. —Phil Ward.

THE report of Mr. F. W. Marks, who recently conducted the film inquiry, is pleasant reading for all aspiring artists, as well as to picture producers. Mr. Marks has recommended that a quota system be established both for producers and distributors.

This will mean that every year a certain number of Australian films must be distributed and a certain number exhibited to the public.

The suggestion is that, as a beginning, the quota for distribution be 5 per cent., rising gradually each year till at the fifth year the amount should be 15 per cent. The figures for distribution are set down as 4 per cent., to be shown the first year, rising to 12½ per cent. in the fifth year.

This will give an enormous impetus to the Australian picture industry for the producers will be able to be sure of a market. The demand for screen artists will also be enormously increased, and it is hoped that many of the competitors in this contest will, through it, find the career they are seeking.

Mr. Marks has recommended that there be an advisory board to discuss and settle any difficulties that may arise, for in all new schemes difficulties invariably develop as the plans are worked out. He suggests that this committee should consist of two representatives of the producers and two of the exhibitors and three others who shall be persons who have no pecuniary interest in any branch of the film industry. This will guarantee that the voice of the people may receive a hearing (provided these representatives are well chosen) and this is only right, since it is the people who pay to see the pictures.

Dreams Come True

THOSE who are fortunate enough to secure an appearance on the screen may well build castles in the air, for very often they find that these castles have their foundations on the solid ground. This is certainly the case with Jocelyn Howarth and Patricia Minchin. These two lucky girls owe their advancement to Cinesound, for it was their splendid work in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," produced by Mr. Ken Hall, that brought their talents to light.

Remember the closing date for this Screen Personality Contest is August 4.

HOW many of our readers know that Cicely Courtneidge was born in Australia? Her father, the well-known actor-manager, was touring in Australia with his family at the time that Cicely was born.

Betty Stockfield, another notable film actress, was born in Sydney, but went to Hertfordshire and Paris for her education. She first appeared in stage productions, but later found her way to the films, and her successes in this realm include "Captivation," "City of Song," "Maid of the Mountains" and "King of the Ritz." The list of successful Australians grows longer and longer. Will your name be added to it?

In this competition all entrants will appear before the judges, so do not worry if you think that your photo does not do you justice. This will not affect you chance of success. It is your personality and voice and figure that will be the deciding factors.

Splendid Prizes

THE Australian Women's Weekly is spending over £500 on organisation and prizes for this contest. In addition to the prizes offered by the Eisteddfod committee, we are offering prizes of £50 each for the winning man and woman. The 12 finalists will all be given a screen test and allotted a part in a forthcoming Cinesound production. The two winners will be given a suitable part in a Cinesound production, and will also receive free tuition at the Cinema Academy. This is indeed a golden opportunity for Australian aspirants to fame.

Entrants should write to The Australian Women's Weekly for a printed syllabus. An entry form will be found in each issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. The entrance fee is 2/6, which is handed to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Committee.

The BIG *Prizes*

£50 *For the ..... Woman Winner.*

£50 *For the ..... Man Winner.*

A part in a Cinesound production.

Free Course of tuition at the Cinema Academy.

Cash prizes and certificates from the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

Screen Tests costing £25 each for twelve finalists.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents noticed by you may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark the envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true and original. Payment will be remitted immediately after publication.

Raised the Piano

A COUNTRY dance band often finds it difficult to tune some of the instruments—particularly the saxophone—to many of the pianos about the district. At one hall I know the piano was several tones below concert pitch, and the orchestra leader mentioned the matter to the person in charge of the dance. "The piano is much too low," he said, "and my men cannot tune to it."

Some months after the orchestra went back to the same hall, and the M.C. proudly pointed to the piano. "You said it was too low last time," he said; "you won't have any trouble with it this time." Bricks had been placed under the piano, making it about a foot higher. —A.B.N.

❖ ❖ ❖

Came in Handy

I HAVE had many strange requests on the road, but perhaps the most peculiar was recently made to me when motoring from Sydney to Brisbane. I was passing through a small township when a clergyman beckoned me to stop. He informed me that in a quaint little chapel near at hand were a young couple waiting to be married. They had no witnesses, as their friends had failed to arrive. I consented to act as a witness, and when the ceremony was over I told the bridegroom I was on my way to Brisbane. It happened that the newly-married couple had arranged to spend their honeymoon in Brisbane, so, to save them a long wait for the mail train, I gave them a lift to their destination.

This kind of experience would probably happen to a motorist only once in a lifetime.—A.D.

❖ ❖ ❖

Force of Habit

MY husband has been driving a delivery cart for some time and has a regular place for watering his horses during the daily round.

Owing to the illness of one of the other employees my husband was given a motor lorry to drive. All went well until he approached one of the regular watering troughs, and, without thinking, he put out his hand, giving the necessary signal to the following traffic, and drove the lorry off the road over to the horse trough, much to the amusement of the passers-by.

My husband did not discover what he had done for some seconds, and was at a loss to understand the evident merriment of the onlookers. When he realised that he was the cause of the laughter he drove off feeling very much embarrassed. —F.C.

HOST Holbrook says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetising zest.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604188

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

HARMONISING HEARTS

MOST modern housewives are up to the minute as regards harmony in home decorating and furnishing. Much time and forethought is given to planning each detail of a room. Unfortunately, the same care is not always taken in regard to the harmony of the inhabitants of the "harmonised home."

In this carefree age in which we are living, there is a grave tendency (young people are not the only offenders) to regard the home as somewhere to sleep, somewhere to eat, and somewhere to display the irritable side of nature that must be carefully hidden from outsiders.

Home would indeed be a sweet little world of its own if we would harmonise hearts as well as cushions and color.

£1 for this letter to Miss Beryl Le-Mon, Rippleside, 10 Waratah St., Oatley, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

DON'T TALK LOUDLY

AS the ship on which I am sailing to England approached the wharf at Fremantle, a passenger standing near me waved greetings to a woman standing in the crowd awaiting her friends. At the top of her very shrill voice she cried, "You've got very thin!!!" and the woman on the quay was at once the cynosure of all eyes and the object of much loud laughter. Similar tactless remarks were passed by various women at every port. All of which made me wonder if women have any tact at all. What do other readers think on the subject?

Mrs. V. Cantwell, c/o Lloyds Bank Ltd., 125 Oxford St., London, W1.

Botanical Names

AS so many attractive plants and shrubs bear names which are positive traps to the unwary tongue, would it not be a good idea to give some guide as to pronunciation?

It would be a simple matter to include in brackets on the label attached to the plant the correct pronunciation of the word.

Mrs. I. M. Jackson, Middleton St., Highett, S21, Vic.

WHICH IS IT TO BE?

I WONDER which is the wiser course—to wait for the man of your dreams, or marry the man who loves you? The dream-man may never materialise, and precious youth would be wasted in useless waiting and longing. On the other hand, if you marry, Mr. Right might come along when it is too late. Then think of the lifetime of misery and regret. What do other readers think?

F. M. Holmes, Walker St., Ballarat North, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

BRIDGE FIENDS

BRIDGE is the modern card game; everywhere it is played, and it seems to have a peculiar fascination over its players, making bridge fanatics of them.

But has it too great a fascination for some? Are there some women who are neglectful in their home duties for the sake of bridge?

I know some who do so. They neglect their homes, their babies, their husbands. What do other readers think about it?

Miss Ailsa Crawford, Burrumbuttock, via Albury, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

FALLING LEAVES

FADED leaves upon the trees. One by one the gentle breeze sends them fluttering to the ground. Through the mist and gloom the sun sends its rays as if to cheer the leaves ere their life is ended. All around us we see men and women toil-worn and weary, their days on earth so nearly done.

What an opportunity for youth! A smile, a kindly word, and a helping hand would bring so much sunshine and gladness to the hearts of those dear souls who, like the leaves, are in the autumn days of their life.

Mrs. A. E. Martin, 436 Hawthorn Rd., Caulfield South, SE8, Vic.

Bearers of Bad Tidings Are Unwelcome

IN reply to A. Forbes (23/6/'34), "Job's Comforters" are a class of people without any sense of humor, and, of course, not overburdened with intelligence. They can't help it. The best way is to treat them as a joke.

Often without occupation or hobby, no interest in anything interesting, they wander around gathering dismal tit-bits to relate to their victims or, worse still, dwell on their pains and aches indefinitely. The "cold shoulder's" the best way of curing them.

I. A. Stivens, 37 Enmore Rd., Newtown, N.S.W.

Want of Tact

IN reply to A. Forbes' letter (23/6/'34), I think the mental attitude of these "Job's Comforters" is really want of tact. Some years ago, through an accident, I was a patient in a hospital for eight months and during that period I saw quite a number. One young woman would invariably ask before leaving: "Do you think you will ever be able to walk again?" Others would assure me that "I would soon be running about again," but with a look which belied their words.

Mrs. E. Becke, 77 Cascade St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Much Worse

THESE "Job's Comforters" cannot help themselves any more than that other type who, no matter what illness you may have, they have always had it in a worse form; or, if you possess a radio valued at £50, their brother or uncle has one which cost £100. It's just the "breed of the beast."

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Academy St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

Men, Too!

YES, we have all met these "Job's Comforters," and I always thought that it was an occupation strictly belonging to women until a friend of mine went into a convalescent home. There he met another man, who assured my friend that he was suffering from tuberculosis of the spine. "Yes," he exclaimed, "my wife's sister had that just the same as you are, like it for years, and died an awful death."

Although my friend was suffering from an entirely different sickness, he was so ill and weak that he began to believe that this other person was right, and his recovery was considerably retarded.

Mrs. M. McLean, 5 Samuel St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

Our Jury System Should It Be Remodelled?

WITH reference to E. Healey's par. (16/6/'34), it is my opinion that our justice is not justice. In cases in which technical evidence is given, the average juryman is in no position to speculate as to the correctness and worth of that evidence.

As one who has witnessed many criminal trials, I can state with impunity that a lawyer often seizes on to some little point and elaborates so extensively that only those who have had much experience in criminal cases are not bewildered by his argument. Sometimes even the opposing counsel is baffled by the tactics of his "learned friend," so how can the average juryman be expected to understand everything clearly and give a verdict which is in keeping with the evidence?

Newspapers should not be allowed to pass comment on a case until the trial is over. They should be made to adhere to facts.

R. M. Cranston, c/o Thos. J. Rutter, Five Ways, Wooloongabba, Brisbane.

Father's Day

RE Mrs. E. Semmers' reference to a Father's Day in your valuable paper, 26/5/'34, may I draw your readers' attention to the fact that Father's Day has been in existence in Australia for the past 12 years, being inaugurated in 1922, the first Sunday in November having been chosen as his day.

The red rose was chosen as his emblem.

Mrs. C. Sampey, Tilba Tilba, N.S.W.

Goes Far Back

OUR jury system, which E. Healey (16/6/'34), attacks, dates from 1166, when, under Henry II., "Twelve lawful men from each hundred and four from each township" acted both as witnesses against and judges of criminals, a dual function still retained by the modern "grand jury." The ancient right of every free man to be "Seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed" only by the "Legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land," was reaffirmed by Magna Charta in 1215.

Antiquity, of course, is no argument for perfection, yet an institution that has survived over seven centuries must have much to commend it.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

Left-Handed People are not Handicapped

MRS. DUMAS letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 16/6/'34) is interesting in view of a medical opinion recently given to me. It was this: "There is no reason why any person should not be as dexterous with the left hand as with the right." Indeed, the doctor went so far as to say that, with practice, we should all be able to carry a cup containing liquid more steadily with the left than with the right hand. Therefore, the left-handed child should be encouraged to perfect his left-hand work, and not corrected or ridiculed, or made to feel that he is odd or "different."

J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn, E3, Vic.

Force Not Used

IN reply to Mrs. G. D. Dumas letter in The Australian Women's Weekly (16/6/'34), I don't think school teachers force children who are left-handed to use their right hand. They encourage it, but don't persevere when they find it is beyond a child to change from its natural hand. A case in point is my own little child. On taking her to school the first day I was a little worried as to whether she might be forced to use her right hand. The teacher soon put my mind at rest, by telling me they encourage left-handed children to use their right hand, but did not force it. My little child is now nine years of age, and now uses her right hand at school, although still left-handed in everything else she does.

Mrs. Duff, 123 King St., Randwick, Sydney.

What Does It Matter?

I AGREE with Mrs. G. D. Dumas (16/6/'34) re left-handed children. On no account should they be forced to use their right hand. I myself have always been left-handed, except for writing, which I do with my right hand because of being forced to when at school.

What difference does it make, right or left-handed. You notice a right-handed person is just as awkward with his left hand as a left-handed person is with his right. So in my opinion a left-handed person is no worse off than his right-handed brother.

Miss M. T. Pickering, Emu St., Longreach, Qld.

Unfair Task

DO parents correct their babies? Naturally school age is too late, an unfair task for the teacher as well as the child. Hand a baby a spoon, toy, or rusk, it is generally the left hand that goes out. The same applies at the table, the spoon is grabbed by either hand. That is of no importance to the child. I think up to four years a child finds one hand as easy to use as the other (in which time we have had ample time for correction). If they are trained to use the right hand at the table, and to use the right hand for holding pencils, etc., I think most of them would respond to the treatment.

Mrs. Rees, 8 Launcelot Ave., Enfield, N.S.W.

Encouraged

I THINK Mrs. G. D. Dumas (The Australian Women's Weekly, 16/6/'34) will find that most teachers now are particularly careful not to try to convert a naturally left-handed child into a right-handed one.

In a large city infant room in which I taught, we always applied a very simple test to any child who showed signs of left-handedness.

The child was asked to pick up or fetch five different articles. If he invariably chose the left hand to do so he was encouraged to always use that hand.

Mrs. I. M. Jackson, Middleton St., Highett, S21, Vic.

Uses Both Hands

THE Education Department notified the schools some while ago that left-handed children must be exempt from punishment, as in many cases mental distress resulted. Like Mrs. Dumas, I also have a left-handed child. Since entering her teens, she taught herself to use both hands successfully, which proves very useful in her profession.

N. Clarkson, c/o. 2 Llewellyn St., Merewether, Newcastle.

SCHOOL ENGLISH

BOTH as an ex-teacher and a parent I was much interested in the article by a school teacher on "Australian Speech" (23/6/'34). I am quite sure that, despite all she says, schools are mostly to blame. Even though such an eminent authority as Mrs. Linda Littlejohn has patiently gone to the trouble to work out the actual hours a child is at school, it must be admitted that those hours are the longest and most important working hours of its life. At home the child is relaxed, either playing, sleeping, eating, or silently doing home lessons when all its subconscious mind is still at school. It spends in all but a few hours of life at the talkies, where good English is as often heard to-day as bad. Is not the real reason for our faulty speech the fact that English, as a subject, has never been regarded as important enough in most of our schools, and in the school curriculum?

Mrs. B. M. Wright, Glenbrook, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE

DON'T WORRY and upset yourself about any mistake you may make in social observance. You will know better next time.

FASCINATING PASTIME

WHEN one considers the wealth of knowledge, the education, the romance, the humor and pathos, the marvellous thoughts and phrases which are packed between the covers of good books, one wonders why any person can say that a book fails to interest them.

Here we find a comfort in illness, a friend in solitude, a companion on vacation, and a fount of wisdom and learning.

Still, there are a few who have not felt the grip of this fascinating pastime. Is it because of lack of effort of concentration, or do they really wish to live without learning?

Mrs. L. Walton, 93 Hannan St., Williamstown, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

SOMETHING WRONG

A WIDOW on the bread line considers something should be done to prevent business men with assured positions carrying good salaries, from providing their daughters with soft jobs at the expense of the needy. "My daughters," she informed me, "have been given a good commercial education through the kindness of their uncle, and both held good jobs, but they have been unemployed for nearly two years through managers placing their own daughters in their place." Is this fair? With so much unemployment surely girls whose fathers are able to keep them should be compelled to stay at home and make way for those in need.

Now, what about it? My sympathy goes out to the widow, and yet young girls are anxious for employment. Have other readers come up against this problem?

Grace Steller, 31 Yeronga Ave., Kensington, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

NEW SERIAL

CONGRATULATIONS for our splendid new serial, "Storm Music." It is full of life and movement. The kind of story a man can read as well as a woman. Artist Davies has made the characters come to life with his beautiful drawings. Not only does he draw a lovely woman to perfection, but his splendid horses and backgrounds are grand.

Lilian Clint, Anthony St., Blacktown, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604189

THOUGH Evelyn Venable is not to be kissed in films, that prohibition does not apply to a lover's kiss on her hands. Here Fredric March in "Death Takes a Holiday" is successfully making love to her.

STAR WHO *Cannot* BE KISSED

Evelyn Venable New Ingenue

AS Grazia in "Death Takes a Holiday," Evelyn Venable gives a performance which certainly entitles Paramount to regard her as one of their more important "finds" recently. Her part requires that she shall express spirituality and a mystical devotion which overpass the fear of death. For so young a girl, brimming over with physical health and entirely normal in her tastes and outlook, this is a difficult role.

Some notes on her education and training and the general characteristics which enabled her to take up this exacting part are given here. She has been carefully shielded by parental care, as will be seen.

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

WHEN a year ago Evelyn Venable played Ophelia to Walter Hampden's "Hamlet," every evening she heard him declaim: "Get thee to a nunnery! Go!" It was rather prophetic. Just a few months later she began her film career by playing the role of an orphan left with Sisters of Mercy—in a nunnery. The picture was "Cradle Song," starring Dorothea Wieck. It, too, was directed by Mitchell Leisen, who handled the megaphone on her latest screen vehicle, "Death Takes a Holiday."

Her father, Professor Emerson Venable, read Shakespeare to her from the time she was eight years old. At fourteen, she was playing Juliet in a school presentation of "Romeo and Juliet." At sixteen, she visited Walter Hampden at his summer home in Ridgefield, Connecticut, and read the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for him.

He said nothing at the time, but two years later he offered her a position as leading woman in his touring company. For a while she played the flower girl in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and then Ophelia. It was then that Hollywood discovered her. She was brought to the film capital for "Death Takes a Holiday." However, she made her debut in "Cradle Song" for the sake of screen experience.

She also played later in the role of the young girl in "David Harum," who is almost a match for that cunning old fox in the matter of a horse deal. This part, very different from the characters she plays in either "Cradle Song" or "Death Takes a Holiday," no doubt pleased her very well, for she loves horses and knows quite a lot about them.

"Do Not Touch"

SHE'S nineteen, and she has never been kissed—that is to say, by a movie actor. Her worldly-wise papa insisted on a non-kissing clause in her film contract, so that she might never be forced to play a "sex" role. But she claims that the clause hasn't restricted her thus far. And she says, "when a kiss comes along I'll know what to do with it."

That seems more than likely, for she has been seen quite frequently at the Coconut Grove and the Embassy Club, Hollywood's smart spots, where the sight of her elegant figure and beautiful blonde hair sets lots of impressionable heads spinning on their shoulders.

Born in Cincinnati, she used to get lost in its side streets following the organ-grinder. Now that she is of maturer years she will go almost any distance to listen to a symphony concert. And she will refuse parties to stay at home in the evening and read. Her library consists mainly of the classics, though Cabell and Will Durant, among the moderns, intrigue her. She thinks novels should be confined to four hundred pages.

Her appearance is gentle, with an almost spiritual quality. Yet she is an accomplished sportswoman, riding, running, jumping and swimming with the best of them. She is especially fond of horses, and she bought two of them immediately after she arrived in Hollywood. Besides these companions, she has a saffron-colored cat, and is seeking a monkey to match it. Housework, she thinks, is fun, and she occasionally cooks her own meals. She likes avocados, apple pie and hard candy, but cannot understand why anyone should like caviar!

A further list of her likes and dislikes discloses that she is fond of children, rose perfume and chess. She detests black tiled bathrooms, typed letters and wise-cracking people.

Though she laughs at superstitions she visits a fortune-teller occasionally, just to see how wrong she will guess. She has no ambition towards ownership of a big hillside home, like so many of her colleagues. But she would like to start a Little Theatre movement of her own.

A LAUGHING portrait of Evelyn Venable.

News and Impressions from London

By MURIEL SEGAL

I BETOOK myself the other day to Kensington to see little Carol Coombe, who is too well known to you all to need much talking about. Carol is so petite that she looks a baby. I always think she is the Mary Pickford of 1934, the little girl with a woman's appeal.

Carol has been making quite a lot of films these days, although her biggest success of the moment is the lead in "Finished Abroad," which has just finished a very long run at the Savoy, and has established her as a stage as well as screen star.

A New Zealander who is soon planning a visit to Australia, and who is also doing much straight work before returning to films, is Marie Ney. You will see her presently with Conrad Veidt in "Wandering Jew."

Marie Ney is the most intelligently beautiful person I have ever seen. Even her beautiful hands are intelligent! Simplicity in acting and poise and restraint are her passwords. She is always trying to help beginners, especially Australian girls who are launching out in London. When I saw her, she was trying to get a little newcomer from Sydney a part in her latest film.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars . . . . no good.

★★ FASHION GAIETIES OF 1934

William Powell, Bette Davis, Verree Teasdale (Warner Bros.).

WHAT distinguishes this film from other spectacular productions is not its display of a chorus decked in ostrich plumes. It is difficult by now to outdo previous efforts in this kind, though the introduction of the ballet as a dream of a poor girl, worn out by working on the gorgeous feathers, is a good touch. The sparkle which runs through the film is due to neat—and sometimes naughty—dialogue, matched with a smoothly presented and ingenious story. The light, bright settings and the general avoidance of heavy shadows in the photography are also in keeping with the tone of airy mischief.

William Powell is here an inventive and ingratiating scoundrel, a new kind of racketeer, who conquers through sheer effrontery and the able assistance of his artist-secretary (Bette Davis) the great modistes of Paris. Miss Davis, who is getting to look more than ever like Tallulah Bankhead, wears a shoulder-length bob which suggests Little Lord Fauntleroy.

There is also a very interesting parade of gowns, created by the Australian designer, Orry-Kelly, on the lines of distinctive fashions of past centuries, as shown in contemporary paintings.—Liberty.

★★ RIPTIDE

Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall (M.-G.-M.).

ONE cannot but be grateful for the wealth of invention lavished by the director, Edmund Goulding, on this film, and for the excellent acting. Yet the story leaves something to be desired. Inconsistencies of character and situation bother us. In the first place, would Lord Rexford (Herbert Marshall), a visitor to New York, marry the young woman (Norma Shearer) with whom he became acquainted in such fashion? Secondly, having married her, and taken her to London, would he five years afterwards throw up against her the circumstances in which their attachment grew? Possibly. He might be such a poor sportsman. But could she then remain devoted to him? Again, there is the tertium quid, Tommy. Even Robert Montgomery's charm cannot disguise wholly the fact that he was rather a bounder, whose attentions should have been discouraged. A minor point is that Lady Riversleigh, wittily played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, however eccentric she might be, is not likely to have mistaken her nephew's valet for other than he was, nor to have cast sheep's eyes at him.

Miss Shearer plays her part of misunderstood wife most ably. But Marshall triumphs with difficulty over a particularly unsympathetic role. We took much pleasure in the supporting players, who are admirably chosen. Especially we liked the little girl. Most screen children prattle all too artlessly or else squeak atrociously. This infant does neither.—St. James'.

★★ 20th CENTURY

John Barrymore, Carole Lombard. (Columbia.)

JOHN BARRYMORE is reported to have enjoyed making this picture. We think it very likely. We think, too, that audiences will enjoy the result, for Barrymore, as a theatrical impresario, throws his artistic temperament about magnificently. With flowing, disordered locks, wide-brimmed hat and black cloak, for the greater part of the film he has made himself look rather like the traditional portait of Irving. But there is one extraordinarily amusing interlude when he removes piecemeal in the express train, which gives the film its title, the elderly disguise adopted to enable him to escape from his creditors. His command of gesture, his rapid changes from honeyed words to tempestuous invective, and the suggestion of invincible egotism are used to etch in a marvellous caricature of the actor-r.

The humor of this swiftly moving, nicely exaggerated presentation of theatrical life is assisted by the impresario's two faithful henchmen, and a religious crank on the train contributes some joyous moments. Carole Lombard, as the Trilby to Barrymore's Svengali, looks the part and acts it reasonably well. But her voice is monotonous and quickly becomes shrill when she rants.—Liberty.

★ BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE

Constance Cummings, Paul Kelly, Russ Colombo. (20th Century; United Artists.)

THE suggestion in the title of this film, whose scenarist is a gossip writer, is that it gives intimate glimpses of New York night life. Be that as it may, the ingredients of the film are principally racketeering, and some smartly-put-over turns at an expensive night club, introducing an actual and well-known proprietress of such a club (Texas Guinan). Later we are shown hotel life and fashionable pleasures in Miami.

Miss Cummings is a very pretty girl, and her air of appealing trustfulness is almost enough to persuade one that she could be so simple as not to realise the motive of her gangster-protector (Paul Kelly) when he had her raised from the chorus to be star turn of the cabaret.

Colombo's subdued crooning is pleasant, but seems a little inadequate for fame. There is an unexpected subtlety in making him confess to a craven streak and then later pursue and confront his redoubtable rival, who keeps a menacing silence during his pleas. But there is something over-chivalrous, surely, in the way the gangster relinquishes the girl. We prefer not to go all sentimental over racketeers.—Regent.

★ THE BLARNEY STONE

Tom Walls, Anne Grey (B.D.F.).

THOUGH the stage Irishman, who is a broth of a boy and a genial sentimentalist, has probably as little relation to fact as the stock stage types representing other nationalities, we shall all agree that ready wit and the plausible eloquence supposed to be gained by kissing the famous Blarney Stone are Irish characteristics. Tom Walls here presents an Irishman gifted with both. His touch of brogue is skilfully maintained throughout, but the Irish atmosphere of the earlier scenes, where his country mansion is burned down by Sinn Feiners, is greatly assisted by some real Irish actors.

Later, down-and-out in London and reduced to sleeping on the Embankment, Walls is rescued by the young Earl of Breethorpe, whom, with his sister (Anne Grey), he had encountered in Ireland. Walls' subsequent career in the City, his wrongful trial at the Old Bailey for embezzlement, his brief sojourn in Wandsworth Prison, and his return to affluence make a pleasant comedy-drama.—Mayfair.

★ WILD GOLD

John Boles, Claire Trevor, Harry Green (Fox).

POSSIBILITIES of gold discovery are just now exciting people in other countries besides Australia. In this film the action soon shifts from Reno, celebrated for its divorce facilities, to a little mining town farther west, where hope of a "lucky strike" has revived. Claire Trevor, seen first as a cabaret singer in Reno, abandons her deplorable husband (Monroe Owsley), who is perpetually mixed up in crooked deals, and intends to travel to California. But she is stranded just outside the diggings through the playfully malicious damage done to her car by a young engineer (John Boles), who has been out on a tipsy spree. Likewise, Harry Green and his variety troupe, who have been doing none too well on their tour, think that panning for gold is worth a try.

The story, which is a reversion to the simpler melodramatic type, has some amusing passages, showing Green's attempts at spell-binding and his game of poker with some hard-bitten miners. No doubt, the engineer, played by Boles, is supposed to be a sterling fellow really, but we thought his behaviour to the heroine at first was an unattractive introduction.—Capitol.

★ THE LINE-UP

Marion Nixon, William Gargan. (Columbia.)

ALL criminals, we are told, tend to specialise in their own branch of crime, fortunately for the detectives, who can generally put tabs on suspicious characters. But perhaps criminals are more versatile or more venturesome in the U.S.A. Anyhow, the senior detective in this instance (Paul Hurst) is quite unable to sheet home a series of thefts of valuable furs, and would have gone blundering and blustering along, holding a periodic line-up of all the forgers and assault-and-battery experts he could lay hands on, till further orders—and without result except a palpably wrongful arrest—if the police department had not been put on the right track by the junior member of the force (William Gargan). This bright lad knows by instinct that the girl who is found with the goods on her (Marion Nixon) is innocent.—Capitol

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604190

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

Saturday, July 7, 1934. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.* Page One

Judging

- of the -

£250 Knitting Competition!

Visit This Splendid Exhibition

Judging of the thousands of entries in our £250 knitting competition will be in progress in every State this Friday, July 6. Entries from this State are being judged during Friday morning.

FROM 2.30 p.m. on Friday, the garments will be displayed for the benefit of readers and their friends. Messrs. David Jones Ltd., have generously made their spacious auditorium available so that the garments can be exhibited to the best advantage, and you are cordially invited to visit this magnificent exhibition of hand-knitted work.

The entries undoubtedly present the finest display of knitted garments ever entered in any similar contest.

The Lady Mayoress of Sydney, Mrs. Parker, and the State president of the Country Women's Association, Mrs. Matt Sawyer, will select the finalists for this State. Finalists from other States will also be selected by similar representative judges, and on July 20 the judging will be completed by Miss Gladys Moncrieff and Miss Brewer, who is so well known to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly as our knitting expert, "Gerda."

FOR the past week willing hands have assisted "Gerda" in her difficult task of preparing the display for the judges. The final decisions will be enormously difficult to make, but the generous number of prizes to be awarded will appreciably lighten the judges' task.

An evening frock with a lace yoke, shoes and gauntlets in an artistic color combination, a set of collar and cuffs, so exquisitely fine as to belie any suggestion that hands have evolved its cobwebby texture, are some of the items that entrants have made for 5/-.

A jumper in one of the new colorfully woven wools, valued at £2/8/, a jumper made on four needles so that the whole garment is seamless, though perfect in fit, are among the entries in the jumper section, while the menfolk would certainly be dazzled at the array of garments made for their delectation.

Perhaps the section that will make the deepest appeal to women is the one that caters for the youngest member of the family. Tiny, adorable garments in complete sets, even to wee gauntlets to encase small, restless fingers, make a fascinating collection.

MISS GLADYS MONCRIEFF, famous Australian star, who is at present appearing in "Collits' Inn," has kindly consented to assist "Gerda," our knitting expert, with the final judging of entries in our £250 knitting competition. Preliminary judging of entries from this State is being made at David Jones' this Friday, July 6 (see story). A pre-view of the entries in the competition inspired our artist, Petrov, to frame Miss Moncrieff's picture to suit the occasion.

National Spirit

THE following comments were made by well-known women after a pre-view of the entries:—

Mrs. Matt Sawyer, president of the Country Women's Association:

"It has given me much pleasure to see the beautiful examples of knitted articles which are to be judged on July 6 in connection with The Australian Women's Weekly knitting competition. The arranging for this competition evinces a national spirit, inasmuch as it speaks of a wish to help Australia's 'bodyguard'—USE MORE WOOL."

Mrs. Colin Venn, State Hon. Secretary C.W.A., was particularly impressed with the standard of the work:

"A most beautiful exhibition of fine knitting arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly to actively encourage the use of wool throughout our country. The work I saw was exquisite and shows how the fine wool can be used for collars, cuffs, etc."

Wonderful Work

MRS. HUBERT FAIRFAX, president of the Metropolitan Group, C.W.A.:

"I have been shown to-day some of the knitted articles in the competition arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly, which seems a most generous and helpful move on their part. The idea being, of course, to encourage people to use more wool, which is quite a national forte, and I congratulate them on its success. The articles which I viewed were very lovely, and beautifully knitted."

Mrs. Frances E. Studdy, vice-president C.W.A., president Namoi Group, C.W.A.:

"The most wonderful exhibit of woollen articles that I've ever seen, and I feel sorry that all the members of the Namoi group cannot share my pleasure in such beautiful knitting to be done by women."

Every public-spirited woman, and every woman interested in the decrees of fashion, is essentially interested in knitting. It is anticipated, therefore, that a huge crowd will take advantage of the public display on Friday afternoon, and readers would be well advised to make a note in their engagement-books of the opening time — 2.30 on Friday afternoon.

CLEVER IDEAS

FOR THE sum of sixpence you can make a good supply of an excellent cleaner for aluminium-ware, white painted woodwork, sinks, baths, etc. Cut up a cake of sandsoap, add one packet of washing powder and about seven cups of water. Put in saucepan and bring to boil. If you stand your forks and spoons or any silverware in the mixture for a few minutes all stains will disappear. Turn into tins and allow to set for uses described above.—**Mrs. S. Willis, 35 Underwood Rd., Homebush.**

WHEN YOUR glass flower vases, water bottles or jugs show signs of becoming discolored through hard water, try this remedy: Cut half a raw potato in small pieces and place in the vessel to be cleaned. Just cover with water and leave overnight. Next day shake vigorously, then wash with clean water.—**"Elsa," Cairns, Qld.**

A HANDFUL of oatmeal added to the bath, when the water is hard, prevents an ugly water line forming, and makes cleansing the work of a few seconds.—**"Alice," North Sydney, N.S.W.**

STAINS CAUSED by fruit can often be removed from pudding-cloths if broken eggshells are put into the water in which the cloths are boiled.—**"Angus," Bendigo, Vic.**

TO PRESERVE parsley through the winter.—Use freshly-gathered parsley for keeping, and wash it perfectly free from dirt and grit; put it into boiling water which has been slightly salted and well skimmed, and then let it boil for two or three minutes; take in out, let it drain, and lay it on a sieve in front of the fire, when it should be dried as expeditiously as possible. Store it away in a very dry place in bottles, and when wanted for use pour over it a little warm water, and let it stand for about five minutes.—**N. Carl, William St., South Brisbane, Qld.**

SOME YEARS ago I fell downstairs, with the result that I could not move head dr shoulders without considerable pain. A friend advised me to bathe my neck and shoulders with very hot water and then apply vaseline liberally. I did so, and the relief was magical. This treatment has been equally satisfactory for a slightly strained foot, and for a nose badly bruised by a cricket ball.—**Mrs. Cunningham, North Sydney.**

WASH YOUR jewellery in warm soapy water to which a few drops of methylated spirit have been added. Then rinse, dry with a chamois, and polish with a soft cloth. If stones are set in the jewellery use water which is nearly cold, and there will be less risk of loosening the stones in the setting.—**J.E.S., Wentworthville.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604191

WAY'S

July Clearance SALE

Out go COATS regardless of cost

A Good Coat showing a **Substantial Saving.** Fine Quality Face Cloth, cut to smart tailored lines, with back, sides and sleeves made distinctive by reversed inlays. Buttons trim the sleeves. Coney fur collar. Colors: Navy, Nigger or Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S.
Usually 75/-.
July Clearance Price 55/6

75/- 55/6

89/6 69/6

84/- 55/-

A Big Reduction Brings a "Better" Coat Within Your Means. All-Wool Angora Basket Tweed, in shades of Brown or Fawn. Features new pleated sleeve to elbow, welted seams. Luxurious collar of Long-haired Lamb. Lined Satin throughout. Sizes: S.W. and W. Usually £6/6/-.
July Clearance Price £4/19/6

Save a Pound—Twenty Shillings—on this Attractive Coat of Fine Quality English Face Cloth. Smart tailored lines, with reversed trim. Large collar of Coney. Fully lined. Colors: Black, Brown or Navy. Sizes: S.S.W. to X.O.S.
Usually 89/6.
July Clearance Price 69/6

Definitely Sacrificed to Clear. Smart Coats of Satin Face Cloth planned to strictly tailored lines, but relieved by fur on sleeves and Coney fur collar. Colors: Black, Navy, Nigger or Fawn. Sizes: S.W. to O.S.
Usually 84/-.
July Clearance Price 55/-

Make use of our Lay-By and Mail Orders.

E·WAY & CO. LTD. 213-219 PITT ST SYDNEY

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted by EVE GYE

A SEWING HINT

ALWAYS test a machine stitch on a scrap of the actual material you are going to use before beginning to sew, so that you may make sure that the length of stitch and tension will give the right result. Use a short stitch for fine materials, and a long one for those of greater weight.

"A STITCH a WEEK"

The second of a series of fascinating stitches with ideas for using them, given our readers in collaboration with Rosalie Wilson, one of Australia's foremost needlework experts.

This week we present the double-knot stitch. It is a most effective stitch, as instanced in the close-up in the diagram. With a little practice, you will master it to perfection, and use it in ever so many ways, combining it sometimes with the knotted cross-stitch given last week. And also others as suggested in this article.

BEFORE the war this stitch was always called German knot stitch, because it occurs so frequently in old German whitework. It looks its best in coarse white thread on coarse white material. The old-time German peasants used to work it in coarse patterns over home-spun sheets and bed covers, towels and tablecloths. We may call it a napery stitch, because it suits table-wear so well.

JUST three of the many suggestions for using the delightful double-knot stitch.

Practise it for yourself as follows, and then we will think of some Australian uses for it.

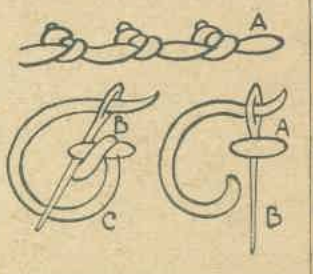
Work from right to left. Choose a thick mercerised thread or knitting silk for practising. Look at A on our sketch. Commence by drawing the thread out of the material. Let it cover the material for about one-eighth of an inch. Put the needle in pointing downwards, and bring it out an eighth of an inch lower down (note diagram). This will give you the first movement in position B. Curl the thread round to the left and point the needle under that small horizontal stitch. This gives the exact position of fig. B.

Pull the needle through. Curl the thread round to the left again and point the needle under the same first stitch, but now be sure to push the piece of stitch B, to the right so that the needle can get under that tiny bit of first stitch. Pull the needle through and ease it tight. You are then ready to proceed to the next stitch.

For the following stitch carry the thread horizontally for one-eighth of an inch or more just as at the beginning, and continue with the movement as shown in B.

USES FOR THIS PRETTY STITCH.

Luncheon and tea cloths where a line of stitchery is needed. Do this in coarse white cotton. Crochet cotton shows up the knot well.



DIAGRAMS showing various stages of the double-knot stitch. See directions.

Makes an interesting outline to conventional patterns in all sorts of fancy work. It can be used for an outline stitch where chain or outline stitch is generally done. Combines well with cutwork of the Richelieu style.

Guests' Towels: Any kind of line design worked entirely in double knot stitch, using Turkey red thread. The ends can be fringed out and knotted.

Wearing Apparel: Four-ply wool. Double row with knots coming alternately. Around collar and cuffs for children's frocks; in rows across pocket. Dot in the knotted cross that we gave you last week for extra effect.

Sale Specials

Of Interest to Our Readers at Farmer's

ONCE more, and in accordance with their fine, well-established traditions, Farmer's are holding their annual winter sale.

Still in midwinter, and with weeks of cold, biting weather ahead, thousands of wise, far-seeing women have been invading the big store since Monday, the opening day, to take advantage of the high-quality bargains offering.

Readers of The Australian Women's Weekly will be interested in these few extra specials quoted for their special benefit:

Plaid pyjamas in suede-finished cosy cloth, with tailored coat in attractive brown, red, and blue checks. Reduced from 22/6 to 14/10.

Snug, striped flannelette tailored pyjamas, usually 10/6, now 6/10. Tailored dressing-gowns in figured molleton, formerly 29/6, now 14/10.

Zenana cloth dressing-gowns in handsome plaids, brown and gold, and red and white, also in floral designs and autumn tones. Reduced at the sale from 29/6 to 25/6.

Finally, a bargain, reduced to almost half price—white Kanebo fuji bloomers, in full-fitting shapes, in S.W., W., O.S., from 6/11 to 3/11.

Unadvertised specials—"high spots" from the feast of bargains—strewing one end of the store to the other, are being announced on leaflets daily. These are handed to you as you enter or leave the building, and are proving irresistible to economically-minded women.

AN ASPARAGUS 60ft. HIGH!

The enormous Dracaena Draco of Teneriffe is one of the Asparagus Genus

Can you digest this?

'Twould be much admired in your kitchen garden! Although, when it came to table, it would perhaps be a little indigestible. But then, so many table delicacies are indigestible—roast pork or beef or duck, for instance—unless you eat them with Mustard! For Mustard, with its clean tang, makes the richest food appetizing and digestible—bacon or ham or savoury pie,

it's nicer with Mustard

– Keen's Mustard

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604192

STEPPING into the PAST!

....with Sir Hugh and Lady Poynter at Tikinui, their treasure-house at Warrawee.

LYING deep back in leafy Heydon Avenue, and surrounded by beds of roses, their home has a most delightful and appropriate setting for the precious things within.

LADY POYNTER is here shown with her book, seated on the richly brocaded couch in her drawing-room at Tikinui.

THIS is a beautiful snapshot of Miss Jocelyn Poynter, taken in happy mood in the gardens of Tikinui. It is interesting to note that Miss Poynter is one of the entrants in The Australian Women's Weekly Screen Personality Contest.

HERE we have a curious mummy case from Egypt, containing the embalmed remains of a cat! It is made in bronze in the shape of a cat, which reminds us of the ancient Egyptian belief that cats were sacred. Next to it are two bronzes from China—the first, a buffalo with a figure of the child Buddha mounted upon its back, and the second a carp, upon which is seated the quaint figure of a scholar, poring over his books.

WHEN you enter Tikinui it is as though you have stepped into another world, permeated with the atmosphere of other days, and yet essentially hospitable and homelike. For Sir Hugh and Lady Poynter have filled their home with treasures of the past, valuable both by reason of their antiquity and because they are the works of great masters.

As you look around, one of the first things that takes your eye is an amphora which was taken from the ruins of Troy. Imagine! From this curious two-handled vessel Trojan heroes must once have quaffed their wine, and honey mead.

A further precious possession is an agate bowl, also from Troy, with a closely-fitting circular pedestal, which was used by a Grecian maiden for grinding her cosmetics. What thoughts course through your brain at the sight of this bowl! Perhaps it was used by a handmaiden of irresistible Helen for grinding cosmetics for her mistress to fascinate her Paris!

Another object of great interest, especially to antiquarians, is a bronze mummy case belonging to an ancient Egyptian dynasty. This is fashioned in the sleek shape of an Egyptian cat. The cat was sacred to ancient Egyptians, and the case contains the embalmed remains of one of these animals.

One other bronze attracts attention in this treasure-house. This time it is a buffalo from China, with the child Buddha upon its back. The modelling of this Buddha, Sir Hugh says, reminded his father of the finely-modelled planes of Donatello, the Tuscan sculptor, who lived in the fifteenth century, in the days of the early Renaissance—yet truly a modern artist when compared with the ancient Buddha from the hand of the Chinese artist.

A further important antique of China is a bronze carp with a scholar seated on its back.

The entrance hall brings one to a more modern period, as it contains architectural paintings by Ambrose Poynter, father of the late president of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward Poynter, who was Sir Hugh's father. Sir Edward, with his brother-in-law, Burne-Jones, one of the leaders with Rossetti and Morris of the Pre-Raphaelite School, was an important influence in the cultural life of London. About this time, Sir Hugh began to make his mark, and entered diplomacy, living in Constantinople.

* * *

WHEN he made his home in Sydney, he brought with him many of the pictures and statues which were held as precious works of art and interest by his father, whom he still speaks of lovingly as "P.R.A." Sir Hugh has inherited the family artistic sense. He is a fine artist, and a connoisseur of paintings.

Among his collection there is a Hopner of Lavinia Bankes, grandmother to Mrs. Ambrose Poynter, wife of the architect. There is a panel by Burne-Jones, the Pre-Raphaelite, a portrait of Kipling, his nephew, a miniature of John Flaxman by Richard Cosway, R.A., a painting by Seymour Lucas, and many other paintings by Academicians, adorning the walls of the house.

A picture by the great Japanese artist, Hokusai, decorates the dining-room walls, also many fine paintings on silk which date back to the Ming dynasty of China. There is an angel, carved in pearwood, a delight to look upon. This treasure its owner intends to bequeath to the British nation.

When Sir Hugh Poynter was attache at Constantinople, he acquired a fine collection of Bokhara rugs, which have retained their gorgeous colorings of vegetable dye, and show the soft surface which seems unobtainable in aniline dyes. These rugs cover nearly all the floors of their home.

* * *

ANOTHER interesting and precious possession, especially important for literary enthusiasts, is a copy of John Milton's "Paradise Lost" which bears the date 1669. This belongs to Lady Poynter, and is a bequest from Sir Hugh and Lady Poynter's mutual great-grandfather, Ambrose Lyon Poynter. Our charming hostess takes a natural pride in her surroundings, and their precious possessions. The dining-table, which she arranged, shows two dainty cloisonne enamel jars, bearing glittering small trees with jade-laden branches. In the centre is a fine pineapple silver loving cup, ornamented with a Bacchus on its lid. The draught from this cup was first quaffed at the Academy dinner, when it was presented to the late P.R.A.

A picture presented to Sir Hugh and Lady Poynter on their recent visit to England brings the collection up to date. The Scottish landscape depicted is from the powerful brush of Susan, the Dowager Duchess of Somerset, who is a kinswoman.

MISS MAVIS GILKINSON, a member of the Committee organising the Fourth Annual Staff Dance of D. Mitchell & Co. Ltd., to be held at the Torii Cafe on Saturday, July 28, in aid of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children's Institution, Darlington.

—Howard Harris.

Sale Crowds . . . at David Jones'

LONG before David Jones' opened their doors on Monday morning last there was a big crowd gathered outside waiting anxiously to take advantage of the amazing bargains offering at this firm's winter sale. The store has been continually thronged, and naturally will be, right up to the closing hour on July 14.

A very bright idea of David Jones' is to sell shopping cases at the doors and in the departments. This innovation is proving an immense success.

Country readers will be interested to know that there is a big staff in the mail order department devoted solely in attending to all orders from the country.

It would be impossible to say which department is offering the biggest bargains, as every article, with the exception of a few proprietary lines, is wonderfully reduced.

Special morning teas in the main restaurant are served, and these are most popular with all.

DON'T... FORGET

In aid of Woollahra Red Cross, Mrs. A. C. Ingham, Aston Gardens, Bellevue Hill, is lending her home for a concert arranged by Mrs. W. Arnott on Friday, July 6, at 2.30. Among the artists who have kindly contributed their services are Mr. Chas. Phillips (pianist), Miss Gladys Verona (soprano), Prof. Raimund Pechotsch (violin), Mrs. Congreve (songs), Mrs. Brunton Gibb (monologues), Miss Myra Leard (elocutionist), Miss Mary Fairley (Rose Ballet), Mr. Lawrance Macaulay (Scottish bassoe), Miss Florence Hill (piano). Admission, including afternoon tea, is 2/6.

☆ ☆ ☆

Gladys Moncrieff and the Corroboree Ballet from "Collits' Inn" will be among the attractions at the "Collits' Inn" ball, to take place at David Jones' on July 16.

☆ ☆ ☆

A Senior Ladies' Committee has been formed to assist the Ladies' Younger Set Committee of the Sydney University Newman Society in arranging the sixth annual ball, which will be held at Mark Foy's on July 23.

☆ ☆ ☆

A series of musicales will be held at Hopewood House, Darling Point, at fortnightly intervals from June 25.

☆ ☆ ☆

On July 9 the Western Australian Association will have as guests of honor at their luncheon Mr. and Mrs. H. Buchanan.

☆ ☆ ☆

The next social function of the Music Week Younger Set will be a dance at the Pickwick Club on July 10. On August 26, which will be during Music Week, a monster concert will be presented at the Conservatorium.

☆ ☆ ☆

On July 7 Mr. Scott Alexander, who has changed the name of his theatre to the Kuraal, will present "Seventeen."

Attractive Worker for Charity Dance

MISS AILEEN DUCK, of Neutral Bay, who is an active member of the committee arranging Bear & Co. Ltd.'s Second Annual Staff Ball, to be held at David Jones' on 21st July next. Proceeds will be in aid of Royal P.A. Hospital.

—Raymond Sawyer.

YOU SAVE TIME AND EFFORT . . as well as MONEY

ELECTRIC cooking costs less than 1d. per person per day, because, with electric cooking, there is no waste *heat*, no waste *time*, no spoiled food, and no burned utensils. The amount of food saved more than pays for the electricity used.

Electric Ranges on Easy Terms — 20% Deposit!

Every woman within the Supply Area of the Municipal Council of Sydney can now buy an approved Electric Range from any electrical dealer *on the low deposit of 20%*. Two years are allowed for payment of the balance and the range will be fully guaranteed for 2 years. The Electricity Department offers to have the Range installed *free of charge* (up to a cost of £6, which is the average cost). The Department will also supply such electric range owners with ALL household electricity at the specially reduced rate of 1d. per unit, after primary units have been consumed. See the display of approved Electric Ranges at the Town Hall Showroom of The Electricity Department, Municipal Council of Sydney (Druitt Street Entrance), Sydney.

ELECTRIC COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS
Every Tuesday and Friday at 3 p.m., and Wednesday at 11 a.m., Interesting electric cooking demonstrations are given at the Electricity Showrooms, Town Hall, Sydney (Druitt Street Entrance). You are cordially invited to attend.

Cook by ELECTRICITY

W.W. 7/7/34 E.D.R. 18

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604193

SAVE . . .

At Least
2/- in every £1
On Quality Footwear

AT

RIGNEY'S
WINTER
CASH SALE
Commences July 9th

Genuine Reductions On Every Line

Specials in Ladies' and Gents' Footwear
HALF PRICE AND LESS

Oddments and Samples in Price Groups
10/-, 15/- and 20/-

Be Early—These Never Last Long!

THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR
RIGNEY'S
147 KING STREET, SYDNEY
(Two doors from Castlereagh Street)
And at 262 Edward Street, Brisbane.

POTTED LOVELINESS!

The Matter of Soil or Compost is a Vital Factor in Successful Potting

.... *Says the OLD GARDENER*

This is potting and repotting time. So, after reading this article—a specially interesting one from the Old Gardener—look over your collection, big or little, and set to work to renew, rejuvenate, add, according to the measure of your enthusiasm. Your bush-house or house-plants, or the lone aspidistra on the window-sill will thank you with new life and loveliness.

ARDENT GARDENERS both—Jessie Matthews and her husband, Sonnie Hale, of Gaumont-British fame, in the bush-house of their old-world home on the Thames. Note the potted Arum lilies—these cost as much as 7/6 each at a London florist's. Here in Australia they grow—well, you know how they grow!

WHAT a beautiful morning it is, Miss! This is the weather we gardeners love. A cold, frost-like morning, that is just what the garden wants to sweeten the soil and tone up the flowers.

Now, I was thinking as I came along to-day about that bush-house of yours.

Yes, it wants attention, Miss. Most all of those plants need a great deal of care—repotting, and so on. Some need new soil, others larger pots.

So, let us go and give that bush-house a regular clean up. It's a good idea to pot-up on a warm day—keeps the soil at the same temperature. Those cold, wet, or windy days, to my idea, are not the ideal weather for the work.

Judicious potting and working to a system is vitally important for the success of a bush-house. I have seen plants potted up in a very slipshod manner.

It seems simple work to shift a plant from one pot to another, but in reality no operation within the whole range of horticulture is more complex or complicated by a greater variety of side and main issues.

The pots themselves should be, as far as possible, the same uniform quality and thickness, so that they absorb the same amount of moisture through the sides.

Each plant should be studied according to its characteristics. The roots of plants are not all alike, they are varied in structure, character, and wants.

Study also the tops, the mode of growth, forms of foliage, colors, and shapes of flowers, their quality, and size. Some people go on potting as if the roots were the only thing to study, and some don't even study that point.

The matter of soil or compost is a vital point to perfect potting.

The basis of all potting is good leaf mould or turfy loam, with a little blood and bone thoroughly mixed, and an addition of sharp sand. All potting soil should be sieved. This is very important.

For Drainage

POTS should be "well-crocked" before the plant is potted—that is, old broken pieces of pots, cinders or charcoal must be well placed in the bottom to ensure good drainage. Hard lumps of cow-manure make good drainage, also as not only does it act for that purpose, but is also food for the plant later on.

The actual process of potting or shifting is not simple, but a compound process, and brings us into direct contact with pots, crocks, compost, roots and various methods of procedure, and also the after treatment of the plant.

The pots must be clean, dry, and thoroughly sound. There is nothing more injurious than the use of dirty pots. They contaminate the soil and poison the roots of the plants. Wet pots are also a grave mistake.

You ask me why? Well, the outer portion of the soil sticks to the pots, and deranges the action of drainage, interfering with the free passage of water through the new soil.

Soak New Pots

AGAIN, if very new pots are being used, soak for some time before using, lift out of the water, and let dry. Otherwise they are usually too dry.

Unsound pots are too risky to handle, and dangerous for the roots.

Most plants do well with the progressive method of potting by easy stages.

Following up potting is watering. This must be done systematically, also with a very fine rose on the water can. Continue to pour the water on steadily until the whole surface is flooded. Then lean the pots when watered until the water subsides.

For potting young plants or cuttings from the nursery bed, the size of the pots counts, and these can hardly be too small provided they are of sufficient area to receive the roots without bending them back upon themselves or twisting them round.

How To Pot New Plants

NOW, I will show you how to pot these plants from this nursery bed.

See, lift the young plant with as much soil on the roots as possible, place in the centre of the half-filled pot. Now, put in a little soil and press firmly round with the two thumbs. This is essential so that all the air is pressed from the soil, and the plant is formed in the pot. Fill up with the rest of the soil, firming gently.

The potting of palms is done by ramming very firm, as they like hard planting. Ferns are potted by keeping the roots as near to the surface as possible. They don't like deep planting.

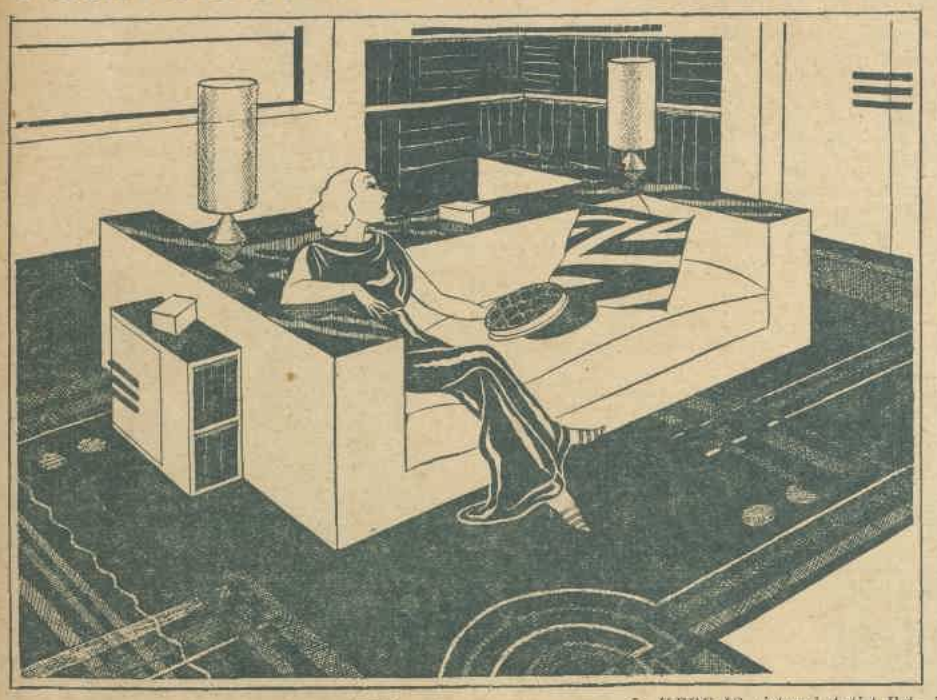
Aspidistras also like shallow planting, and do much better than deep planting.

HANDWRITING
THE MIRROR OF CHARACTER, the reflection of individual strength, intellect, and health.
LOOK AT YOURSELF
through the keen eyes of a trained graphologist. Ten lines of handwriting in ink on ruled paper forwarded with a 3/- postal note to ANNE JOHNSON, ROOM 12, ATHENAEUM CHAMBERS, CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY, will result in a detailed analysis post free.

The CRETONNE SHOP
64 OXFORD ST., CITY
(Almost Opposite Buckingham)
INTERIOR DECORATORS and FURNISHING SPECIALISTS
We Re-cover Eiderdown Quilts, Make Pelmets, Pelform Blinds, Cushions, etc. Customers' Own Material Made Up. Noted for Our Bedspreads. Estimates and Suggestions Given Free. Large Range of Materials Always in Stock.
Phone: F2241

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604194

Your Colorful RUGS & CARPETS



HERE IS pictured Artist Petrov's impression of the lounge perfect. One side of this double lounge faces the window, ready for use when the sun shines brightly, and the other cosily inviting when the hearth glows cheerily. . . . And here's a tip: To save your carpet during winter keep it well back from the fire, or be sure to use a hearth-rug.

A Little Chat on Their Treatment and General Care

By Our Home Decorator

LONG ago, when living was much more primitive than it is now, when houses were merely tents or at best crudely constructed huts of crude masonry, rugs were the only furnishing.

Besides covering the floor, or the ground, they draped the walls, and answered the purposes of chairs, beds and blankets, for they were all there was to sit on, to sleep on, or to sleep under. They supplied warmth and color and luxury to our ancestors, just as they supply these elements to-day.

THROUGH the cold months of the year carpets and rugs are one of the greatest contributing factors to the livableness of our houses, and their warmth and color and luxury are absolute necessities.

Their general care, then, is a matter for earnest consideration.

One sometimes marvels at the way in which rugs and carpets survive for so long the consistent rough treatment meted out to them with trampling feet—with common accidents.

For over eight years a large oval rug has done yeoman service for the centre of my living-room. It has faced the usual tramp, tramp, tramp of feet, big and little; its colorful border has acted countless times as a railway track for childish games, and it has met with accidents in the way of spilt tea, coffee, and even ink. But, with general care and attention it revives surprisingly and continues its mission of comfort-bringing and beauty giving.

Care in Cleaning

WHEN considering the treatment of rugs and mats we should remember the following points:

I wonder how many young wives have been brought up to the idea that all rugs and mats should be taken out and thoroughly well shaken several times a week?

Most of you, I expect.

Yet, in truth, a really good rug should never be shaken, and the commoner ones should not be shaken nearly as often as they actually are.

They should certainly be taken out and cleaned regularly on both sides, either with a vacuum-cleaner or a brush, and occasionally they should be hung over a line, or pole, and beaten.

Beating does not do nearly as much harm as shaking.

Shaking loosens and breaks the threads at the back of the rug which form the foundation of the carpet, and it also loosens both fringes and binding.

Perhaps it is not necessary for me to say "Beware of moths."

Moths do a tremendous amount of damage to rugs and carpets—mostly in hidden places.

Here, of course, prevention is better than cure.

Try to arrange the room so that your carpet does not have to go under heavy furniture which is probably moved only once a year.

If a room is to be unoccupied and not regularly cleaned, treat the carpet as if it were going to be stored.

For instance, [illegible] is quite clean spread newspaper [illegible] and roll it up with a good dose of your favorite moth preventive, and stitch up in a dust-sheet. It is much better to roll a carpet up than fold it.

Now a word of warning to those who favor the use of tea-leaves and salt when they are sweeping a room.

Tea-leaves should not really be used at all, for unless they are damp they will not keep down the dust, and if they are damp they are certain to leave stains on the carpet.

Salt, also, should not be used on any good carpet or rug, as it works into the carpet, and, contrary to what you might think, rots it.

If you wish to freshen up the color of your rug and wish to use salt, it is better to dissolve a handful of salt in a bucket of warm water and, with a clean brush just dipped in this, lightly sweep over the carpet.

When Accidents Occur

STAINS and marks of all kinds on carpets should be removed at once and not be allowed to become "set."

When you are washing or rubbing a carpet always rub with the pile, and not against it.

Shall we take one or two of the commonest accidents which may happen to your carpet—as it has to mine—and see how to deal with them?

Ink is, perhaps, the most tiresome stain.

Fresh ink-stains can easily be taken out of carpets if the mark is gently rubbed with a moist rag dipped in cream of tartar.

Tea, coffee, and jam stains will come out when washed with soap and water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.

Candle-grease is easily removed. Simply place several thicknesses of blotting-paper over the spot and hold a hot iron over the blotting-paper as close to it as possible without actually pressing on the paper.

When the blotting-paper is removed there will probably be a slight mark still left on the carpet, but this can be removed with benzine or fuller's earth.

Paint and varnish which have dried on can be softened with hot iron and blotting-paper, as given above for candle-grease. Then rub gently with a rag moistened with methylated spirit, or equal parts of turpentine and ammonia. Washing with soap and water must follow. Remember, however, never to use methylated spirit or benzine near a naked flame.—E.E.G.

Some Tips on Washing Glassware

TUMBLERS and wine-glasses should be rinsed before draining, dried with a glass cloth, and given a final polish with a dry cloth.

Cut glass is best washed in warm soapy water with a few drops of ammonia added.

Vases and water bottles that have become discolored may be renewed by filling with warm soapy water, and adding small pieces of blotting paper, and a little salt, or tea leaves, or a piece of raw potato.

Leave the mixture there for some time, giving it an occasional shake.

Then rinse and dry the vase or bottle.

CLYDE coloured enamel does not fade.

Clyde

PORCELAIN ENAMELLED WARE

CLYDE white enamel stays white

"Women of the Future"

The Road to Success!

Learn at Home—Economy with Efficiency

Specialised Courses from £1 Upward

Information Free

Dressmaking, Millinery, Fashion Drawing, Cricket Writing, Short Story Writing, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Intermediate, Business Letters, Surveying, Theory of Music, Pattern Drafting, Tie-in Designing, Cutting, Journalism, Retail Selling, Women's Entrance, Leaving, Retail Accounts, French, Spanish, Good English

EASY TERMS AVAILABLE — MARK YOUR ENQUIRY TO-DAY

International Correspondence Schools

140 Elizabeth St., Sydney

Name

Address W.W.

Edward Arnold's

Clear WHOLE QUILT STOCK at less than WHOLESALE PRICES

21/- KAPOK QUILTS

15/11

Covered with floral Cambric, Art Satin panel to tone. In Rose, Saxe and Gold. DOUBLE BED SIZE.
Usually 21/-.
Clearance Price: 15/11

Our Lay-By Service available.

29/11 to 39/11 KAPOK QUILTS

25/11

Covered with Art Satin and panel to tone, assorted designs. Well filled with best Japara Kapok. DOUBLE BED SIZE.
Usually, 29/11 to 39/11.
Clearance Price: 25/11

37/11 FEATHER QUILTS

25/11

Covered with floral down-proof Cambric, Art Satin panel and centre to tone. In shades of Rose, Saxe and Gold. Well filled purified feathers. DOUBLE BED SIZE.
Usually 37/11.
Clearance Price: 25/11

OUR FAMOUS MANCHESTER GOODS ALSO BARGAINISED

Elephant Brand Hemmed Sheets

Made from a standard quality British Twill Sheeting.

Size	54 x 90	63 x 90	70 x 90	80 x 90
Usually	9/11	11/9	12/11	14/11
SALE	7/6	9/11	10/6	11/9

1/7½ 36 inch WINCEYETTE 1/0½

British make, twill and plain weave. In an assortment of pastel shades, also Cream.
Usual Value, 1/7½ yard. SALE PRICE 1/0½

2/11 "OSMAN" TOWELS 2/6

These White "Osman" Towels in heavy absorbent quality. Size, 24 x 48 inches.
Usually sold at 2/11 each. SALE PRICE 2/6

MAIL ORDERS — We pay Freight on Drapery Orders to the value of £1 and over.

EDWARD ARNOLD LTD. OXFORD AND CROWN STS.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604195

LOUISE DAY
Late Elizabeth Arden, New York
61 Market Street
SYDNEY
Scientific
Anti-Wrinkle Treatments
and Face Lifting
Without Surgery.

ANTI-WRINKLE SEBUM
and
DAY-LEA BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Telephone: M4380.

For the HOUSEWIFE'S NOTEBOOK

USING PLATE POWDER

WHEN using plate powder remember never to rub it off while it is damp. Use a small soft cloth and a plate brush, then rub off the powder when it is dry, polishing finally with a soft duster.

PUDDING-CLOTHS

SOAK pudding-cloths in hot water and a little soap-powder as soon as they have been used. Then, after each use, they should be well washed, rinsed, and hung out to dry. Occasionally they should be boiled after soaking, to keep them stainless.

REMOVING COFFEE AND COCOA STAINS

DO not despair when you have spilt coffee or cocoa over your dress. Coffee stains may be removed with a little glycerine rubbed lightly over the spot. Rinse afterwards in lukewarm water. Cocoa stains should be sponged out with cold water.

GIVE CARE TO YOUR SILVER

SILVER should be given care as it very easily gets worn looking and scratched. Wash carefully in warm, soapy water, dry with a soft cloth, and keep in some roomy cupboard so that the pieces do not rub against each other.

TO PEEL ALMONDS

ALMONDS can be peeled most easily by dropping them all in boiling water. When the skins are sufficiently soft put the almonds in cold water and then squeeze them gently between your fingers.

CLEANING BRASSES

FOR your weekly clean, use a good metal polish. Vaseline lightly rubbed over the surface will help to retain the polish—even better is a thin coating of clear varnish after cleaning. If the brass is particularly dirty, a good, wholesome wash in soapy water will work wonders. Polish when dry.

A BEAUTIFUL STUDY of Patricia Minchin. One of the most popular members of Sydney's Younger Social Set, Patricia has made a name for herself in film, radio, and amateur theatrical work. She has now accepted an engagement from J. C. Williamson, and makes her first professional appearance at the Criterion on Saturday, July 7, in the role of Jill in "The Wind and the Rain." —Raymond Sawyer.

WHAT'S THE HURRY ! *

GOING TO GET MY FREE GIFTS FOR SIREN CROSSES

SAVE YOUR SIREN SOAP CROSSES FOR A FREE GLASSCLOTH

As large as you could wish a glasscloth to be—32 x 23 ins. — and Pure Irish Linen. —

Even a year's hard wear won't worry this sturdy towel. It's full-size—42 x 21 inches.

OR A FREE BATH TOWEL

A new Siren Soap offer—and an even better one than before! There are *two* gifts this time, so you can save for either a free glasscloth or a free bath towel. When you collect Siren Soap crosses you can be sure of being delighted with your gift—Siren Soap gifts are *always* thoroughly good quality.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

FOR YOUR FREE BATH TOWEL SAVE:—
40 crosses from 10 large bars of Siren Soap.
FOR YOUR FREE GLASSCLOTH SAVE:—
24 crosses from 6 large bars of Siren Soap.
Take your crosses to:—
Gift Showroom, 365 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney.
OR Ground Floor, Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

If unable to call, or send personally, post your crosses, with your name and address, to J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1598B, G.P.O., Sydney, stating number of crosses enclosed and gift required.

OFFER OPEN UNTIL 31st DEC., 1934

22.19.13

SAVE THESE CROSSES

SIREN SOAP
J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

Up-to-Date Table Setting . . . in London

British hostesses compete for table arrangement supremacy in sweet charity's cause.

SETTING the table is an art.

American women are generally conceded to be up to the minute in this art, and sometimes in their fervor produce exotic and bizarre arrangements.

THE British hostesses, however, who arranged and sponsored 48 examples in a petit salon of a popular Kensington store, kept well within the bounds of dignity, and handed the proceeds to charity. This idea, by the way, might well be copied locally.

Lady Londonderry, whose taste is regarded as outstanding, had her table laid with a rich-looking dinner service. The ground work was deep cream and there were small floral motifs with gold lines on wider blue lines.

Actually it was a reproduction of the dinner set presented by the employees of Royal Paragon to the Queen in 1914.

A silver-toned damask cloth covered the long table, and crimson damask roses in silver vases were placed down the centre.

Pink and Grey

Lady Helen Stewart chose a pink and grey hydrangea teaset for her table.

The round cups were set in square saucers and there were square plates.

Tall silver candlesticks with pink and grey shades formed the centrepiece.

This china, by the way, was also one that the Queen chose recently for her own use.

One of the most striking tables was laid out in the form of a wedding breakfast buffet, complete with bride, bridegroom, wedding cake and bridesmaids.

On it was a reproduction of the china used daily by the Duchess of York.

It is a plain peach shade with wide borders of golden harebell design.

Pale amber glasses, amber and blue irises and white heather floral decorations harmonised with the china and the peach-colored cloth.

Most of the cups were in the newest form—bowl shaped and the rim finishing very slightly inwards instead of outwards. This shape is said to keep the tea or coffee considerably hotter.

The bowl of the cup rests on a base.

Sunset pink is apparently Lady Lavery's favorite color. Her table held a pink teaset with a shadowy grey wind-blown effect.

The plates were square with the corners cut, and the cups tailish, almost conical in shape. The cloth was a blush pink embroidered linen.

Countess Howe's table was similar, but the china and cloth were blue.

The most popular color of the moment is green, and was Mrs. Stanley Baldwin's choice.

This shade is universally liked, because it is modern but not "ultra." Like the modern floral-patterned china it goes with up-to-date homes, ordinary ones, and equally as well in old-fashioned rooms.

The managing director of a china firm stated that we are gradually returning to Victorian pattern and design, because it represents a safe period.

America, he added, is leading the way in this.

HOW GRACE BROS. do it: A spectacular tram-car advertisement for their huge mid-winter sale. You may see it any day, with its absurd, hobbing freight, clanging its way through the city streets—certainly a novel reminder of an outstanding shopping event.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604196

2UW HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Conducted by Linda Littlejohn

Women's Weekly Session, every day, 9.45 to 10, Myra Dempsey. 2 to 3, Dorothea Vautier.

The Child in the Family

A WELL-KNOWN Sydney man a few weeks ago attributed his happy home life to the fact that the "child in the family had been a steadying link."

The place of children in a family is really a very complicated topic. There have been occasions when they have proved definite causes of breaches in marital happiness, either because the wife pays too much attention to the children, and the husband feels neglected, or because the children show a definite preference for one parent. This gives rise to jealousy, the most hideous and besetting of all sins.

Parental influence in Australia is rather diverse. The father is apt to be regarded as the bread-winner, a symbol of money and power rather than of love, while the mother lives much nearer to her young brood. For that reason, the outlook of the mother is intensely important. Her child's life will be determined by the kind of person she is, not the kind of person she wishes or pretends to be.

Listen-in to 2UW on Friday, July 6, at 11.15 a.m., and hear what Mrs. Littlejohn has to say on this subject.

MISS FLORENCE LUBER, whose talks on Home Decoration over 2UW have proved so helpful to listeners.
—Paramount photo.

Decoration: Domination

MISS FLORENCE LUBER, who has been giving a very interesting series of "home decoration talks," will be heard again from 2UW on Friday, 6th, at 2.40 p.m.

On Tuesday at 2.40 p.m., Mrs. Beth Griffiths, so well known in debating circles and an active member of the United Association, will speak on "Do Men Dominate Women?"

Great National Songs

FRANCE has produced some of the most inspiring patriotic hymns the world has ever heard, hymns that have entrenched themselves in the hearts of the people. The French are a singing nation, and we are told that "to the sound of songs the monarchy fell to pieces at the close of the 18th century."

Claude Rouget de Lisle, the composer of the "Marseillaise," was an engineer. The Mayor of Strasburg invited him to dinner one night, having heard of his musical talent, and asked him to compose a martial song to be sung at the departure of 600 volunteers who were about to join the army on the Rhine.

It is more difficult to trace the true history of the origin of the British National Anthem. The commonly accepted theory is that the words and music are the work of Henry Carey, poet and musician, who was born about 1685. This composer wrote the popular "Sally in Our Alley."

There are fascinating stories about the origin of the "Star-Spangled Banner" and about "Yankee Doodle."

Dorothea Vautier will take this theme for her talk in The Australian Women's Weekly 2 to 3 session on Tuesday.

H. G. Wells, Cricketer

PROBABLY there is no man more discussed, with the possible exception of G. B. Shaw, than H. G. Wells. He has a wonderful knowledge of human nature, and has friends and admirers in all walks of life. As a boy he was an ardent cricketer, a fast bowler. Cricket was his passion, as well as his salvation. He played as a professional for West Kent and other clubs. Further details of this interesting life will be told on Wednesday by Dorothy Vautier between 2 and 3 o'clock.

Legal Points

DR. MAUDE ROYDEN, when in Sydney some years ago, said: "There are no such things as illegitimate children. There are only illegitimate parents."

In some countries these children have the same rights as the legitimate children. In others this is not so. The argument against is that to do so would encourage slack morals.

Mr. X, our lawyer friend, will once again be at 2UW on Wednesday at 2.10. For this occasion he has chosen as his subject, "The legal rights of the illegitimate child."

Old, Yet Ever New

ON the same afternoon, Mrs. Littlejohn will talk at 4 p.m. on "Jerusalem." Jerusalem is an ever new subject, in spite of the fact that its history is so old, for it was the cradle of our Christian religion. It attracts tourists from all parts of the world; pilgrims, hoping to make their pathway to Heaven easier, and politicians, wondering how to solve the more abstruse problems of Government, and to maintain peace between the Arabs and the Jews.

For Music Lovers

THE "Music of the Masters" is presented every Sunday morning from 2UW at 11 o'clock. Mr. C. N. Baeyertz whose long association with Art, Music, and Literature fits him admirably as a critic, conducts this session.

He endeavors to interest the student, or the listener who is not very familiar with great works, and his clear and concise explanations simplify an understanding of these works.

At 3 p.m. will be heard Symphony No. 1 in A Flat Major, played by the London Symphony Orchestra, and conducted by Sir Edward Elgar. It was many years before Sir Edward Elgar was appreciated in his own country. It was left to the energy and enthusiasm of three Germans to awaken the English to the greatness of this musician.

An Australian Singer

ON Thursday between 8.30 and 10 p.m. there will be a programme embracing four recitals, the first by the orchestra of the London Palladium. For years the Palladium has been a stepping-stone for artists in the musical world.

One of the latest names to be added to its programmes is that of Miss Anona Winn, the Neutral Bay girl who is making a wonderful name for herself in musical circles. The remainder of the programme will be provided by Rudolph Friml and Claude Debussy.

Look! *Look!*

Lucky Jack's Lottery Shares

ONE-FIFTH SHARE 1/6
FOUR 1-5th SHARES 5/6
ONE-SEVENTH SHARE 1/-

Lucky Jack has Won £15,000 in Prize Money, including FIRST PRIZE TWICE—142 and 183 Lotteries. Change your luck. Try Lucky Jack. He will win for you. Send a Self-stamped, Addressed Envelope with Postal Note for 1/6 or 1/-, or call to

LUCKY JACK'S
Cnr. King and York Sts., City.
For Your Lucky Share.

STAMMERING

Can be cured by medically scientific methods. Write to L. DOBSON, M.P.S., Ph.C. (Syd. Uni.), M.I.O., M.O.O.A., Specialising in Speech Defects. Valuable information (free) explaining the Physical and Psychological causes, effects and cure of Stammering. 308 Burwood Rd., Belmore, N.S.W.

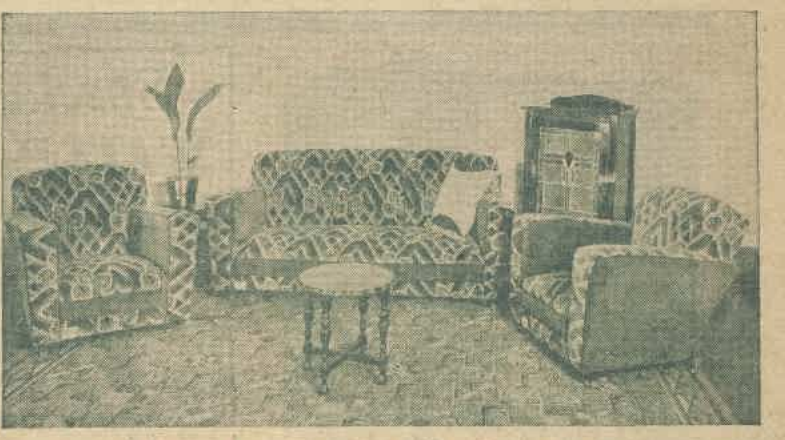
PULSFORDS

Established in Sydney over 50 years.
119 BATHURST ST.

Without any doubt Sydney's Lowest Prices for Equal Quality

Amazing Value!

The Maxwell Lounge Suite

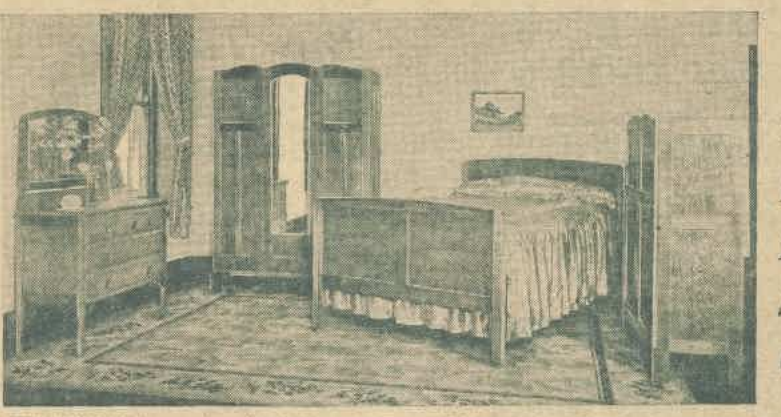


£13/15/- *in Genoa Velvet*

THE MAXWELL LOUNGE SUITE is solidly made and well sprung. The Settee is 6ft. wide, and there are two large Easy Chairs. The Covering is best quality Genoa Velvet or Tapestry in rich Brown tones. One of Sydney's outstanding values at PULSFORDS SPECIAL CASH PRICE!

Also shown in photo: Roll or Music Cabinet, full-polished Walnut colour, 90/-. Elizabethan Style Coffee Table, 29/6. Axminster Carpet, 12 x 9ft., Fawn, Green, and Orange tone, £9/12/6.

£11/17/6 *Same Suite in best Tapestry*



The Renown Bedroom Suite in Oak

THE RENOWN is a good quality Suite at a very special price—a value we can recommend. The Wardrobe is 4ft. 3ins. wide, two-thirds hanging space, and with full-length mirror; Loughboy is 3ft. 3ins., fitted with trays; Dressing Table is 3ft. 3ins., with large mirror. 4ft. 6in. Bedstead. The whole Suite is in Oak, finished mid. tone.

Also shown in photo: Satin Bedspread and Bolster, Rose, Blue or Old Gold. 75/-. Axminster Carpet, Fawn and Green, 12 x 9ft., £9/12/6.

£13/10/- *including Bedstead*

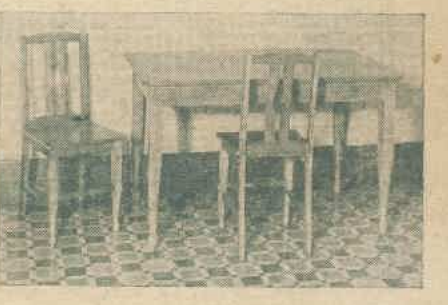
£3/12/6
Oak Kitchen Cabinet

3ft. wide, 5ft. 3ins. high, solidly made, with Leadlight Doors, and fitted Drawers and Cupboards; in Light Oak. SPECIAL VALUE!

WRITE for FREE CATALOGUE

Pulsfords have just issued the first section of their new Catalogue, which is yours for the asking. Send your name and address, mention the particular type of Furniture you are interested in, and we will forward by return post. Country Clients are particularly invited to write.

Pulsfords' Easy Terms available on any purchase. Country Customers write for Special Country Terms. We pack free for country clients.



OAK TABLE 33/6 :. CHAIRS 8/11

THE BREAKFAST ROOM TABLE, shown above, is 4ft. x 2ft. 6ins., in Light Oak, Specially Priced at 33/6
THE OAK KITCHEN CHAIRS to match have solid Seats, and priced 8/11
THE LINO shown is one of many, 6ft. wide. Price, yard 5/6

PULSFORDS, 119 BATHURST ST. (between Pitt and George Sts.)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604197

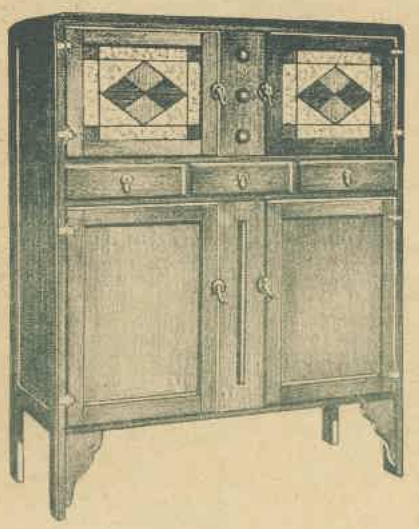
SAVE NOW ON FURNITURE!

GRACE BROS ... WINTER SALE

TALLBOY

Nearly Half £6/12/6

This TALLBOY is in polished Queensland Walnut on Cabriole Legs, is 5ft. 8in. high, 4ft. wide, and 19in. deep, with two flush figured doors which lock individually. The interior has very high hanging space, the other side is fitted with 4 sliding trays, 2 hat compartments, and shoe recess.
Original Price, £12/19/6.
SALE PRICE £6/12/6



Unequalled Bargain. This

KITCHEN CABINET

Very modern in design, this Kitchen Cabinet has a large, continuous crockery space, enclosed by beautiful colored leadlight doors. The cutlery drawer is lined with baize. Ample ventilation is provided for the food compartment. Measurements of this cabinet are: 4ft. 4in. wide, 5ft. 4in. high, and 14½in. deep.

82/6

Specials In WALLPAPER

20,000 Rolls of Wallpaper priced at from 8d to 1/- per roll. Thousands of yards of Border from 1d yard. Friezes from 2d yard.

ROOM LOTS

5 Rolls Wallpaper, 15 yards of Border or Frieze, 1lb. Patent Paste, 1 pkt. Glue Size and our special Booklets "How to Paper Your Own Home" and "How to Panel Your Walls."
SALE PRICE, per Room Lot 10/6

Others from 6/6 per room lot.

SANITAS WASHABLE WALL COVERING, 48in. wide.
SALE PRICE, yard 2/3

SANITILE WASHABLE WALL COVERING, 45in. wide.
SALE PRICE, yard 1/6

CURTAINS

Buy These at

HALF PRICE

Curtains from 1/11

145 Silk or Cotton store Curtains, to be cleared at HALF ORIGINAL PRICE. They are made from 5ft. to 7ft. 6ins. drop and early buyers can obtain a nice single centre curtain from 1/11 upwards. We cannot repeat this offer.

Silk MADRAS SETS

Silk Madras Curtain Set complete with nice gathered valance.

5 sets (only) Blue effect Curtains, 5ft. 6in. drop, Valance 6ft. 8in.
Usually 85/6. NOW 42/9

3 sets (only) Blue effect Curtains, 7ft. drop. Valance 6ft. 8in.
Usually 95/-. NOW 47/6

2 sets (only) Rose effect Curtains, 6ft. drop. Valance 6ft. 8in.
Usually 95/-. NOW 47/6

LINOLEUMS

Reduced!

INLAID LINOLEUMS

The pattern going through to the back, and ensures lasting wear. All patterns are 72in. wide. SALE PRICES, per yard:

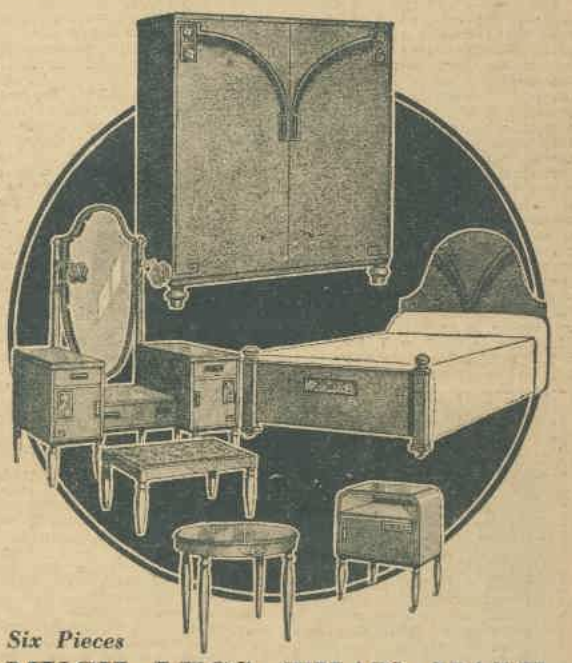
10/3 13/3 21/-

SPECIAL

1000 yards of 72in. wide Felt Base IMITATION LINOLEUM in assorted designs. Per yard:

2/11

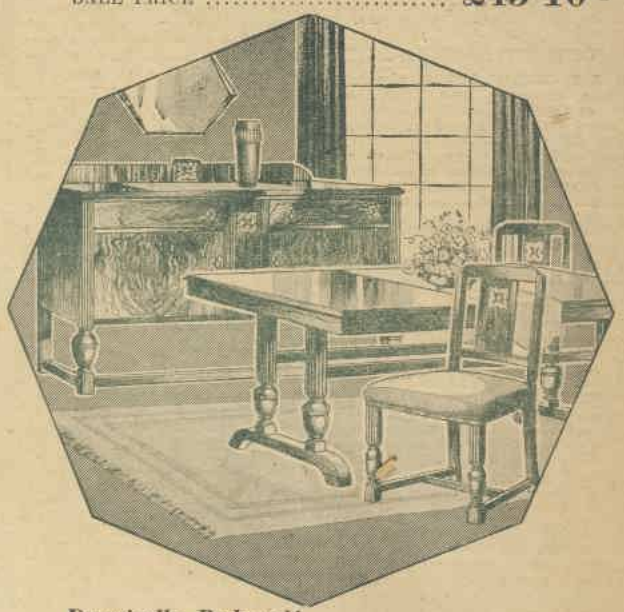
All Remnants greatly reduced to clear.



Six Pieces

MUCH LESS THAN HALF

THE GREEN DUCO BEDROOM SUITE is of splendid workmanship and finish, and contains full accommodation for all clothes. The WARDROBE, 4ft. 6in. wide, has 7 interior drawers, hatshelf and full length hanging space. Cheval DRESSING TABLE has sliding trays in side cupboards, and electric light brackets. A DOUBLE BEDSTEAD, BEDSIDE CUPBOARD, DRESSING STOOL, and TEA TABLE are included in the six pieces.
Original Price, £115/-/-.
SALE PRICE £45/10/-



Drastically Reduced!

TUDOR DINING SET

This set comprises a 5ft. Sideboard; 5ft. by 2ft. 9in. Refectory Table, and Four Chairs. All are in solid, polished Oak, with figured door panels. Cutlery drawers are lined.
SALE PRICE £16/19/6

GRACE BROS. LTD., BROADWAY, SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604198

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

MY DEAR JULIET,—

The week whereof I am about to set down the happenings for your edification was much enlivened by the Extra Chukka Ball.

☆ ☆ ☆

SPACE being what it is, I can only hand you the highlights of this happy function. To wit, then . . . Mrs Dick Allen, entertaining Mrs. Graham Body, just returned on the Mooltan that morning, looking blooming after her holiday . . . The Magpie team, with Mrs. Venour Nathan hostessing, in a white satin gown worn with long black earrings and chain . . . Mrs. James Ashton, pouring out wine from the huge Italian "fiasco" for Dr. and Mrs. Throsby . . . Mrs. Matt Sawyer, wearing her O.B.E., and Dr. Clement Chapman not knowing it was full dress, and omitting his rows of medals . . . Clever Betty McIntyre, who wrote the "Song of the Burradoo Junior Polo Club," drew the menu cards, and plays polo . . . The white hyacinth coronet of the only debutante, Kathleen Kavanagh . . . Marjorie Luscombe-Newman getting soda water spilt all over the American model she has been saving for State occasions, and only worn twice . . . Mrs. Swinford Laurence losing a diamond out of her ring . . . Miss Jean Graham's diamente buttons to her white and jade gown . . . Mrs. Victor White, just returned from staying with the Jack Sinclairs, at Pokataroo, and planning a trip to the East.

Other bright spots . . . Betty Hungerford and Enid Riddle talking French all night for the benefit of two Frenchmen in their party . . . Mr. and Mrs. A. Stannard, of the Rose Bay Yacht Club, inviting the party at the next table to a trip in their motor boat . . . Mrs. T. G. B. Osborn sportingly entertaining Miss Jeanie Ranken and two other of her friends at a table out of sight of son, Peter, and the Doone girls . . . The girl with her sleeves worn upside down, detached from her frock, and with cuffs above the elbow . . . the Ramsay twins, both in blue . . . Roy Shannon, wearing an Iceland poppy, just to be different. . . . And the charming effect given by those in their Governors' Ball frocks being allowed outside the roped enclosure during the pageant to group themselves around the pillars in the centre of David Jones' ballroom floor.

☆ ☆ ☆

LAST year, barn dances were the ballroom test for the "survival of the fittest." But this year stronger endurance tests have been instituted. At the Ascham dance, on Wednesday, the polka was danced. The Extra Chukka Ball included old-fashioned waltzing to the "Blue Danube," barn-dancing and the polka, and only "God Save the King" prevented the dancers from insisting on a "Jolly Miller."

The P.L.C. dance on Friday, at David Jones' saw barn-dancing and the polka once again. About six hundred were present at this dance, and lovely coiffures were an outstanding feature. One girl, with dark hair parted in the middle, worn with a coronet plait, wore an exquisite filigree fern-shaped ornament studded with pearls, instead of a bun at the back, and another had a coronet of real daphne.

Among the dancers were Bonnie Howgate, wearing a gold ripple satin frock cut on Greek lines, with square neckline; Mrs. Bill Sands, in her wedding gown of filmy white lace, whose wedding ring, made from a ring which formerly belonged to her husband's family, and containing gold taken from some of the first Australia produced, was much admired; Betty Thompson, on holiday from Rylstone, in amethyst sunray pleated satin; Syd Martin, son of the Minister for Justice, very merry and bright, even though he had been to the Ascham and Extra Chukka Balls on the two previous nights; Grace Hebden, who left on Saturday for Brisbane, where she will stay with her sister, Mrs. C. H. Primrose, and Robert Norman, on holiday from Brisbane.

☆ ☆ ☆

NOT being a water-spaniel and not having a deathless passion for polo, I didn't have the time of my young life at the last day of that princely sport. I saw one water-spaniel putting up an eloquent plea to be let out for a duckling, but his mistress, Mrs. C. Sheldon, evidently dreaded drenched dogs, and sternly bade him stay in the car.

Caught sight of Marjorie Luscombe Newman and Hugh and a large party all in the car out of the rain. The unfortunates who did not possess a car took refuge under the tea tent or cowered under their brollys. Others just put the day's newspaper over their heads and looked like mushrooms.

Ena Edwards, back from Warren, was with a number of country lads. Another girl who merely shook the rain off her face was pretty Elizabeth Elliott, of Queensland, squired by Dr. Brodziak. She wore a serviceable outfit of shepherd's plaid. Mrs. John Brunton also favored this fabric, and added a hat of the same black and white as her tailleur. Mrs. Rita Humfress wore a rainproof that looked like a smart top-coat, it was so well cut. Her small chapeau was en suite. Joyce Ruskin Rowe came with her aunt, Mrs. W. M. Connell, and her mother, in blue, was with Mrs. Gwen Wharton, who wore a red leather coat. Margaret Allen must have got drenched as she did her lineswoman's work in a steady downpour.

☆ ☆ ☆

QUITE the most inhospitable people I've seen during the week are a pair of black swans nesting in Centennial Park. They are chatty enough to each other, but let a stranger approach and their language is just too awful!

☆ ☆ ☆

"YOUR EXCELLENCY, ladies, and two gentlemen," began Sir Mungo MacCallum's speech at the Victoria League's reception at the Women's Club last Friday. Sir Mungo deplored the fact that the Oxford Dictionary has included Americanisms in the new edition.

Miss Macarthur Onslow outlined the arrangements for the forthcoming visit of the party of English schoolgirls. The girls are to see our bridge, bush, beaches, and Blue Mountains.

Lady Street was presented with a fragrant posy of violets and wallflowers.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. MACKAY SIM'S party at Firenze was followed by a dance in the ballroom downstairs. Agnes Mackay Sim writes that she is spending the school holidays travelling on the Continent.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. T. HOUSTON, of 4 Victoria Rd., Double Bay, has received news of the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. Tom Taylor in Colombo, where she met her husband, Lieut.-Commander Taylor. Mrs. Taylor will return to Sydney in August and remain here for a year, then with her two children she will rejoin her husband in Colombo and the family will return to England.

☆ ☆ ☆

BANKSIA, Edgecliff Rd., was en fete for Mrs. F. C. G. Wade's cocktail party on Saturday evening. Some of the guests went on later to Mrs. Mackay Sim's party. Joan Armstrong and Dr. Hall received many congratulations on their engagement.

Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. John Maude, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kerr, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Kitty Paradice, the Misses June Stephen, Nancy Houston, Claire Tilbury, Betty Rankin, Dr. Gerald Holt, Dr. G. R. T. Hall, and Mr. John Williamson.

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. AND MRS. NOEL HILL have returned to Moree. They are staying at an hotel and so can visit their two sons, Mr. Leslie Hill and Mr. Philip Hill, at Terlings, and their daughter, Mrs. Geoffrey Manchee, who is quite near.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. ARTHUR SCRIVENER is busy with the new pied-a-terre at the Shalimar at the T.G. for the Queen Victoria Club. Miss Gladys Verona is to be the first guest of honor at the club's party at the Australia.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. RUSS GARLING, of Longueville, sailed with her husband on the Hobsons Bay for a six months' trip abroad. They will visit friends in England, Scotland, and America. Mrs. Garling's sister, Mrs. H. Wilson, invited about twenty friends to a big farewell tea at David Jones' before the departure. The guest of honor received many attractive gifts and a big basket of flowers.

☆ ☆ ☆

JESSIE McMASTER and Elizabeth Knox must have been the week's weariest hostesses, cheery and bright though they were, for they stood for hours at the entrance of No. 11 to greet the folk arriving after polo for the party arranged in honor of visiting teams.

All social Sydney seemed to be present and there were many visitors from the country and other States. Two girls who were much admired were Valerie Purves, of Melbourne, in fawn, wearing a silver fox stole and a Breton hat stitched in silver. Her bag, shoes and belt were of black and white crocodile leather.

Another Melbourne visitor who attracted much attention was Mrs. Leigh Falkiner, who chose a faultless tailleur of quadrille in brown and white. Her small hat showed to advantage on one side of her lovely single shingle.

Mrs. J. Litchfield, of Cooma, wore a Breton sailor hat of Air Force blue to match her tailored suit. Her mother, Lady Harvey, was one of the fifty hostesses at the tea.

Many friends greeted Mrs. Frank Bragg, from Aberdeen. Ruth, the popular daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Worrall, looked smart in a check coat and pinned lily of the valley into her coat lapel.

Margaret Throsby, of Inverell, tall and slim, drew all eyes by her charm and elegance. She wore under a beige top coat a salvia red gown, with hat and bag to match.

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. AND MRS. H. T. GRAEME, of Roseville, motored to Katoomba during the week and intend visiting Orange for a spot of golf on the mountain and country links.

☆ ☆ ☆

ON Thursday afternoon last a party was given on board the Australia to farewell Mrs. McLeod, wife of Captain McLeod, who left for abroad the next day. Those present included Lieut. and Mrs. Frank George, just back from their honeymoon the day before.

The honeymoon was spent in touring the Blue Mountains, Bathurst, and Jenolan Caves. The Georges' new home is in Wolseley Rd., Point Piper.

AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Miss Nora Lamb, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Lamb, of Vaucluse. Nora is a keen tennis player.
—Women's Weekly photo

PETER OSBORN, who had such a success in "L'Aiglon" last year, is now booked to play the lead in "The Piper" at the Conservatorium on July 27 and 28. The play is a fantasy woven round the old story of Hamelin. Odd how these themes live! Only the other day Walt Disney gave us his version, dwelling mainly, of course, on the rats. But in the play chosen by S.U.D.S. (Sydney University Dramatic Society) the rats are only a painful memory.

The play offers, instead, a lot of nice little character parts (burghers and their wives, strolling players, etc.), scenes of colorful comedy, fairy romance and a hint of sombre passion. A number of children will be required, and these are being drawn from Ascham, which sends a steady stream of girls up to the University.

☆ ☆ ☆

NOW that their daughter, Barbara, is going to Doone, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Finlay have sold their beautiful home in Drummoyne, and are looking for a home in the Eastern Suburbs.

Unfortunately all the houses with swimming pools and tennis courts, such as they are used to and require, seem already taken, and they have not yet settled on a place after their heart.

☆ ☆ ☆

PLANS for the Collits' Inn Ball (July 10) are progressing rapidly, in spite of a certain amount of consternation caused by Mrs. T. H. Kelly's dictum that as heeled shoes had not come into fashion until after the Collits' Inn period, those in fancy dress must go heelless, though the actresses at the Tivoli aren't strict on this point.

The bridge party last week at Chevithorne, Double Bay, the home of Mrs. Luxton Loney, in aid of the ball, was very successful and most enjoyable.

Mr. Loney is at present in America, but Mrs. Loney, who is the daughter of a late Chief Justice of New Zealand, generously provided the "drinks."

The beautiful dog given her by Captain Cumberlege has been run over, but Mrs. Loney's Pekingese was much admired and petted, guests taking it in turn to drape it over their shoulders.

Also admired was a Chelsea piece, dating from 1700, just acquired to add to Chevithorne's art collection. Those present included Mrs. George Earp, Mr. W. G. Layton, Mrs. J. J. Rouse, Mrs. Septimus Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Ludowici.

☆ ☆ ☆

AT Macquarie House, last week, a meeting took place of two of Melbourne's women graduates, Mrs. Septimus Harwood, who is nearly 90, and graduated M.A. 38 years ago, and Mrs. M. Barbour, also one of Melbourne University's first women graduates.

Mrs. Harwood, who is a former president of the Peace Society, gives twenty pounds each year for essays on "Peace," and during the week entertained at Farmers to congratulate the winners.

MRS. F. C. BISHOP came over from Melbourne with her husband. Mr. Bishop was attending a banking conference, but a sudden attack of illness compelled him to enter St. Luke's Hospital.

☆ ☆ ☆

MISSES SHELEAGH AND DEIDRE DALTON, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Dalton, of Kangaroobie, Orange, returned home at the week-end. They came down for the polo festivities, and took a flat at Hampton Court.

☆ ☆ ☆

CARL BUDDEN MORRIS'S concert at the Assembly Hall was a great success. The only blot on the evening for Lady Poynter, who helped organise the concert, was that during the evening she lost an earring belonging to an antique garnet set she treasures highly.

Mr. Morris received a wreath of laurels, as well as an ovation, at the conclusion of his enjoyable performance.

☆ ☆ ☆

WENT to the premiere of "Death Takes a Holiday" at the Prince Edward, and greatly enjoyed it—not in the "whoopee" way, you understand. It kept my mind on tip-toe, which is so much more unusual.

Without, the rain fell, and the wind blew, but what are such trifles to your confirmed good-dresser! Except in its windswept frocking weaves, the audience took no sartorial heed of the ways of the weather, and frocks ranged from smart to luscious. Definitely among the latter were Mrs. C. Weston's black devil skin, and the black velvet models of Mrs. S. Berkman, Mrs. Wynne Roberts, Mrs. Dan Carroll, and Mrs. J. S. McCarthy, whose beautiful frock also used white ermine very cunningly. Mrs. Sep Levy pinned orchids into the lapel of her squirrel coat. Portia Geach had a gorgeous Oriental wrap. I was so busy admiring the beautiful coiffure of Mrs. Ben Dawson (Dorothy Brunton) that I forgot to make a note of her frock. She has adopted a halo plait, and looked quite angelic, I assure you!

Aspirants for film fame, by way of The Australian Women's Weekly Screen Personality Contest, should be cheered by one of the items showing the stars "on the ice" for next year, and over-important people should feel a bit depressed by the pictures of the quaint fish who blows himself up so much that he can't be swallowed.

I assure you, it sent me to bed supperless, and with slimming resolutions in good trim.

Yours as ever, my dear Juliet,

Jane Anne

Don't Tamper with that Little Cough

Get the Best Treatment at once

COLDS SHOULD BE QUICKLY CLEARED AWAY

Do not neglect a Cold at its commencement. It is too often then referred to as "just a simple cold." Remember that too many serious and fatal cases of Chest Affections had their commencement with "just a simple cold," and that correct treatment in the beginning obviates not merely expense later on, but grave anxiety and serious trouble which invariably follow the neglect of colds. Attack the first sign of a cold with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure and quick relief will follow.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure expels from the lungs disease germs, corruption and phlegm, and it heals. Sufferers from distressing cough, difficulty of breathing, pain or soreness in the chest experience delightful and rapid relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice.

Be sure you get "Hearne's" . . . there is nothing "just as good"

OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS &c.

D12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604199

£500

FRIDAY!

£100, £50, £40, £30's, £20.

LUCKY FRED won over £500 last Friday, including:

£100 75970

£50 22415

£40 6683

£30's 23177 and 75899

£20 7362

This is the third time in succession that Fred has won £100; in fact, he very seldom misses winning one or more £100 prizes, when he doesn't win one of the FIRST FOUR.

This means that Lucky Fred gets one of the first twenty-four marbles drawn from the barrel. He is always among the first four prizes, and soon that £5000 must be won for his Syndicates.

FREE SHARES!

To clients sending in the coupon in this advertisement, Lucky Fred will give a FREE TWENTIETH SHARE to everyone sending in 1/6 for a FIFTH SHARE.

These free twentieth shares have proved very lucky, many people winning £5 (a share of the £500's), and thereby winning their first Lottery Cash.

Luck comes when you least expect it. To-day may be the day. Send for your shares quickly.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

HOW TO SEND IN

For any of these offers you must cut out this coupon, and—

FOR A FIFTH SHARE AND A FREE TWENTIETH SHARE SEND 1/6

FOR FOUR FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS AND A ONE-TWENTIETH SHARE SEND 5/6

Simply buy your Postal Note, attach this coupon, and be sure to send a self-stamped addressed envelope, bearing your own name and address.

Your shares will be sent by return mail in the very next State Lottery to be drawn. If to-day's your lucky day, then £1000 is yours next week. You know the address—

LUCKY FRED, W.W.

Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

TELL LIES

About Your Age

Neglect them, and they'll say you're ten years older . . . keep them soft, smooth, white with Hinds Cream and they'll say you're younger! This gossamer fine lotion softens skin, makes it ivory-smooth, alluring. Takes away all that red look. Use it morning and night, and every time your hands have been in water. In 3 days you'll see the difference!

1/- and 2/6 everywhere

Sole Agents: HILLCASTLE LIMITED.

Buy the 2/6 economy size, which contains 4 times the quantity.

A *Sleeping* DRAUGHT

Continued from Page 8

"REMAINED only the window. And it was to the window that I next turned my attention. Now Westerham's house was a kind of half-palace, half-fortress arrangement, built, as I think I've mentioned, overhanging the creek in Jebel Pir city. In former days it belonged to a Pir of the Dassini tribe, but with our advent it had been taken over as headquarters for the police. It was a long, two-storeyed establishment, the oriel windows of which all faced over the creek. The entire structure was heavily overgrown with bougainvillea, and, in addition, each window held its box of flaming oleanders. Furthermore, the walls fell sheer down to the bank of the creek, and although there was a long verandah on the other side of the house, on the creek side there was nothing but the flat face of the walls.

"That, I realised at once, while making the investigation a lot easier, only made the mystery all the deeper. Nobody could have got up to the window without either climbing up the bougainvillea or using a ladder, and even when they had succeeded in reaching the window they couldn't have got through it without crushing the oleanders! And—as though to clinch the matter once and for all—anybody coming through that window would have had to get to the floor via Westerham's bed! The bed was no more than a bare six inches from the sill, and not even the thinnest Dassini could have compressed his body into that space.

"THEN how the devil had the man got in?

"I confess I was flabbergasted! I couldn't make head or tail of it. The fellow must have got in somehow! Back again to that outer door, and then on to the communicating door—funny that Julie shouldn't have heard something of the struggle, I thought. The door was very thick, of course—as indeed were all the doors in that house—but for all that, nobody could have strangled a powerful chap such as Westerham without creating a certain amount of noise. To put it quite brutally, he was a man who'd have taken a deuce of a lot of strangling; yet, on the other hand—looking round that room—there was no real evidence that there had been a struggle at all! Even the mosquito net had been neatly tucked in beneath his mattress, and when I went across to the bed to have another look at it, it was not even wrenched—let alone torn.

"Feeling still more at sea I went back to the window. If the murderer had ever got into that room at all, then he must have got in through the window, I argued, unless he'd got in through the roof! I wondered if it would be any use having a look round the creek, and thinking that perchance I might pick up some sort of clue down there, I fetched my helmet and, calling one of my boys, went round to the front of the house. Now the creek was some fifty feet wide, and along the house side of it was a narrow stretch of soft mud. Anyone trying to scale the walls would have been compelled to walk on that mud, because a bellum—the little native boats they use out there for creek work, you know—couldn't have been got in near enough. Seeing that, I quickened my pace, for if there were no marks on that mud it would prove for an absolute certainty that, however else the murderer had got in, he hadn't got in through the window.

"But he had got in through the window! That I saw very quickly—but not so quickly as the boy saw something else.

"'Huzoor!' he exclaimed, 'these footmarks were made by shoes!'

"'Shoes?' I repeated.

"'Shoes, huzoor! Shoes like yours!'

"'Oh!' I said, considerably dashed. But looking back to where my own footprints were clearly outlined in the mud: 'But they're smaller shoes than mine, aren't they?'

"The boy agreed that they were.

"'And there is something else here, huzoor,' he went on, pointing to two almost invisible marks in the mud. 'Not shoe marks!'

"I leaned down. For a second or two I could make nothing out of it, but then, in a sudden flash of inspiration, I realised that I was looking at the marks of a ladder. The holes had become filled with water which had seeped in from the creek, but from their nearness to each other, and their general outline, I knew I had made no mistake. I straightened my back. 'Things were beginning to move! 'If we can find out just what brought the sahib down here last night,' I said aloud, 'I think we shall have taken a long step in the right direction.' The next moment, however, I got what I can only describe as the shock of my life, for looking up—to my utter consternation—I realised that we were standing not beneath Westerham's window but beneath that of his wife. Those footprints were beneath her window!

"BUT it was the boy who gave me the key to the whole mystery.

"'Huzoor!' he observed sharply. 'Westerham sahib's shoes are bigger even than your honor's.'

"'Eh?' I muttered, my eyes still fixed on Julie's window.

"'These marks, huzoor, were not made by Westerham sahib at all. They are the marks of a small sahib's shoes!'

"'What?' I spun round in amazement. 'Not made by—— Good God!' I gasped, the whole thing crashing in upon me with the shattering effect of an explosion. For a second I stood there dumbfounded. For one second I was absolutely stunned. So that was the explanation of it all, was it? This small sahib had gone up to Julie's room—first?

"Now, there was only one other sahib in the station.

"Five minutes later I was tapping at Julie's door. My brain was in a whirl. I couldn't seem to think connectedly.

"'Julie! Julie!' I panted. 'Julie!'

"'The memsahib has gone out,' said a voice from behind me.

"'Gone out?' I asked blankly. 'Gone out where?'

"The woman shrugged. 'How should her servant know?' she retorted.

"Well, if she didn't, then nobody did! So, not stopping to make any further inquiries, I opened the door and went in. The room, as you already realise, was an exact replica of Westerham's own—but it wasn't the room I was after. What interested me was the window, and one glance at the broken oleanders in that window-box told me everything I wanted to know. Just to make absolutely certain, however, I opened the window and looked for the marks of the ladder against the bougainvillea-covered walls. And then I understood! You see, there weren't one pair of marks on the dried mud of that wall. No; by Jingo!—there were dozens! Last night was not the first occasion upon which this small-footed sahib had reared his ladder against Julie Westerham's window—he must have been there dozens of times before!

Please turn to Page 33

INDEPENDENCE is a Crown *Worth* WEARING

What We Should Do With Toadies

LOUISE MACK . . . Advises

Because we are all human beings, we all have our own pet detestation. What is yours? I wonder.

Mine I know to be a hatred of toadies.

TO me, toadies are the last word in awfulness.

"My brother-in-law is 'an out-and-out toady,' writes May N., "and he gets things by toadying that my husband would not condescend to acquire in the way. Result, my poor husband is on the dole, and my brother-in-law and his wife (my sister) have everything they want. Do you think it diplomatic to do a little toadying in these hard times?"

Yes, it's certainly diplomatic.

There are many people in authority who really welcome the toady, feeling their vanity flattered by men and women who tell them how clever they are, how important, how immensely valuable...and so on.

In fact, without toadies to flatter them and fawn on them, the pseudo-great folk feel their grandeur diminished and their importance slighted.

That's where the toady comes in. He (or she) comes in on the weakness of human nature.

"Oh, but you are so different," is one of the favorite toadyisms that seldom misses its goal with certain types.

"If you take it up it will be sure to be done," is another popular toadyism that is also effective with vain women who are enjoying a little brief authority per medium of their husbands' purses or powers.

Millionaires, of course, know more about toadies than ordinary folk.

Rockefeller, for instance, had a peculiar experience in artless rustic toadyism when a small town hotel charged him a dollar apiece for eggs.

The millionaire remarked, "Seems like hens must be rare fowls in this township." "No, sir," was the toady's reply, "but millionaires are!"

IT comes to this about toadies: That they can't really call their souls their own, and they can't stand upright for too long at a time.

Just think how uncomfortable that latter is—to be for ever kowtowing.

Yet the born toady starts kowtowing even at school.

Little toadying girls attach themselves persistently to big, rich girls with pretty clothes and plenty of pocket-money, and schoolboys are not far behind sometimes in their devotion to this toadying business.

See how they bring themselves to admire the only son, say, of a leading confectioner.

"I'll go a message for you, Tom!" "I'll play you marbles, Tom!" "I'll lend you my racquet, Tom!" "I'll do that sum for you, Tom!"

It almost seems as if toadies are born, not made.

Yet independence in thought and action is our crowning inheritance.

May's husband is right. We should not condescend to advance by toadyism because its method is too like making CAPITAL OUT OF CRIPPLES!

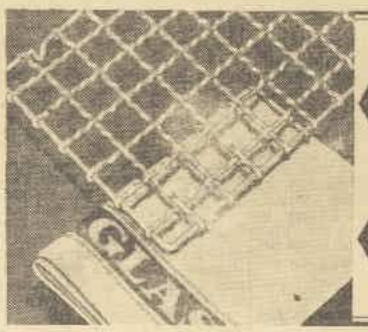
The toady imposes on the weakness of human beings, playing on that weakness, flattering and **enlarging** that weakness, instead of climbing nobly upwards by sheer effort and strength.

Proudly and gamely let us realise that independence is a crown worth wearing, and leave the toadies to the fate which inevitably befalls them all, oblivion, so glad is the world of self-respecting people to get rid of toadies and their slippery ways.

Countless women have secured a FREE glasscloth or cake-cooler by saving their Trufood labels. Then they've started a new set and obtained a second gift . . . . and so on and on, building up quite a stock of these full-size, good quality glasscloths. Have you started yet?

"THAT'S THE LABEL EVERYONE'S SAVING FOR

FREE GLASSCLOTHS and CAKE-COOLERS"



FOR 8 TRUFOOD LABELS

FOR 10 TRUFOOD LABELS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFT!

Save the labels from Trufood tins until you have 8 for a handy cake-cooler, made to last, 9 ins. x 14 ins.—or 10 for an absorbent pure Irish linen glasscloth, 33 ins. x 23 ins. Then take your labels to PARKES HOUSE, HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send personally, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing:—

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of labels enclosed.
3. The gift you require.

POST to "FREE GIFT DEPARTMENT," BOX 3922TT, G.P.O., Sydney. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope.

OFFER OPEN UNTIL MARCH 30, 1935

Everyday cooking is nicer with TRUFOOD

Whether you're making cakes, desserts or sauces they'll be more temptingly creamy and nourishing if you use Trufood. It is always ready to use and very economical, so that you can give the family all the milk they need at half the cost. Trufood is pure country milk with the water and the butter fat removed. That is why it makes cakes lighter as well as richer, and everything else you bake far more delicious.

IF THE RECIPE SAYS MILK . . .

use TRUFOOD

20.65.19 N

TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604200

Intimate Jottings

Have You Noticed—

Barbara Ramsay's struggle with a hectic fortnight—one week planning for a sudden trip to England, and the next getting used to the idea being all off?

The A. H. Rutherfords still going weekly to Palm Beach and still surfing?

Mrs. Dick Allen's peasant earrings and her dislike of a hat?

Six-year-old Jean Ralston barracking vigorously at the polo?

Mrs. Gwen Wharton's unusual coronet of pierced silver?

Lovely Poetical Play

WHAT a lovely stage appearance has Lorraine Smith! As the child bride in the beautiful costume play, "Paolo and Francesca," produced by Walter Hunt last week at the Savoy, Lorraine's acting and appearance were in perfect harmony with Stephen Phillips' delicate poetry.

An interesting contrast between old and modern schools of acting was provided by Walter Hunt as Giovanni and Hay Simpson as Paolo. Hay Simpson undoubtedly has a future.

A Fair Queenslander

MRS. OTWAY FALKINER gave a cheery cocktail party at the Australia before she left for the Anderson-Gale wedding in Melbourne. Hazel Grant, her niece, accompanied her.

Filmer Blume, who is so fair and beautiful, was a guest of Mrs. Falkiner at Widgiewa before coming on to the Australia, where she is now. Filmer tells me she has had a delightful trip, and is rather regretful at the prospect of returning to Longreach this week.

Planning Moves

WHEN Mrs. George Littlejohn and her husband, who is a well-known instructor in flying, first looked for some land for building purposes at Vaucluse, they could not secure a suitable piece, so they bought a lovely bungalow at Balmoral instead. Now they are again looking round for something in the Eastern Suburbs—provided they can sell their present home. Their friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Webber, are also planning a move shortly, from a flat in Orielton, Ocean St., to one in Whitby, Darling Point.

The Regular Bachelor

PAT O'SHEA, Brisbane's best-known bachelor, was journeying afar in the Yosemite Valley when he chanced to peruse a list of probable starters for a recent meeting.

One took his fancy, and he forthwith instructed Cyris McColm, who is now visiting Sydney, to back it for him. Would you be surprised to hear that the horse responsible for Pat's hunch was "The Regular Bachelor"?

Upset His Plans

HAVING planned to attend the Extra Chukka Ball, and then leave for some "Geologising" at Cudgegong, Philip Game was very annoyed at developing a nasty cold last week, and having to spend a few days in hospital.

Philip, by the way, says he has never been to so many parties as since he has been living at Bishopscourt, which may, however, be due to the fact he is no longer an undergraduate, with regular studies to be done.

Although this year on a scholarship, he has a "job" waiting for him with the Shell Oil Company. This may take him abroad to live, but he is hoping it will not. Except for the hunting in England, Philip would rather live in Sydney and enjoy its surf and other joys than anywhere else in the world.

A Long Trek

ALTHOUGH Mrs. W. C. Mansfield has not heard for several weeks from her husband or daughter, Mary, who are on a visit to the East, she is expecting them to arrive home safe and sound on July 12. The reason for their long silence is a trip from Shanghai to Peking, across country, and back by a different route.

If the Consul granted permission, it was their intention to join two other tourists and travel eight or nine hundred miles down the Yangtse Kiang. Though there has been trouble in this area recently, they were hoping, when last heard of, to be given permission to do this.

Going to Papua

LAST week Mr. A. J. Vogan gave a farewell luncheon in honor of Rev. W. Whonsonbon-Aston, formerly Acting-Bishop in Fiji, and a great friend of Bishop Burgmann, who is now off to join Bishop Newton's staff in Papua. His guests included Mr. M. M. Murray (who was a well-known engineer in Hongkong) and Mrs. Murray, and Mrs. Messmer, of orchid fame. Mr. Vogan had the day before given a packet to one of his guests, who had later in the same day been robbed of her handbag, including his present, on the Post Office steps.

The thief discarded the packet, which included a photograph of Mr. Vogan. The packet was returned to the photographer, who passed it on to Mr. Vogan. So at the luncheon, when his guest was telling him of her loss, he was able to hand it over to her once more.

Lady Braddon Returns

LADY BRADDON, who, I hear, has had a wonderful trip, is due back from the East on the Nellore in August. She is to stay a month in Brisbane, where she has a wide circle of friends, before returning to her home in Edgecliff.

Enid Hull Home

WHAT a gay time Enid Hull has! Just back from a round of picnic race gaieties in the North-West, she intends to "stay put" till September, and then will go once more to the country as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Allen.

Enid's brother, Mr. Eric Hull, is in town, and staying with his parents. Another visitor in the household is Mrs. Hull's niece, Patricia.

An Interesting Family

PEGGY WARREN, who has just announced her engagement to Peter Blundell, comes of a very interesting family. Her mother, one of the Woods, of Newcastle, was a crack tennis player, and her aunt, Agnes Mary Lang, with whom Peggy visited England, wrote the well-known "Peace of Allah" and other songs. Her father, the late Dr. Charles Warren, ran a hospital during the war on an estate in Devon given by Lord Dudley's sister-in-law Mrs John Ward, an American.

Peggy, herself, is an excellent horsewoman, as well as playing the piano and dressing beautifully, and recently went to her brother Jack's station, near Armidale, and helped him run it. Like her cousins—Mrs. John Massie, Mrs. Alan Binnie (Cooma), and Mrs. Rutledge (Quirindi)—Peggy has brown hair with lovely bright glints in it.

New Home Ready

ALTHOUGH he never played himself, Hugh Luscombe Newman has been very keen on polo ever since he had a station near Coonamble, and even on Saturday, in the pouring wet, the Newmans attended the chukkas. Although Mrs. Luscombe Newman is not keen on yachting, and Marjorie hasn't been out in the yacht for two months, thinking, as most girls do, that in winter it is too cold to sit still on the water all day. Mr. Newman and Hugh and Eric are as keen as ever.

Mrs. Newman and Marjorie will have an engrossing new toy to play with in a few days, however, in the shape of a new home. They are just waiting until the smell of paint wears off to move in. One of its many advantages will be that in wet weather cars can drive right up to the front door.

Margot's Surprise

MARGOT ROSENTHAL, who for the past four months has been staying with Dr. and Mrs. Spiller Brandon at Rosemont Av., went back to Melbourne with the news of her engagement to John Faviell, of Darling Point, as a surprise for her Melbourne friends.

Margot told the news, and displayed her lovely Gutter-set emerald and diamond ring, at a party given by her mother in their new home in Collins St. I hear the wedding is to take place at the end of August, and the future home is to be Sydney.

Cocktail Party

BRIGHT cocktail parties of Polo Week included that given by Mrs. Herbert Ross at her home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Bell. Mr. Bell has played with the Muswellbrook team since the inception of the Dudley Cup.

Guests included Mrs. Jack Dennis, Bonnie Howgate, Gerard Mark, Anne Archer, Mrs. Arthur Bowman, and Mrs. Cyril Lowther.

Did You Know That—

Since she has left Leura to live in Sydney, Nessie Crago has been doing particularly well in golf?

Captain Penfold, A.D.C. to the de Chairs, has a job as secretary at the Hobart Golf Club?

Mr. Anthony Hordern has just bought a valuable collection of plants from Fern Tree Gully, Victoria, for his Bowral home?

Mrs. Arthur Street, of Orme, Darling Point, has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Billy Feez, of Pilton Paddock, Queensland?

Transferred to Penguin

IN a few days' time, Commander Donald Austen is to be transferred from the Australia to the Penguin, and thus will not have to uproot himself to go Home in November with the Prince. The Commander is very much attached to his Vaucluse home, where his hobby is prize fowls. He is a very cheery host, though, and his New Year parties are especially looked forward to in naval circles.

One is particularly remembered, where all his guests, on departing, hired taxis of a different brand, so that there was quite a fleet of different colors. A huge milk-waggon tacked on to the end of the procession, and as it went through the city it created quite a riot.

In and Out of Society .·. By WEP

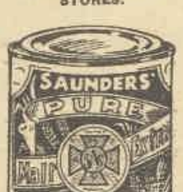
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604201

"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

The big bad wolf of sickness has no terrors for the mother and her young family who keep the marauder from the door with Saunders' Malt Extract.
So many children are constitutionally handicapped in early years, struggling along the path of existence, prey to all manner of prevailing ills.
It is, indeed, a happy turning of the tide for the anxious mother to watch her sickly child grow into a state of rosy health rapidly day by day, by the aid of Saunders' Pure Malt Extract, which increases weight, growth and vigor through the abundant nutritive elements of Pure Malt.

For BACKWARD CHILDREN, NURSING MOTHERS, INVALIDS, Etc.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS, GROCERS, AND STORES.



SAUNDERS' PURE MALT EXTRACT

Made by W. SAUNDERS & SON PTY. LTD., Trenery Crescent, Abbotsford, Vic.

K 79/12/34

KRAFT CHEESE

MADE FROM FINEST AUSTRALIAN CHEDDAR

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

By— Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

Now that Baby is a Year Old!

This article is the forty-fourth of a series of articles traversing the feeding and management of normal babies. In it, important additions to baby's menu are made. In the issue of May 5, the process of weaning the naturally-fed baby between the ninth and eleventh months was described. The following article takes up baby's feeding directions from that point.

IF weaning was begun when baby was nine months, he will have been fully weaned by 10½ months of age. From 10½ to 12 months there are no new foods introduced into baby's diet, but he eats increasing quantities of cereal jelly and twice-baked bread. His allowance of orange juice has also been increased until at 12 months he is having two tablespoons of juice daily in two tablespoons of boiled water.

Once baby has reached his first birthday, however, his menu becomes more interesting. Baby should now be fed only four times a day. Give a drink of milk-mixture on waking, and the breakfast, dinner, and evening meals at the same time each day.

Baby's milk-mixture from the 12th to 13th month is as follows:—

Twenty-two ounces of fresh cow's milk (reducing to 20 ounces by the end of the month), 8 ounces of water (reducing to 5 ounces by the end of the month), 1 tablespoon of sugar of milk (reducing to nil by the end of the month), 3 level teaspoons of 40 per cent. sugar, 50 per cent. fat emulsion (decreasing according to baby's condition).

It is advisable to continue giving cod liver oil in some form to all babies and children throughout the winter months. It is best given in the form of a palatable emulsion.

Baby's early morning drink, therefore, will consist of about 8 ounces of the above mixture. (Full details of the manner of preparing humanised milk were given in the issue of February 3.)

For breakfast baby has his cereal jelly with a little of his milk-mixture poured over it. Vary the meal by giving oat jelly one day, rice jelly the next, barley jelly the next, and whole wheatmeal jelly occasionally by way of a change.

The recipes for barley jelly and twice-baked bread were given in the issue of May 5. The following are the recipes for oat, rice, and whole wheatmeal jellies:—

OAT JELLY

Take 2 level tablespoons of patent groats. Add a pinch of salt. Mix smooth with about one ounce of cold water. Add 9 ounces of boiling water, and boil in a double boiler for about 1 hour.

RICE JELLY

Soak 4 level tablespoons of rice in one quart of warm water for an hour. Boil, and keep just about the boil for three hours. While hot, strain through muslin into a scalded jug. Cover loosely and cool rapidly. Keep in a cool, airy safe.

WHOLE WHEATMEAL JELLY

Put three-quarters of a cup of whole wheatmeal into a saucepan with four cups of boiling water and pinch of salt. Bring to boil. Then simmer in double saucepan for 3 hours. Strain through a fine wire coffee-strainer. Serve with a little milk-mixture poured over it.

* * *

FOR the midday dinner the twelve months old baby may have oven-baked bread crust with a little butter, a little vegetable soup (one tablespoon increasing to four tablespoons), semolina pudding gradually introduced in place of cereal jelly, drink of milk-mixture and a small piece of raw, ripe apple.

Make the vegetable broth as follows: 2 tablespoons of pearl barley or rice, 1 potato, 1 carrot, 4 leaves of spinach, salt to taste.

Method: Cover all with water. Simmer gently for about two hours, or till tender. Mash through a sieve. Heat again before use. (This should make about three ounces when cooked.)

Decrease the amount of cereal jelly you have been giving at this meal and replace with milk pudding. To make the semolina pudding, mix one dessertspoon of semolina with a little milk. Add 8 ounces of boiling milk. Boil for a few minutes. Pour pudding into a small piedish and bake (standing dish in water).

Baked apple may be introduced at the evening meal, but do not give baby more than one new food at a time. Wait to see how the first new food is digested and tolerated before introducing another. Give only one teaspoon of baked apple at first, increasing amount slowly to one tablespoon. This meal will now consist of the following: A piece of twice-baked

JILL LAUGHER, of Rabaul, aged nine months. Jill has been brought up on the Truby King system, and is a fine example of normal development in the tropics.

bread with a little butter; barley, oat, or wheatmeal jelly or milk pudding; baked apple; and about 7 ounces of milk-mixture.

When baby is 12½ months, and quite used to his vegetable soup, a little potato may be introduced into his menu. Bake the potato in its skin. Press through a wire sieve. Give baby one tablespoon of this, to which has been added a little butter.

Egg should not be given till baby is about 12½ months. Coddle the egg and give half a teaspoon of the yolk only with the midday meal. Increase amount to one teaspoon of yolk, but do not give any of the white till baby is over 13 months.

Baby should not be forced to take any of these new foods, but if they are served appetisingly and well cooked baby will probably be ever so pleased with them. If he has a dislike for one particular dish which is good for him, withhold it for a few days and then offer it again in very small quantities at first. By degrees baby will take to it.

Tooth Decay *means Loss of Looks and Friends*

TWO young men were speaking about a girl. "Yes," said the first, "I admit she is beautiful—but she is lifeless."

"And that's funny, too!" said the second. "Just a few months ago she was the life of everything, always laughing and joking, smiling and jolly all the time. Now she never opens her mouth."

Now, these young men were wrong about this girl. The real reason she didn't open her mouth was because she was ashamed to do so. A few months' neglect of her teeth had left them stained, discolored, and diseased—something to be hidden, not shown.

No one can afford to neglect the teeth. Your teeth either will improve your appearance or detract from it. The daily care of teeth is essential to both attractiveness and health.

Begin at once to use FORHAN'S daily. It will keep both teeth and gums in sound, healthy condition, and prevent pyorrhea.

Price, 2/-. Extra large tubes, 3/-. Australasian Agents, The Sheldon Drug Co., Ltd., Sydney.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

IMPROVE YOUR STEWS *and* GRAVIES

OXO CUBES *"Beef at its best."*

AT ALL GROCERS

Expectant Mothers

Your baby's future health and safety in infancy depends on its possession of an adequate store of essential vitamins.

You are the only one capable of giving them, and if your food does not contain them, you cannot give what you have not got.

CENOVIS IRRADIATED MEDICINAL YEAST

is richer in Vitamins B and D than any other known substance, and has a vitalising effect on both mother and child, increasing the resistance to illnesses of all kinds, and storing up energy and vitality, whilst at the same time ensuring that the child is free from rickets, and digestive troubles. It protects the child also from future teeth troubles.

Every member of the family should protect their health with a daily teaspoonful of Cenovis Irradiated Yeast, Nature's greatest rejuvenator.

Obtainable through any chemist in Australia. You chemist can get it for you.

CENOVIS YEAST PTY. LTD.
Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Phone C7399.

N.B.—From this date only 4oz., 8oz., and 16oz. sizes will be available in Baking and Medicinal Yeast.

PERMANENTLY WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR

with a "RAYWAVE" curling set (Prov. Pat. 16608/34). Waves last 6 to 9 months. Anyone can use. NO ELECTRICITY. Simple instructions. Failure impossible. 7/6 per set. Postage 1/- extra. Spar Trading Co., 18 Rawson Place, Sydney.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 42 Elizabeth St., Melbourne. Established 24 years.***

CAREERS for GIRLS and LADIES

STOTT'S has Special Postal Courses. These include:—

Commercial Art	Shire Clerks' Exams.
Showcard Writing	Book-keeping
Ticket Writing	Shorthand
Story Writing	Typewriting
Journalism (F'lance)	Correspondent
Nurses' Educational	Salesmanship
Architectural Work	Teachers' Exams.
Advertisement Wtg.	University Exams.
Dress Cutting	Window Dressing

There is no need to leave home to prepare: Stott's can train you—SUCCESSFULLY—in the privacy of your own home. Use the Coupon!

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell St., Melb.; 70 Pitt St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 49 Flinders St., Adelaide; 369 Murray St., Perth.

SEND THE COUPON. CUT HERE

I should like particulars of your Courses.

I am interested in ....

MY NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

A.W.W. 334 ....

Any Card Player

—CAN MASTER CONTRACT BRIDGE IN A VERY SHORT SPACE OF TIME BY READING

'Modern Contract Bridge'

By FRANK CAYLEY

(Assist. Editor: Bridge Magazine of Australia)

—THE SIMPLEST, SOUNDEST, AND MOST UP-TO-DATE BOOK YET PUBLISHED.

- BIDDING
- PLAY
- PRACTICE HANDS AND ANSWERS

The Author has long been recognised as Australia's foremost teacher and writer, and as a player of the first rank. He is renowned because of the clear way in which he expresses all his facts, and every need of the beginner is catered for in this book.

"MODERN CONTRACT BRIDGE" is obtainable from Box 1645 J.J., G.P.O., Sydney—and from all Booksellers. Price, 5/6.

PICTURES *Worth Framing*

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

1. Performed by turns.
6. Over (poet).
7. Sediments.
9. Royal Field Artillery (abb.)
11. Cut off short.
13. Candlestick.
16. Conjunction.
17. Kind of fox.
18. A field.
19. Norwegian seaport.
22. Military decoration.
23. Silly fellows.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Angry dispute.
2. Kangaroo.
3. Science of nerves.
4. Australian Royal Navy (abb.)
5. Science of coins and medals.
7. Relative.
8. Kind of fish.
10. Winnow.
11. Leased.
12. Stuff.
14. M.U.K. (actual)
20. Bustle.
21. Wipe up.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS.—Assimilates, pet, Ana, age, pair, from, recedes, of, capes, so, penitential, re, tense, we, warders, anil, sent, tot, ant, all, essentially.

DOWN.—Appropriate, sea, stir, ma, independent, is, tars, ego, somnolently, recital, festers, eater, dense, fee, saw, wits, seal, nos, nil, an, ti.

PICTURES *Worth Framing*

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

"Now we can Furnish"

THE SUNDAY SUN AND GUARDIAN, JUNE 17, 1934

W. W. CAMPBELLS' will allow 2 YEARS TO PAY

JULY SPECIAL. Furnish on the "50 Pay Way" (50 Fortnightly payments). This remarkable plan for completely furnishing the home is available in the Metropolitan Area during July.

LOWEST DEPOSITS IN SYDNEY. You can also make smaller, or any, purchases on W. W. Campbells' Warehouse Easy Terms—the easiest in Sydney, too.

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, handsome appearance. This Week's Cash Price, 87/6.
Oak Loughboy, has sliding trays, trouser rails, and useful mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.
The Oak Bedstead has strong, adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price, 29/6.
(KAPOK Mattress, pure JAPARA, is 26/9 extra.)
Bed Settee is reliably made with closely woven wire seat. Full Panel Back. Two-tone finish. This Week's Cash Price, 29/6 (without cushion).
Cushion extra according to quality.

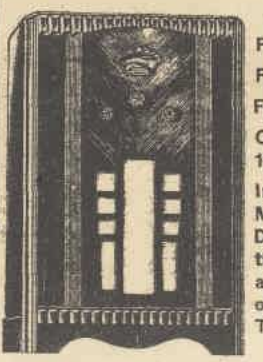
TEST MATCH SPECIAL!

Release of Limited Number of 5-Valve Superhets at

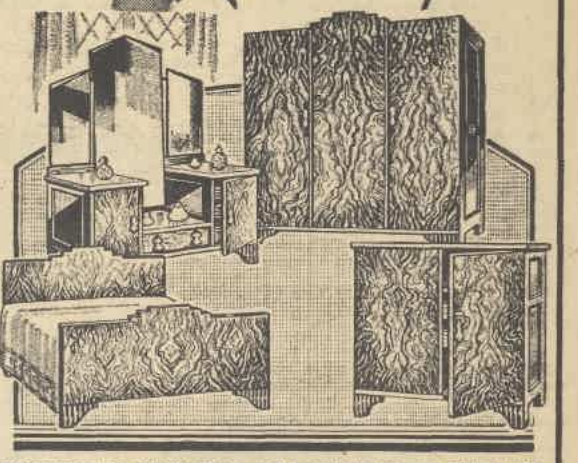
Reduced Cash Price £12/19/6

This Model, The "Clarence," can be secured on

15/- DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY



Free Delivery.
Free Service.
Free Installation.
Guaranteed 12 Months.
Immediate Metropolitan Delivery of this Model, as illustrated, on Cash or Terms as above.



Distinguished by artistic design and beautifully Figured Walnut, this fully polished Bedroom Suite is a splendid example of Warehouse Value. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. Cheval Dressing Table, and Double Loughboy are fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. Note the handsome Reflex-mirrors on Dressing Table. Secure this remarkable suite at the Introductory Cash Price, £16/16/-. (Bedstead Extra.)

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

16/6 DEPOSIT 3/9 WEEKLY

Upholstered furniture cannot be judged by the price or the cover, but this handsome suite is remarkable value. It is full size and deeply sprung, and is designed for comfort and long wear. Beautiful Genoa Velvet gives a very rich appearance. This week's Cash Price, £13/19/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

14/- DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY

GENUINE LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

5/3, 5/11, 7/6 PER YARD

IMITATION LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

3/3, 4/3, 4/11 PER YARD

WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

	9ft. x 6ft.	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.
Usual Value:	£4/10/-	£5/12/6	£6/15/-	£7/17/6
NOW AT—	£3/10/-	£4/7/6	£5/5/-	£6/2/6

249 CLARENCE ST.

(One door from Market St.) SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604203

A COLORFUL little over-jacket worn with a jumper looks very smart It's the latest notion in the hand-knit vogue overseas.
—Photo by Air Mail. Wool by courtesy of David Jones Ltd.

An OVER-JACKET ... is *Very* CHIC!

The check design in this little over-jacket is most intriguing to knit and equally pleasant to wear when it is finished.

NARROW, flared frills form a very smart finish at the neck and sleeves, while the cut-away effect also adds to the captivating air of the over-jacket, which represents something quite new in the way of knitted wear.

Materials: 4 skeins white, 2 skeins green 4-ply wool. Pair No. 9 bone needles. A set of four No. 10 needles pointed at both ends. A No. 1 Argosy crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge 12½ inches. Bust 34 inches, sleeve seam 5 inches.

BACK

With No. 9 needles and green wool cast on 124 sts. K. into back of cast on sts.

Row 1: Purl.

Roll a skein of green wool into seven small balls.

Row 2: Join white wool. K. 12 white. *Join a ball of green. K. 4 green. K. 12 white. Repeat from * to end of row.

Row 3: P. 12 white, * 4 green, 12 white. Repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat second and third three times.

Row 10: K. green.

Row 11: P. green. Repeat from second row to 11th rows inclusive four times. Keeping to this pattern, shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next two rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle on next 2 k. rows.

Continue in pattern until armholes measure 6½ inches. On next green row k. 40. Cast off 28 sts. for back of neck. K. to end of row. Join wool to the other side of neck, and work both sides together. Still keeping to pattern work for one inch, then at neck edge decrease 11 st. every k. row until there are 32 sts. on each side. Now increase 1 st. each k. row until there are 42 sts. on each side.

On next k. row, k. to centre, cast on 22 sts. K. to end of row.

Next row purl, joining green wool at 4 centre sts. for centre stripe. Finish pattern, and work 2 rows of next pattern. Increase 1 st. each end of needle on next 2 k. rows, then cast on 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows for armholes. After this pattern is finished, divide work in centre.

Working left side only decrease 1 st. at beginning of every k. row, until there are 43 sts. on the needle.

Now cast off 4 sts. 3 times, and 3 sts. 6 times at beginning of each k. row. Cast off remaining sts.

Work the other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

With green wool cast on 76 sts. Starting with a plain row work 4 rows in st. st.

Row 5: Join white wool and work pattern 4 times, increasing 1 st. each end of needle every 8th row. Shape by knitting 2 sts. together at beginning and end of every row, until 20 sts. remain. Cast off loosely. Make another sleeve the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. With green wool and No. 10 needles pick and k. 108 sts. round neck, 36 sts. on each of 3 needles. Start at centre-back, and pick up the sts. from the inside.

Row 1: K.

Row 2: K. 6, * pick up the loop before the next st. Put on the needle, and k. into back of it. K. 12. Repeat from * all round, ending with K. 6.

Repeat from 2nd and 3rd needles.

Row 3: K.

Row 4: Join white wool k. 6, * increase as before k. 1, increase k. 12. Repeat from * all round.

Row 5: K.

Row 6: K. 6, * increase k. 3, increase k. 12. Repeat from * all round.

Row 7: K.

Row 8: Join green, k. 6, * increase k. 5, increase, k. 12, repeat from * all round.

Row 9: Join white, k.

Continue in this way until there are 3 stripes of white and 3 green rows in between. Finish with green, reverse the work, and cast off on the wrong side loosely. With white wool and No. 10 needle pick up and k. 72 sts. along lower edge of sleeve. P. 1 row.

Row 2: K. 6, * increase, k. 12, repeat from * ending with k. 6.

Row 3: P.

Row 4: Join green, k. 6, * increase, k. 1, increase, k. 12. Repeat from * to end. Continue the same as for neck, having 5 white stripes and 4 green rows. Finish with green, and cast off on wrong side. Work the other sleeve the same.

Join under arm and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Press well.

In our last issue we published a photograph, specially posed by Miss Thelma Scott, at present playing the lead in "Ten Minute Alibi." Dainty and vivacious Thelma was wearing a most attractive jumper, knitted for Lincoln Mills. Directions for knitting this jumper will be published in full — this page next week.

ENTRIES *Number Thousands* in *Big* KNITTING CONTEST!

THIS PICTURE depicts Gladys Moncrieff, the famous Australian star, as a sportswoman, but on July 20 she will greet our readers in quite a different role, when, an expert knitter herself, she appears as a judge in our knitting competition.

Australian Judges Announced

The selected garments from each State, chosen this week by prominent women in each State, will be submitted to the Australian judges, Miss Gladys Moncrieff and Miss Gertrude Brewer, better known to our readers as "Gerda," knitting expert.

From every corner of Australia, garments of the most amazing description have poured into our office during the past few weeks, and the conclusion of this engrossing competition leaves literally thousands of garments for the consideration of the judges.

MISS GLADYS MONCRIEFF has been known to all Australians for years as the star with the golden voice. In her present role in the Efftee production, "Collits' Inn," she heads a notable Australian cast in an Australian play.

We take the greatest pleasure in introducing this gifted artist in an entirely new role—a competent judge of knitting.

"Wool means so much to Australia," said Miss Moncrieff. "I feel that every public-spirited woman should do whatever she can to advance the interests of this great industry. The Australian Women's Weekly is to be heartily congratulated on a competition that has exploited so many usages for wool.

"But, quite apart from the national aspect of using more wool," she continued, "I consider knitting is one of the most delightful accomplishments for women, whether they are mothers of a family with a comparatively limited domestic sphere, or girls going to town every day to earn their own living."

* * *

OF course, there is a certain glamour attached to a theatrical life, and a tremendous thrill to be derived by a star from the plaudits of her audience, but there is also a tremendous amount of hard work and nerve strain.

Miss Moncrieff explains that years ago she found knitting one of the most soothing pastimes during her all too brief leisure hours.

As she knitted one garment after another, the fascination grew until she became really expert with the needles, and not only knitted the most attractive garments, but studied overseas fashions and evolved original designs herself.

So we introduce to our readers Miss Gladys Moncrieff, Australian knitting expert.

Associated as judge with Miss Moncrieff will be Miss Gertrude Brewer. Since the first issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, readers have been meeting Miss Brewer on the knitting page.

The original Paris-Vienna series that proved so popular with our readers were all knitted by Miss Brewer. The designs and photographs were procured from abroad, but the many delightful models knitted by readers were made from directions compiled by Miss Brewer.

More recently, helpful hints for knitters have been compiled from time to time by Miss Brewer and published on this page by "Gerda."

* * *

ON Friday, July 20, all the garments chosen in each State by the respective State judges will be submitted to these two expert judges, who will make the final awards.

A complete list of prize-winners will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly the following week.

Entrants are notified that every effort will be made to return the garments at the earliest possible opportunity, but the handling and judging of such a tremendous number of entries entails a colossal amount of detailed work.

An announcement will be made in these columns as soon as the garments are ready to be reclaimed, and entrants are asked to watch for that announcement.

BAD SKIN HEADACHES BOILS and PIMPLES

ALL YIELD TO THE MAGIC INFLUENCE OF

—because CARLISTA, taken as a small dose every day cures Constipation, clears the intestinal tract of clogging poisons and thus purifies the blood.

You will feel better immediately you begin to take CARLISTA, and very quickly you will see your skin improve, your eyes clear and brighten with health, and your step grow springy with sheer joy of living.

At least 64 average doses to the jar.

CARLISTA MINERAL SPRING SALTS

2/3 LARGE JAR

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Invaluable ...

FOR NURSING MOTHERS

A nursing mother's attention to her baby should begin by taking care of her own health.

A regular course of Roboleine, which is a special combination of Nature's own most valuable foods, provides that **extra nourishment** which is so important at this time. Where the mother's milk is deficient the need for Roboleine is still greater, and it is prescribed by doctors all over the world for this condition. Do not take chances with your own baby. Begin a course of Roboleine now.

The adult dose being one teaspoonful, which contains an adequate ration of all the essential vitamins, Roboleine is very economical in use. 12oz. jars, 4/6, or three times the quantity 12/-, at all chemists and stores.

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

SEND COUPON FOR SAMPLE

Muir & Neil Ltd., Box 1562 E, G.P.O., Sydney
I enclose 3d. in stamps for Sample of Roboleine
Name
Address WWS.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604204

Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

WITH this week's issue, we present one of the season's favorite designs. The shoulders are slightly broadened with the shaped epaulets. The contrast used for the vest, collar, and cuffs provides an effective finish.

Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust measurement.

Material required: 3¾ yards 36 inches wide. Contrast ¾ yard 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

NEW SHOULDER EFFECT

WW619.—Square your shoulders with sleeves of this design. Skirt features pleated godets. Material for 36-inch bust, 4¼ yards 36 inches wide. Contrast ¼ yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

A COSY FROCK

WW621.—A becoming and useful winter frock, with the square-shoulder yoke extending below the belt. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CROSS-OVER EFFECT

WW620.—Fascinating in every detail. Cross-over blouse is out of the ordinary with the slight gathers at the left side. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¼ yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BOWS ARE FASHIONABLE

WW624.—Large bows of material cover the shoulders of this attractive evening frock. Skirt is cut on the bias, with a seam back and front. Material for 36-inch bust, 5¼ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

New "Stitch a Week" Series

Do not miss our "Stitch a Week" series, a feature of our needlework page. Each week a different stitch will be fully explained and clearly illustrated, stitches you will appreciate for table linen or for trousseaux, for lingerie or for frocks.

FOR BRIDGE

WW623.—One of the smartest bridge coats of the season. Fur collar extends to the cross-over fastening. Material for 36-inch bust, 2¾ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

SAFE FROM THE WIND

WW622.—A little coat that will protect you from the severe cold wind. It extends below the belt in basque effect. Material for 36-inch bust, 2¼ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

SNUG-FITTING COAT

WW627.—In the dead of winter you will need a cosy coat of this design. One-piece coat sleeves have padded rolls attached over the armhole. Side fastening extends from under the collar. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 yards 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the the prices indicated, at:

Sydney: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

Melbourne: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.

Brisbane: Shell House, Ann St.

Adelaide: Shell House, North Terrace.

Newcastle: Carrington Chambers, Watt St.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue at the following addresses:
The Australian Women's Weekly—
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch., Watt St.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and 1d. stamp for postage to:
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 7/7/'34.

FOR THE "TEEN" GIRL

WW626.—A style she will appreciate after her school uniform. It is fashioned with inverted pleats and the round neck completed with a contrast collar. Pattern for girl 10-12 years. Material required, 2¾ yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

SCHOOL BLAZER

WW625. — The correct style for a boy's blazer of the special blazer flannel bound with braid. Pattern for a boy 2 to 14 years. Material for 14 years, 1¼ yards 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

ROBUST

because she eats with relish

Pale sickly children whose tongues are always coated and who are never really happy are suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish colon, one that is clogged with waste. Such children need a little pure Syrup of Figs. You'll see a change in twenty-four hours. In a couple of weeks your child will have the appetite of a healthy young animal.

Why Mothers are returning to a LIQUID LAXATIVE

Pills and tablets may be suitable for robust adults but they are capable of seriously disturbing the bowel action of a child. For children, hospitals and doctors insist on a liquid laxative. A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement because the dose can be regulated to a drop. Consequently it does not weaken a child's bowels, nor form a laxative habit.

"California Syrup of Figs" is perfectly safe for any young system. Fruity and delicious, a natural laxative flavoured with cassia, cloves and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604205

HER HIPS REDUCED 5 INCHES

Friends Wonder How She Does It

A Kruschen Secret

Those friends of Mrs. E. M. D. who have been wondering how that lady is reducing her hip measurement, are now let into the secret. She has been taking Kruschen. Here is a letter from her :—

"I was gaining in flesh and not feeling too well, so I started to take Kruschen Salts, and am now on my third bottle. My hips used to be 47 ins., and the last three months I have got them down to 42 ins. So my friends who used to laugh at me are now wondering. I shall have the last laugh, for when I get my hips down to what I think is right I'll tell them. But I do know this—I am feeling better since taking Kruschen, and am really glad I kept on with it."—(Mrs.) E. M. D.

Here's the recipe that banishes fat—take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast, modify your diet, and take gentle exercise. The stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are tuned up, and the pure, fresh blood containing the six salts of Kruschen is carried to every part of the body. Then follows "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

The action of Kruschen is a *combined* action. Each of its six salts supports the others in stimulating the bodily functions from a number of different angles. Thus the exact proportion of the six salts is of supreme importance. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 119 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 5

"I TRIED to say so this morning."

Helena knitted her brows.

"Then you said it very badly," she said. "I thought you were jibbing at being alone with me."

"For me, that's the idyll," said I.

Helena turned her head and gave me a dazzling smile.

"John," says she, "that's very prettily put."

It was when we had eaten our supper and the infant was fast asleep that Sabre was given his orders and we set out with the petrol to seek the Rolls. The dusk would come in, I judged, by the time we had crossed the clearing and gained the track, and that was just what we wanted, for so we could use the daylight, yet be wrapped in the cloak of darkness by the time we came to the road. For all that, I was none too easy, for if, by some evil chance, friend Pharaoh had found the Rolls, his instinct might well have suggested that we should return at nightfall to try to recover the car. And if he was lying there, waiting . . . The nearer we drew to the road the more I wished for Sabre, for he at least would have saved us from walking into a trap.

At length I could bear it no more.

"Helena," said I, "when we see the road before us, I want you to let me go on. It isn't very likely, but someone may be in the bushes, keeping an eye on the Rolls. And if they are, I must draw them, for touch that car I will not till I know that the coast is clear. It isn't as if we could start her and let her go. I've got to open the bonnet and fill up the vacuum tank."

"When you say 'draw them,' John, just what do you mean?"

"Make them declare their presence. I won't let them see me or hear me—I promise you that."

"You won't fill up without me?"

"No," said I. "I'll leave the petrol with you."

Five minutes later, perhaps, the darkness ahead was lightened, and I knew we were approaching the road.

Gently I set down the cans.

"Will you wait here, Helena?" I whispered.

"Tell me exactly what you are proposing to do."

"It may be half an hour before I come back. I'm going to stand still and listen most of the time. When I move, I shall move in the shadows, always this side of the road. If I hear and see nothing at all, an acorn is going to fall from the oak tree above the car. It's going to fall on to the bonnet and it's going to make quite a noise. If anyone's there, that'll fetch them. . . . Acorns don't fall in June, but I'll bet Pharaoh doesn't know that."

Helena sighed.

"I wish we'd got Sabre. Never mind. I don't mind how long you're gone, if you'll only take care."

With my right hand upon my pistol, I moved like any shadow along the side of the track. . . .

Arrived at its mouth, I waited, straining my ears. So for perhaps three minutes. Then I stole round the corner and on to the edge of the road.

Since my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness which reigned in the track, when I looked down the road I could see very well, for the trees stood back from its sides and the starlit heaven above was shedding a definite light.

I could see the lovely indenture of the treetops against the sky; I could see the bulwarks of foliage, still as hangings of tapestry, walling the smooth highway; I could see the grey road, fading from substance to shadow and leading, it seemed, to the very realm of darkness, where even the stars were quenched.

And that was all I could see.

The Rolls was gone!

I WAS up betimes the next morning and had shaved and bathed and dressed before Helena called to me to know if I was awake.

"I'm dressed," said I, "and I'm just going to do my room."

"And your back?"

"Is well," said I.

"Can you carry Max into the garden?"

"I could carry you to Witchcraft," said I.

"Well, wait a minute. I'll call you."

Two minutes later I climbed the little staircase and carried the cradle down.

I had warm water ready, but Helena wished for the brook, so I took a sheet from the settle, filled a pail with the water which I had made hot and led the way to the miniature pool I had used. I spread the sheet on the bank, which now was alight with sunshine, and set the pail by its side; and there I left my lady to do what she could with a tube of my shaving-cream, for Freda's soap was not fit for delicate skin.

I had swept the stairs and the kitchen, had set our breakfast in the garden and was staring uneasily at Max, who had thrown his bedding out of his cradle and had twice removed his nightshirt in my despite, when I heard a step behind me, and there was Helena dressed as a country girl.

I cannot attempt to describe the picture she made.

I can only say that her skirt was of pure white linen and her beautiful legs were bare; that her shirt was short-sleeved, embroidered very richly, cut low and round at the neck; that the flame of her kerchief was dulled by the lights in her hair.

"I had to change," she said simply. "I shall wash my own things this morning and press them this afternoon."

"I'm glad you did," I said feebly. "You—you look very nice."

"More in the picture, John?"

I shook my head.

"All you've done," I said, "is to alter the picture's frame." I turned to the child. "And now about this infant. What's biting him I don't know. I've let him out twice, but that isn't what he wants. And he's fed right up with that shirt. It seems all right to me, but he won't keep it on. And look at his bedclothes!"

Helena crowed with laughter.

"You are stupid, John! Of course he wants to get up. If you'll go and get some warm water, we'll sluice him down on the grass."

Before I was back with a bucket she had fetched some things from the bedroom, and among them a tiny smock. With Sabre in close attendance I carried the naked urchin on to the neighboring sward, and there we performed his ablutions—because, I think, the water was warm, to his great delight. He was a fine little boy, and stood up straight and smiling with Helena's hands in his while I let the water trickle over his face and head. His drying was a great business, with which, of course, Sabre must help, and we were all three laughing before it was done. Then he stood up again to be dressed, and when that was done I held him while Helena brushed his hair with her own pretty brush. By the time he had had his breakfast and was ready to enter his pen, I must confess that I could have eaten three meals, and poor Sabre was more than thankful for his portion of eggs and milk; but that such impatience was shameful I frankly admit, for few children, I think, that were not yet three years old would have suffered two strangers so gladly—and one of the strangers a fool—or have found any lack of understanding but matter for mirth. I would say that Helena had charmed him, for her way with the child was that of a laughing angel; and his eyes lit up at her coming, as though each time she appeared she made him some gift, yet to me he was very civil from first to last; if I overruled his intentions he never cried, and when later that day I made him a chair and a table for the wooden monkey to use, he inspected them very gravely and then put his arms round my neck.

AT half-past four Max awoke and was given his tea, and after a little while we sat down and ate our own; but since at half-past five my cousin had not appeared, we put out our pitcher and made ourselves scarce.

From the covert which we selected we could see the way to Witchcraft, yet could not be seen, for the ground rose up a little, to make a knoll, yet the bracken made us a breastwork through which we could see when we pleased, which no eye looking up from the path could ever have pierced.

As I turned to peer through the fronds:

"You are very impatient," said Helena.

"That's the wrong word," said I. "I can't tell you what's the right one, but it's rather like standing on a platform seeing somebody off by train."

Helena knitted her brows.

"I know the feeling," she said, "but I don't see how it applies."

"You wouldn't," said I. "Never mind. The train will leave when Geoffrey and Barley arrive."

"Perhaps he's coming to-morrow, instead of to-night."

"So much the better," said I, and pulled at the grass.

"And what of my name?"

I sat up sharply.

With her head on one side, my lady was gravely regarding a beautiful palm.

Please turn to Page 30

PHARAOH was sitting on the table, swinging a leg; Freda was standing at the foot of the little staircase with one hand behind her and the other up to her breast; Max lay asleep in his cradle, and Dewdrop stood quiet and blinking. But where is Lady Helena?

That is the dramatic scene in the cottage that John Spencer returns to in next week's thrilling instalment of Storm Music.

PHARAOH.

PICTURES *Worth Framing*

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

SMASH COLDS and 'FLU' with 'ASPRO'

THIS IS HOW IT'S DONE

TAKE 2 'ASPRO' TABLETS immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and 2 Tablets every three hours afterwards until symptoms disappear; a hot lemon drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent chill.

These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research, and quick relief is obtained because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a solvent of Uric Acid—a powerful germicide — an antiseptic — is anti-pyretic — anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart. Always have it in the home ready for an emergency. Buy a packet today.

OFTEN HAD TO SIT UP ALL NIGHT—Now QUITE WELL

35 Cook Road,
Marrickville, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

Having been a sufferer from spasmodic Asthma for three years, I was advised by a friend to try 'ASPRO.' After the first dose I received almost immediate relief. I continued to take 'ASPRO,' and after a few weeks I was relieved of this most distressing complaint.

Before taking 'ASPRO,' I was not able to do any household duties, and often had to sit up all night. Now I am quite well and able to do all my own housework, including cooking. Your 'ASPRO' tablets are wonderful little tablets, and I felt I must tell you how grateful I am for what they have done for me.

You may use this testimonial in any way you wish, and I do hope other sufferers from Asthma will reap the same benefit from 'ASPRO' as I have done.

(Sgd.) MARIE R. DEARING

RECURRING ATTACKS OF 'FLU BEATEN—'ASPRO' AS A FAMILY MEDICINE

158 President Avenue,
Brighton-Le-Sands, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing this testimonial in praise of your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets. Since the War I have suffered periodically from recurring attacks of INFLUENZA, and although I have had medical attention, the results have not been satisfactory. I was advised to take 'ASPRO' in future, at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA, and I am happy to say that the result has been marvellous. In a comparatively short time the temperature has returned to normal.

A few days ago my daughter, aged 15 years, was very sick, and also had a very HIGH TEMPERATURE. I gave her two 'ASPRO' Tablets with a hot lemon drink, and in a short time her temperature was down to normal, and she was feeling very much better.

I am satisfied that as a FAMILY MEDICINE, 'ASPRO' is very hard to beat, and I wish you every success.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES F. EDGAR (Sgd.)

18/5/34.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604206

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

... By ... Evelyn

HERE is slenderness and grace personified. You, too, can achieve both by sensible diet and exercise. More and more every day women are becoming conscious of the fact that it is not so much the quantity of food eaten that matters as the right kind of food. Compare your height and weight with the table given below. Many girls will perhaps be surprised to find that their weight falls considerably short of the figure given for perfect health and beauty.

How MUCH *You Should* WEIGH *for* HEALTH & BEAUTY

This Accepted Hospital Chart ... Gives Illuminating Help!

SOME few years ago, when the slimming craze was at its height, the fashionable weight for every woman, despite age or size, was put down at 8 stone 11 lbs. Women in the middle forties acquired scraggy necks and sunken eyes in their endeavor to achieve this magical weight. Similarly, young girls ruined their health for all time to lower this accepted standard.

REMEMBER always: The framework should be covered with a sufficient amount of healthy muscle and tissue, plus a thin layer of fat, to give a delicately rounded contour.

And every sensible girl and woman will know that to achieve or keep a correct balance in this respect proper food and exercise are necessary.

Too much food and too little exercise are the main two causes of an unwieldy figure and bulging contours.

Of course, there are sufferers from glandular troubles who find that, despite diet and exercise, the weight creeps up and up, but the average person's weight can be controlled by sensible exercise and diet.

The remedy lies in reducing the amount of fat and starch foods consumed, and by exercising regularly and consistently.

Beauty Bringing

EXERCISES are definitely beneficial to health and to the beauty of the figure.

Like everything else, however, exercise should not be overdone.

What is more, spasmodic exercises are useless.

Many who have firmly resolved to carry out a system of daily exercises to keep their bodies supple and their figures as slim as fashion dictates have commenced well, but . . . they have let one day pass without doing their exercises, and then gradually one day slips into two, till the exercises are finally abandoned for a while until the scales show an increase in weight. Then, once more, there is another burst of exercising.

To be effective—like everything else connected with the health and beauty of the face and body—exercises must not only be done consistently, but they must be chosen carefully. Every week on this page an exercise is given in illustrated form which will, if followed, prove a wonderful help.

When to Exercise

THOSE of you who work all day and desire to exercise at night, should consider this important point:

If your work is the kind that leaves one mentally tired—as it is with some brain workers—then the exercises are best taken in the morning. Done at the right time and done consistently they will have a great effect on the health and beauty of the figure.

The circulation is stimulated and the lungs are able to purify the blood with fresh oxygen; food is digested, and the waste material eliminated from the system, resulting in a healthy body that is fit and strong enough to resist illness and infection.

Breathing in Beauty

IT should also be remembered that the most important thing connected with exercising is to breathe correctly.

And no matter how rushed you are, never miss your breathing exercise.

A little while ago, you will remember, I gave you a splendid set of breathing exercises—you will do well to keep them by you and practise them for your health, for your weight, and beauty's sake.

What Not to Eat

IT is wise to cut down considerably on white bread, potatoes, rice, macaroni, cakes, pastries, biscuits.

Cut down—eliminate—pork and fat bacon. Take clear soup in preference to thick, and greasy foods—especially fried foods—should be entirely shut off if you want to keep slim.

Dry meals are helpful. Drink an hour before or after meals.

Eat plenty of fruit and fresh salads.

But keep this also at the back of your mind: So long as you are obviously healthy and looking well, you will be at your best, and, therefore, it does not matter whether you are a few pounds over, or a pound or two under, the scale set down as the correct weight for your height and age on this page.

Moreover, the fact that some people are bigger-boned—and bones are heavy—has to be taken into consideration and allowed for when you mount the scales.

What is more, when taking height measurements don't run the rule over yourself wearing Louis heels! And don't weigh yourself in a topcoat this week and a silken frock the next.

Accepted Hospital Chart for Women's Weight

In order to allow for the difference in weight in different frames, 10 per cent. latitude is allowable either way.

Height	19 yrs.	20 yrs.	21-22 yrs.	23-24 yrs.	25-29 yrs.	30-34 yrs.	35-39 yrs.	40-44 yrs.	45-49 yrs.
4 10	7 0	7 4	7 8	7 12	8 1	8 4	8 7	8 11	9 0
4 11	7 5	7 9	7 11	8 0	8 3	8 6	8 9	8 13	9 3
5 0	7 11	8 0	8 1	8 3	8 5	8 8	8 11	9 1	9 4
5 1	8 1	8 3	8 4	8 6	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 3	9 6
5 2	8 4	8 6	8 7	8 8	8 9	8 12	9 1	9 6	9 9
5 3	8 8	8 9	8 10	8 11	8 12	9 1	9 4	9 9	9 12
5 4	8 11	8 12	8 13	9 0	9 2	9 5	9 8	9 12	10 1
5 5	9 0	9 1	9 2	9 3	9 5	9 8	9 12	10 2	10 5
5 6	9 3	9 4	9 5	9 7	9 9	9 12	10 2	10 6	10 8
5 7	9 6	9 7	9 9	9 11	9 13	10 2	10 6	10 10	10 13
5 8	9 9	9 11	9 13	10 1	10 3	10 6	10 10	11 0	11 3
5 9	9 12	10 0	10 2	10 5	10 7	10 10	11 0	11 4	11 7
5 10	10 1	10 3	10 5	10 8	10 11	11 0	11 3	11 7	11 10
5 11	10 5	10 7	10 9	10 11	11 0	11 3	11 6	11 10	12 0
6 0	10 10	10 12	11 0	11 2	11 4	11 7	11 9	11 13	12 3

HOST Holbrook says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Holbrooks' Queen Olives. They are always popular.***

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

PATIENT: What does the medical fraternity claim for insulin? Do they regard it as a certain cure for diabetes?

IT is rather a tall order to be asked to reply on behalf of the medical fraternity, but it is generally conceded, I think, that a wonderful discovery was made by Dr. Banton in relation to diabetes.

This discovery is "insulin," a product of one of the endocrine glands, by means of which the general well-being of the diabetic patient may be preserved and his life prolonged.

It is not claimed, however, that insulin cures diabetes.

If you stop to study the matter for a moment you will readily understand why insulin cannot be a cure. The problem in diabetes has always been the problem of the carbohydrates, the starches and sugars—especially the question of the sugars. Science did not know exactly all the ways in which the carbohydrates are disposed of in the body.

It was known for some time, however, that in diabetes, sugar accumulates in the blood and that some of it is passed out in the urine. It was also known that in cases of diabetes the pancreas was inflamed to some degree, diseased to some extent.

It remained for Dr. Banton to discover that certain parts of the pancreas secrete a chemical substance which takes care of the sugar of the body, using it up for purposes of vital energy. Therefore, he reasoned, if this substance were isolated from the pancreatic glands of animals and given to diabetic sufferers the latter would be receiving from outside sources that substance which their own bodies lacked. This precious substance is the insulin we hear so much about.

What insulin does is to help the sick pancreas gland along. It does some of that gland's work. It helps to take the load off a chemically crippled organism.

SPECIAL diet still remains important in the treatment of diabetes. Exactly what diet should be followed is a matter for the physician in charge to decide. Usually, when insulin is taken, the diet need not be so rigorous and restricting as when insulin is omitted.

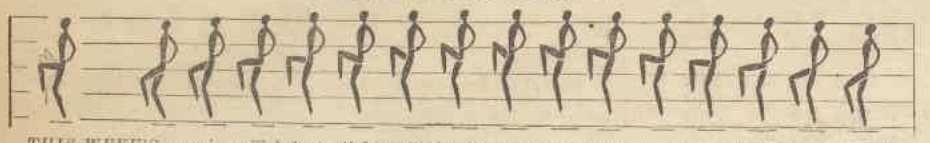
In general, the following articles of diet are to be strictly avoided by the diabetic sufferer: Sugars and sweets of every kind and variety; pastry, cakes, puddings, ice cream and all preserves; bread toast, crackers, biscuits of all kinds, and griddle cakes; macaroni, potatoes, carrots, beans, peas, green corn, parsnips and beets; soups, sauces or gravies thickened with flour or meal or made with milk; cereals such as rice, sago, oatmeal, tapioca, barley, and hominy; fruits of all kinds whether fresh or dried; milk, chocolate, or cocoa; all sweet drinks, including soda water; beer, ale, sweet wines, porter, sherry, port, cider, liqueurs or sparkling wines.

If you are a diabetic be sure you do what your doctor says as regards the particular diet prescribed in your case. If you eat sweets, etc., on the Q.T., you cheat nobody but yourself.

Weekly Diet Hint

AN excellent salad dressing for those with kidney disease is made by beating one egg-yolk and adding two drops of lemon juice. Then one and a half cups of salad oil are added drop by drop and beaten into the mixture; then more lemon juice (about four or five teaspoonsful) for thinning, added a little at a time, and, finally, one teaspoonful of sugar.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THIS WEEK'S exercise will help to tighten flabby fat on thighs and hips. Raise the knees towards the chest as far as possible, with the feet pointing to the ground, as illustrated. Your leg muscles may be a little sore at the beginning, but when this first stiffness wears off, the benefit of this exercise will be felt all over the body.

Try this Remarkable Face Treatment for 6d

WE are going to send out during the month of July 1000 famous MERCOLIZED WAX treatments at practically no cost! Try this remarkable cream in your own home; give it any test you like; and if it doesn't improve your skin, remove freckles and surface imperfections, windchap and chafed skin—it costs you nothing, because the cute nestorite handbag compact that it is packed in is more than worth the money, and makes an ideal bag container for face powder. But if it does these things, then all we ask you to do is to continue to use Mercolized Wax.

NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU LIVE—

Send now and try this trial treatment. It places you under no obligation—and we are sure that you will like it. You are risking nothing and getting a chance to try this world-famous face cream at practically no cost. It's an offer that may never be repeated.

MERCOLIZED WAX is famous throughout the world. If you want a skin of clear transparent texture—if you would remove the dead skin that is now on the surface and have people admire you—send the coupon below now, and prove these things to your own satisfaction. An ideal powder base and invaluable for freckles, sunburn and surface skin imperfections.

Beautiful Nestorite Handbag Compact of Mercolized Wax for 6d.

CUT THIS OUT—POST NOW

Messrs. Dearborn (Aust.) Ltd.,
Dep. W.W., 24 Jamieson Street,
Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,—Please forward one trial nestorite handbag compact size of MERCOLIZED WAX. This places me under no obligation.
Enclose 6d. in stamps for packing and postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Mercolized Wax

The World-Famous Skin Beautifier

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604207

Build-up Health against Winter's chill

WINTER is upon us with its bitter winds and driving rain. This is the time when coughs, colds and influenza are prevalent. To resist these dangers adequate reserves of strength and vitality must be established and maintained.

For building up your natural powers of resistance, proper nourishment is essential. To ensure this, make delicious "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. It is supremely rich in the nutritive elements necessary to maintain perfect health and abundant vitality.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the finest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. Unlike imitations, it does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce costs. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

NOTE THESE NEW LOWER PRICES:
1/9, 2/10, 5/-

At all Chemists and Stores.

'OVALTINE'

The Supreme Beverage for Health

A. WANDER LIMITED, 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.
O14.18.34

STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 28

"WHAT'S another twelve hours?" said I. "Your name stands or falls by last night."

Helena raised her eyebrows.

"You're getting quite reasonable."

"Don't you believe it,' said I.

"But——"

"I know. I take back what I said. As long as we're here alone, we're risking your name."

"Then you do hope he'll come?" said Helena.

"For your sake—yes," I said shortly, and turned again to the path.

There was a little silence, broken at last by some woodpecker's careless mirth.

Max was playing quietly, loading his table with viands for the monkey to eat. Helena's dainty handkerchief made a fine cloth. Sabre was watching him gravely, monkey in mouth.

"You are not yourself," said Helena. "You've not been yourself the whole of this afternoon."

"I know," said I. "I've been standing on the platform ever since lunch."

"You do talk in riddles," she said, and pushed back her hair.

"I'm sorry. I'm all to bits. I've—rather enjoyed this time."

"Sleeping in the kitchen?"

"Yes," said I. "And fetching fuel and water and watching you make the bread. All that we've done together—I've loved it all. You see, I've never had a sister, and being with you like this has—has gone to my head."

"You've behaved very well," said Helena. "If Valentine was like you. . . . But I can't see him rising at dawn to make water warm for my bath."

"I wish to God," I burst out, "I could do it every day! Can't you see it's my pleasure—my ineffable pride and pleasure to wait upon you? You're—better than any sister."

"How do you know?"

"Instinct!" said I, thickly. "That's how I know. And please don't argue the point, because I can't say any more. I've never been so happy as I have been alone here with you, and never in all my life shall I be so happy again. I told you it was my idyll. And I'm not myself because, when Geoffrey comes, my idyll will go. And I don't want to let it go. I know I'm a fool, but I'm human. Adam and Eve—when they were pushed out of Eden, I'll bet it broke them down. Well, this is my Paradise, and I—don't want to get out."

Helena knitted her brows.

"It was all I could do," she answered, "to get you in. Besides, I can't see——"

"You wouldn't," I cried. "How could you? You've made the best of the business, and because you belong to Nature, you've found it a pleasant game. And you've let me be your playmate—the highest, most shining honor that ever a man was done. But it's not been a game to me, Helena. It's been most real and vivid . . Have you ever seen those glasses that seem to be full of wine? It's really colored water, locked up in the glass. And children pretend to drink it. Well, you've had a glass like that; but my glass was different. It's been a very short drink, but the wine was there—the sort of wine you dream of, but never find."

AGAIN I turned to stare at the way to Witchcraft, curling into the greenwood and seeming the very original of all those pretty paths down which Golden Locks and Red Riding Hood and Goody Two Shoes came stepping so naively into the Kingdom of Hearts.

"I'll watch the path," said Helena. "You go on talking, John. We shan't be alone much longer, and when Mr. Bohun comes, you'll stop saying these pretty things."

"I mean them," I said slowly.

"I know," said Helena quietly. "That's why I like them so well."

I turned and looked at her.

"I said 'Go on talking,'" said Helena. "I told you I'd watch the path."

With that, she peered through the bracken, sitting up and lifting her chin.

"I can't go on talking," I said. "I'd like to amuse you, but the—the fountain doesn't play after six."

Helena glanced at her wrist.

"It's only ten minutes to—— Never mind. There's something I wanted to ask you. The other night when you fell and I helped you up. I think you were faint for a moment, because of your pain. As I helped you, you called me 'Nell.'"

I nodded, with my eyes on her fingers, slim and cool and rosy, planted upon the turf.

"Why did you do that?" said Helena.

"You—you drag my secrets out of me," I said desperately.

"All I did was to ask why you called me 'Nell.'"

"Helena, I tell you——"

"I think it's a natural question. But you seem so shy of the answer that I begin to wonder if we are really the friends that I thought we were. I suppose I remind you of someone—someone or other called 'Nell'—that you used to love."

"Good God, no!" I almost shouted.

My vehemence startled the baby and brought Sabre up to his feet.

With a hand about Max's shoulders:

"Then what on earth is the matter? We've been very happy together, but now——"

"Please leave it there," I pleaded. "I don't want to smash our relation. I don't want——"

Helena seemed to stiffen. Then she sat up very straight.

"'Smash our relation'?" she said. She shrugged her shoulders. "You've said too much or too little. Either you must explain, or our relation——" She broke off to peer through the fronds. "At last," she said. "Enter Mr. Bohun and Barley—with a suitcase in every hand. What do they think this is? 'The Majestic Hotel?'" She turned a mocking face. "Mind you say good-bye nicely. The train's going off."

I think something snapped within me.

My beautiful dream was over, and now, through misunderstanding, our lovely, precious relation was going to come to an end. If I did not speak out, it was finished. If I did, it was finished, too. But, at least, if I spoke, she would know that my ways were honest, and though I should win her anger, I should not lose her respect. And what did anything matter, once Geoffrey was here? What was our relation worth, when the dream was gone? All the time the train was going. . . .

Please turn to Page 32

Something to Puzzle You

HERE'S a problem to test your mental powers. A bookworm ate its way through three volumes of an encyclopaedia. It made a tunnel from the first page of the first volume to the last page of the last volume. The covers of the books were each a quarter of an inch thick and the pages together made another inch in each book. Now, guess how far it travelled?

Check your answer at foot of page.

Answer to Puzzle

THE bookworm travelled two inches. The diagram needs careful study to obtain the right answer. Page 1 of Volume 1 is on the right of the book, and the last page of Volume 3 is on the left of the book. Therefore, the tunnel did not affect the PAGES of either of these volumes. It went through four covers, measuring an inch, and through the pages of Volume 2, measuring another inch, two inches in all.

TIRED——?

This Oxygen bath will restore your vitality

WHEN you crawl home after a strenuous day, fagged out and irritable . . . a Radox oxygen-bath is indicated. Once submerged in the silky-soft water, with the oxygen in Radox giving new life to your muscles, you'll forget all the day's discomforts and simply revel in this Radox luxury! Radox releases active oxygen . . . Nature's tonic for weary minds and bodies. How gloriously alive it makes you feel! Tingling all over . . . fit for anything . . . and with a skin as cool and soft as satin. Certainly Radox is a luxury—but never an extravagance.

At all Chemists.

RADOX
8 oz. packet 2/6

DONT WASH Your DOG THIS WINTER.

Owing to constant danger from chill, Dry clean him with "K.F." and kill all fleas at same time

"K.F." Kills Fleas Improves the coat, non-poisonous and non-sickening.

'KILLS FLEAS'

Only 1/3 Tin

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

or send 1/3 in stamps to Houghton & Byrne, 3 Bridge St., Sydney.

CHEMIST SAYS

"Heenzo is the best family cough and influenza remedy."

A WONDERFUL MONEY-SAVER.

A LEADING CHEMIST advises parents to save money by making their own family cough remedy by simply adding concentrated Heenzo to sweetened water. By doing this you will have a supply equal in quantity to eight ordinary-sized cough mixture bottles that would cost up to £1. Heenzo is the ideal family cough remedy because of its absolute purity and freedom from narcotics. Therefore, it is a safe and good remedy for even the youngest baby, as well as adults. A bottle of concentrated Heenzo will cost you 2/- at all leading chemists and stores. Over one million citizens annually prove the goodness and economy of Heenzo as a speedy and reliable remedy for banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, and whooping cough. Thrift is a sign of wisdom. Buy a bottle of Heenzo to-day, and have it in the home for immediate use at the first sign of chest and throat troubles.***

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up! Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive, it never fails!

Write or Call for wonderful book. Treatment by mail a speciality—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment — no pain from start!

C. WINTER
63 WELLINGTON ST., KEW,
E.4, VICTORIA.

Deafness

Wilson's Ear Drums relieve Catarrhal Deafness; stop Head Noises; makes words more distinctly understood; restores hearing by taking the place of perforated or destroyed natural drums. *Price £1/1/- complete. Write for Booklet.*

H. WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
225 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1.

CATARRH.—I cured myself completely. Head noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Spitting, Stuffiness. Will gladly tell sufferers. Write F. Robinson, Suite V31 Park Ave., Auchenflower, Queensland.*

NOT ASKED FOR!

EASY-BAKE MANUFACTURERS.

Dear Sirs,—Thank you for the Yeast Compound. The bread I made was beautiful. I am enclosing 1/9 for ½lb. packet. Please send at once, as I intend using it ALONE for my bread. I have used Fermentine Hop Yeast and Compressed, and find Easy-Bake best. I'll try and advertise it for you. I am giving it in doses to my family after meals. I will be wanting more yeast, 1/9 in stamps. Please post this Saturday morning. I want to set my bread Monday night.—Yours truly,

MRS. N. O'KEEFE.

TWO-WAY HEALTH MEDIUM
Home Baking and Health Restorer
Not compressed, but 100 per cent. PURE DEHYDRATED LIVE YEAST.

EASY-BAKE
VITAMIN "B" PURE YEAST
COMPOUND (Reg.)

SCONES, Cake, Muffins and Delicious Health-Giving HOME-MADE BREAD

½lb. packet 1/9 post free, sufficient for 100lbs. of flour. Use as required. ¼ ½, ¾ of packet; it assures fresh bread being in the home. Sold with a definite guarantee to be as represented. IT KEEPS. Write for testimonial and recipe pamphlet; simple directions how to use with each packet.

MEDICINAL.—Bread, Scones, etc., made from EASY-BAKE contains the essential vitamins necessary for perfect health. It makes bone, muscle, tissue, and prevents rickets in children. For adults, it is a remedy for rheumatism, blood impurities, indigestion, and constipation.

IF you want a healthier digestion, a normal appetite, and regular daily elimination of body waste, use

EASY-BAKE Vitamin "B" PURE YEAST COMPOUND

If in doubt, 1/- trial packet (post free) will convince, otherwise money refunded.

EASY-BAKE, 337 Collins St., Melbourne, Dept. WW.
I enclose 1/-, 1/9, 3/-, 5/-, 10/-. (An order for 5/- saves you 2/-; a 10/- order saves 4/-. Cross out which is not required.)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

PICTURES *Worth Framing*

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604208

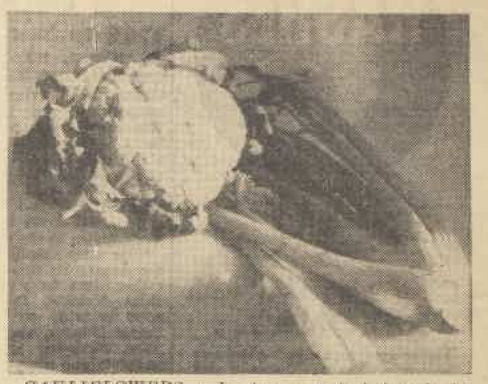
CELERY *and* CAULIFLOWERS

Celery must be Crisp ... Cauliflowers are Cheap!

The housewife should take advantage of the beautiful crisp celery and the cauliflowers so cheaply priced on the market to-day. The former is a very useful vegetable, which can be eaten raw or cooked, and is an alkali-producing food excellent in relieving rheumatism.

CELERY WILL CURL into the most decorative designs if cut and allowed to stand.

By MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading Hospitals



CAULIFLOWERS and celery may look homely in this guise, but just read the recipes below!

THE outer green stalks of celery are used as a vegetable, the coarser tops and leaves can be used for flavoring soups and stews, while the crisp white heart of the celery is excellent in salads and served with cheese for lunch.

Cauliflowers, own cousin to cabbage and Brussels sprouts, are at their best at this time of the year. In selecting cauliflowers, choose those with firm white heads and fresh green leaves. If there are dark spots on the heads they are not fresh.

IN preparing a cauliflower, remove the leaves, cut off stalk, and soak head down in cold water for 30 minutes.

Cook head up in boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Always see that there is sufficient water to well cover the top and skim occasionally to keep the flower white.

GREEN CELERY TEA

Take the hearts from three sticks of celery, wash well, and chop it very small. Put it into a jug with a quart of cold water and a small pinch of salt. Cover and steam slowly for four hours. Strain and mix with one pint of milk. Season with salt and pepper and drink hot.

BRAISED CELERY

Cut the well-washed sticks of celery into short, even lengths. If too thick, split to a uniform thickness. Tie in bundles and put in boiling water. Simmer gently for ten minutes. Then strain, cover with cold water, stand 10 minutes. Drain, cover with white stock, and simmer gently until cooked. Drain (keep the liquid you have cooked the celery in). Cover with a rich brown sauce. Garnish with toast points. Serve hot.

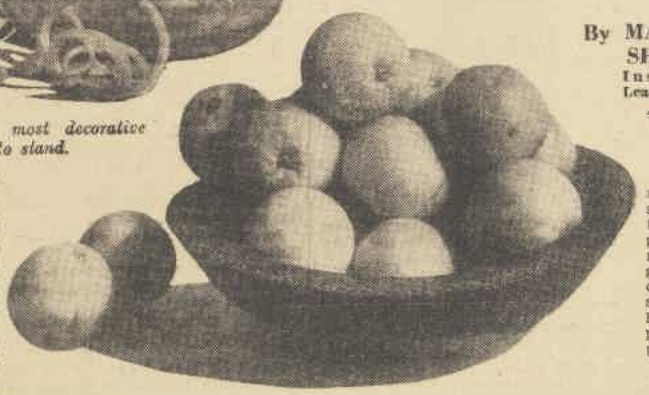
FRIED CELERY

Celery, egg glazing, flour, breadcrumbs.

Cut the celery into pieces about five inches in length. Wash well; tie in small bunches. Put them into boiling salted water, and allow to simmer about 15 minutes, taking care not to allow them to become too soft. Drain and spread on a cloth to dry. Rub them lightly in flour with a little pepper and salt. Then in egg glazing and then toss them in breadcrumbs to which some grated cheese (Parmesan) has been added. Fry in boiling fat until a golden brown in color. Drain and serve on a hot plate, garnished with parsley.

CELERY AND WALNUT SANDWICHES

Choose the white stalks of the celery. Chop very fine; add some finely-chopped walnuts; mix and spread between thin slices of wholemeal bread, well buttered. Press and cut into shapes.



ORANGES, just bottled sunshine, can be used in countless ways. Miss Shepherd is testing some toothsome recipes, using oranges. Don't miss them!

CELERY SALAD

One cupful of finely-chopped celery, 1 cupful of cooked cauliflower flowerets, ½ cup cooked Lima beans, salad dressing.

Mix the above ingredients together lightly. At the last minute pour over the salad dressing. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

CAULIFLOWER AND DEVILLED SAUCE

One cauliflower, 1½ teaspoons mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup vinegar, 1 cup olive oil, yolks of 3 eggs, 1 eschallot, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley.

Prepare the cauliflower and boil or steam until soft. Separate into flowerets and pour over the following sauce: Cook the vinegar and chopped eschallot together for 5 minutes; strain. Mix the mustard, salt, sugar, and paprika together; add the lightly-beaten egg yolks, olive oil, and vinegar. Cook over a vessel of hot water until mixture thickens. Remove from the fire; add the curry powder, melted butter, and chopped parsley.

CAULIFLOWER SOUFFLE WITH BACON

One cauliflower, salt, paprika, thin slices bacon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 3 eggs, salt, pepper.

Put alternate layers of lightly-cooked cauliflower and bacon in the well-buttered baking dish. Cover with a souffle mixture made as follows: Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the flour. Mix well, then add 1½ cups milk. Stir until it boils; simmer 4 minutes. Add the yolks of 3 eggs and the grated cheese, salt, and pepper to taste. Mix well, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of 2 eggs. Pour over cauliflower in dish and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. (Do not open the door until mixture is ready to come out.)

CURLED CELERY

Wash the celery well. Cut into even lengths, then cut into fine strips about three inches down. Put in cold water and the strips will curl.

To Garnish Salads: Cut each end down into fine strips, leaving about one inch in the centre. Put in a flat dish of cold water until it curls.

CAULIFLOWER FRITTERS

One small cauliflower, 1 cup white sauce, 1½ cups batter.

Prepare the cauliflower, and cook in boiling salted water for 16 minutes. Lift out carefully; drain. Spread lightly with white sauce. Dip in batter and fry in boiling fat until a light golden brown. Sprinkle with grated cheese; serve on a hot plate, garnished with parsley and lemon.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

BEST RECIPES

Spend just a few minutes of careful thought to earn a little extra money. Send in your favorite recipe; it may win you £1! Each week four prizes are offered for the best recipes. This week's winners are:

BANBURY TARTS

Quarter pound rough puff pastry.

Filling.—Half teaspoon spice or cinnamon, 3 tablespoons fruit (currants, raisins, sultanas, or dates, or a mixture of all of them), 2 tablespoons sugar (brown for preference), a little grated lemon rind or candied peel, chopped finely, all blended together with two tablespoons light colored jam or stewed apples. It should be quite as firm as sausage meat. If too moist add bread or cake crumbs, or coconut.

Cut pastry into thin rounds. Damp the edges right round; place a big teaspoon of the filling in the centre. Gather up, pressing the edges together. Have a little pile of flour on pasteboard, turn them on to this. Press out round and flat. Score some light cuts across and across. Brush over with milk or egg. Sprinkle with coarse sugar. Bake in hot oven briskly for 8 to 15 minutes, then slowly for another 12 to 15 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Flavel, Wyuna Rd., Kyabram, Vic.

IVY LEAVES

Half pound flour, ¼lb. butter, 6oz. castor sugar, 1oz. ground almonds, 1 egg yolk, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon ground mace, apricot jam.

Rub butter into the flour, then sugar, baking powder, almonds, and mace. Moisten with egg yolk and turn on to a lightly floured board. Roll out to about an eighth of an inch in thickness, cut into leaves with a leaf cutter, and bake till crisp and golden. Cool on a cake rack, then put two together with apricot jam. Spread with sifted icing sugar, moisten with hot milk, flavored orange essence to taste, and colored a pale green.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. D. Miller, Chester Terrace, Southport, Qld.

MAKE YOUR OWN MEAT EXTRACT

At killing-time on a farm there is usually a certain amount of meat wasted, scraps and oddments which with so much better meat on hand cannot be used up before they go bad. They can be turned into meat extract.

Cut finely all odd pieces as well as liver and kidneys. Pack them well into a large basin with a very little cold water and seasoning of pepper and salt. Put the basin (covered with a saucepan-lid or a plate) into a steamer or a slow oven and gently cook for at least four hours. Strain off the liquor, pressing well from the meat. Then boil it fast until it is reduced to about one-third of its original volume. Put the extract into jars. When cold it is about the consistency of meat paste. It makes a delicious spread for sandwiches, and it keeps excellently.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to R. Shepard, 2 Duke St., North Kensington, S.A.

FROM A 2UW READER ORANGE PUDDING

Two cups breadcrumbs, 2 heaped tablespoons butter, 1 pint milk, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 large oranges, 2oz. blanched and chopped almonds.

Heat milk and melt butter in it; add crumbs and leave to soak well. Beat eggs with the sugar, orange juice, and grated rind, and add to crumbs with the chopped nuts, mixing well. Pour into buttered fireproof dish and bake in a moderate oven until set.

Make a sauce with the juice of one orange, thin threads of rind, four teaspoons lemon juice, two teaspoons cornflour, 2oz. sugar, 1pt. water.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Smedley, 4 Paton St., Sth. Kensington, N.S.W.

Rosella TWELVE Soups

"Steaming Soup for Cold Weather"

This ideal range of healthful and invigorating Soups will vary and brighten your menu . . . giving warmth and satisfaction to all.

Try OX-TAIL, PEA, CELERY, VEGETABLE

Lea & Perrins
The Greatest Sauce in the World—

An INTERNATIONAL APPETITE BUILDER

A DIGESTIVE relish appreciated everywhere.

Lea & Perrins is now made in Australia, with the most modern plant, and under the most careful and hygienic conditions—a sauce of "great delight."

See that you get . . .

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
FOR EVERY DISH THAT IS NOT SWEET

FREE COOKERY BOOK

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
Post to:—
LEA & PERRINS LTD. 96 White St. Leichhardt N.S.W.

WW2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604209

Clear your skin with
REXONA . . .

Rashes are always irritating and very unsightly. Rexona Ointment has marvellous soothing and healing properties which instantly relieve the irritation and very soon restore the skin to clear healthiness.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .
Puttaned wounds, piles, ringworm, cracked lips, sunburn, "Surfer's Foot" boils pimples, and all skin complaints

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

'Modern Contract Bridge'
By FRANK CAYLEY
- BIDDING
- PLAY
- PRACTICE HANDS AND ANSWERS

"MODERN CONTRACT BRIDGE" is obtainable from Box 1645 J.J., G.P.O., Sydney—and from all Booksellers. Price, 5/6.

Winners *in the* NORMA SHEARER *Frock* CONTEST

FOR its brief span of three weeks, no competition has created more intelligent interest than the Norma Shearer Frock competition, run in The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's current release of "Riptide," starring Norma Shearer, at the St. James Theatre.

The first prize of £5/5/ goes to Miss L. Riley, 40 Edwin St., Drummoyne, who wrote this letter about the frock shown at the right.

"The utter simplicity of this frock, its dependence on line and cut for effect, rather than fussy accessories, and its clean neckline, fashionably high, all serve to bring out the personality of Norma Shearer, whose charm lies in her poise, clean-cut intelligence, and her complete and utter femininity."

The two other cash prizes of £3/3/ and £1/1/ go to the country. Miss P. Gordon, of 148 Jessie St., Armidale, N.S.W., wins the prize of £3/3/, and Miss Noeleen Wilson, of 162 Sloane St., Goulburn, wins the prize of £1/1/.

MISS L. RILEY, of Drummoyne, won the first prize of £5/5/- with her letter about this frock.

MANY prize-winners selected this exquisite gown.

THE other 25 winners of consolation prizes who will be given two free seats for a performance of "Riptide" are as follow:

Miss Marjorie Wharf, 1 Flat, Avoca, 2 Fletcher St., Bondi; Miss D. Millingen, Scotcraig, Cambridge Ave., Vaucluse; Miss Betty Kaye, 81 Addison Rd., Manly; Miss M. Watson, 74 Howard St., Randwick; Mrs. Waller, No. 1 Robert St., Greenwich Point; Miss Jocelyn Poynter, Tikinui, Heydon Ave., Tarrawurra; Mr. W. Buchback, 27 Oatley Rd., Paddington; Miss J. Yelland, 14 Angus Ave., Lane Cove; Mrs Evelyn Brown, Ultimo House, Tryer St., Tempe; Miss M. Kelley, 13 Adelaide St., Woollahra; Miss Alisa Dunn, 61 Viola St., Punchbowl; Mrs. D. Read, Melrose, Murray St., Smithfield, via Fairfield; Miss S. Smith, 53 New South Head Rd., Vaucluse; Miss F. Bevege, 28 Carrington St., Summer Hill; Mrs. W. Johnson, 3 Boronia Ave., Crows Nest; Mrs. L. Hutchinson, Beverley, 3 Blair St., North Bondi; Miss Sylvia Dean, 16 Milner Cres., Wollstonecraft; Miss Annie McPhee, 72 Park Rd., St. Peters; Miss Kathleen Van Gelder, 7 Alcasar Flats, Towns Rd., Rose Bay; Mrs. E. Newman 53 Lavender St., Lavender Bay; Miss Jan Vetter, 65 Archer St., Chatswood; Miss Myra Morgan, 33 Waters Rd., Cremorne; Miss P. Phillips, 47 The Crescent, Homebush; Miss Florence Bedford, c/o bottom flat, Formosa, Sutherland Cres., Darling Point; Miss M. McCann, 28 Harden Ave., Northbridge.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Proudly* presents

Sydney: ST. JAMES Now Showing! *Melbourne:* METRO Commencing late July. *Brisbane:* CREMORNE Commencing Aug. 17.

STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 30

"'PUT out the light,'" I said quietly, "'and then put out the light.' First the dream, and then the relation. As Geoffrey's here, you may as well know the truth. My secret—'Nell' . . . I think of you as 'Nell' right deep down in my inmost heart. It's the pretty name I'd call you if we were engaged. You see—I'm mad about you. I love you; I've always loved you, from the moment I met your eyes. I love you walking and riding and sitting here on the grass. I love your head and your shoulders and that tiny vein in your ankle that looks like a thread of blue silk. I love everything about you and all you do. I love your voice and your laughter and the glorious light in your eyes. And I love your shining nature, as I love the smell of your hair and the breath of your lips. And to be with you here like this—well, now perhaps you can see what it's meant to me and why I clung to my secret and why I was handicapped in trying to play your game." I got to my feet. "Goodbye, Nell," I said gently.

I turned to the path and the smiling cottage below.

For a moment I stood, blinking. Then:

"Have they gone in?" I asked.

"I—I made a mistake," said Helena. "It wasn't them."

I was sitting on the settle in the kitchen, with my head in my hands.

How I got there I do not know, for my case was like that of a man who plunges into some water to drown his cares, only to find that the bed of the river is dry; I doubt if such a man could tell how he got to the bank.

And I do not know how long I sat there, but all of a sudden I knew that I was not alone.

I could smell the faint perfume that Helena used.

As I started up I found she was sitting beside me, looking very grave and gentle, with her precious hands in her lap.

"I tricked you," she said. "I'm sorry. But it was the only way. You are very reticent, John. And very, very humble—and rather blind. Old Florin knew in an instant, and Pharaoh, too."

"KNEW that I loved you?" I cried.

Helena rose to her feet.

"This comes," she said, "of putting me up on a dais. I never was up on a dais where you were concerned. If you stand up, you'll find that I have to look up—to see myself in your eyes."

I stood up, trembling.

"Nell," I said hoarsely. "Nell."

As her fingers flew to her lips I heard the sound of footsteps approaching the door, which was shut.

Nearer and nearer they came. . . .

Someone was standing at the threshold.

Then milk was poured into our pitcher, waiting without on the flags.

As the footsteps receded—

"We must go back to Max," said Helena.

"Not yet," said I. I set my hands on her shoulders and looked her full in the eyes. "That day we lunched at Yorick . . . Florin looked at you, and you nodded and looked away. Was he . . . asking you . . . if you loved me?"

She met my gaze squarely.

"He was asking me if I was to be your wife."

"And you . . ."

My brain was reeling.

"I told him what I hoped was the truth."

I was past all speaking.

As I drew her into my arms, her hands went up to my hair.

That the forester's wife might be late had never entered our heads. We were up betimes the next morning and were ready and waiting for Freda at a quarter to eight. We might have spared our energy, for eight o'clock went by, yet she did not come.

And nine o'clock went by . . . and ten . . .

Bad news is trying enough; but when the absence of news is so prolonged that only a fool would continue to hope against hope, it is, I think, a stout heart that will feel no alarm.

There was no longer any doubt in our minds. Somehow or other Pharaoh had put a spoke in our wheel.

We knew neither what had happened nor what to do; we only knew that we had to take some action and take it at once.

At eleven o'clock that Thursday I led the way into the kitchen, took my seat at the table, and opened the map.

"I must leave you, Nell," I said quietly. "There's no other way."

Helena nodded, and a hand went up to her head.

"What will you do, John?"

"I must get a lift at Witchcraft and hire a car where I can." I considered the map. "I should think I'd get one at Sabbot. From there I must drive to Salzburg for all I'm worth." I drew some paper towards me and started to make some notes. "If I leave Sabbot at one, I ought to be at Salzburg by——"

An exclamation from Helena snapped the sentence in two.

I looked up sharply.

There was horror in her beautiful eyes—and these were fast on the paper on which I was making my notes.

"What is it, Nell?" I cried, rising.

She clapped her hands to her face.

"Oh, John," she wailed, "that paper . . ."

For an instant I stared at the sheet—one of a cheap grey packet which, when we had asked her for notepaper, the forester's wife had produced. Then I stepped to my darling and put my arms about her, for the blood was out of her face and I thought she had seen some terror of second sight.

She strove to keep her voice steady.

"Listen, John. I think that paper has told me why Geoffrey isn't here. You wrote to him in pencil; the pencil was blunt, and you pressed." She pointed a trembling finger. "There on that sheet's the impression of what you wrote."

This was true. The sheet which I had been using bore the impression of the letter I had written three days before.

"That's very true, my darling. But what of that? No one's been here to——"

"D'you remember our last patrol—how, when we parted, I offered to wire to your cousin? And you said yes, and I did. But I wrote out the wire on a pad of writing-paper—and the pencil was blunt."

"You mean——"

"The pad was on the library table. If Pharaoh saw it and read it, it gave him your cousin's address. Supposing he wired the next morning, while we were talking to Freda, here in this room . . . Supposing he wired, as I did, using your name . . . Supposing he said Return. . . ."

Return. The word seemed to sear my brain. Return—to Plumage, of course.

The sweat came out on my forehead.

I could see them alighting on the apron—to be greeted by Bugle and Rush. . . .

"I must go at once," I said, and picked up the map.

"To Plumage, John?"

I nodded.

"I must get a car somehow and drive there as fast as I can. I can hide the car near the high road and go through the woods to the farm. There's not an instant to lose—we're three days late. God knows where Freda is—I can only hope and pray that she's missed her train."

Together we studied the map.

From Sabbot to Plumage was roughly fifty-five miles.

I glanced at my watch.

"With average luck," said I, "I ought to be there not later than half-past three."

"And then," said Helena quietly.

"My sweet, I don't know. I've got to find out something and to act on what I find out. And now for you. You mustn't stay in the cottage; you must spend the day in the forest and keep out of sight. And I'll come back, my darling, as soon as ever I can."

Helena cupped her face in her hands.

"Oh, John, must you go?"

"Yes, my sweet," I said quietly. "In view of what may have happened, I can't wait here. We banked on Freda's coming—you know we did. And she's more than three hours overdue. It scares me stiff to leave you alone like this. It frightens me so much that if I knew that Freda'd be here this evening I'd wait till then. But supposing the sun goes down, but she doesn't come. . . ."

Helena closed her eyes.

"You're right," she said. "You must go. But, oh, for God's sake be careful!"

To be continued

HOST Holbrook says: Many dainty savories can be made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste. In 1½ oz 2oz Jars.***

Fuller Fur Coats

THE last two winters have given us very long fur coats, or very short ones just stopping at the waistline and close fitting.

The latest silhouette is different—nothing less than hip length, nothing longer than the knee or two-thirds length, and in each case very loose and rather in the swagger coat manner.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604210

A *Sleeping* DRAUGHT

Continued from Page 22

"VERY slowly — and very thoughtfully—I went back to the privacy of my own room and sat down to readjust my ideas. No barbarous Dassini had strangled poor Westerham, I saw. No deluded devil-worshipper had sought to find grace by throttling the life out of an Unbeliever. No; it was white against white, lover against husband, the eternal matrimonial triangle. And Julie?—what the devil could she have been thinking of? What madness had been in her mind? I recollected the way she had kept glancing towards that little travelling clock the previous evening, remembered how she had pleaded tiredness in order to escape to her room. It was pretty obvious that she had known of his coming. She had actually been expecting him before she had known that her husband was going back to his office. She'd got a nerve, even if she had nothing else, I thought grimly. I found myself wondering if they had planned the crime, or if it had been the upshot of an accident. I wondered if Westerham had returned unexpectedly to his room, and perhaps heard them talking. Anyway, my duty was perfectly clear, and I had just decided upon arresting Mr. Hollingworth when, to my utter amazement, the gentleman himself came strolling along the verandah. Not that I knew him, you understand. I didn't. I didn't know him from Adam until my boy announced him as 'Hollingworth sahib, huzoor!' But then I sat up and took notice.

"What did he look like? Well, I'm afraid I'm no hand at describing people, but if you can picture to yourself a well-set-up, intelligent-looking youngster of some six or eight-and-twenty, with very fair hair and almost startlingly blue eyes, lean of jaw, and with 'sahib' stamped on every blessed inch of him, then you've got some idea of the man who came strolling into my room. I don't mind confessing that he gave me a nasty jar—taking him all round.

"'I've heard of you, sir,' was the way he introduced himself, 'but this is the first time I've ever had the pleasure of meeting you. I've just learned of this awful business of Westerham's, and it occurred to me that it might be wiser if I walked over and saw you.'

"I nodded. He'd spoken quite calmly, and with just the right degree of kindly concern in his voice, but for all that I thought he was not as comfortable as he would have wished me to believe.

"'How did you come to learn of it?' I asked curiously.

"'Julie told me,' he said.

"The devil she did, was my instant thought. So that's where she's been, eh? And aloud: 'May I ask why you thought it would be wiser to come to see me?'

"'Well——' he half-muttered, 'you see ——' But quickly getting a grip of himself he went on firmly: 'I don't know if you've discovered it for yourself or not yet, but if you haven't then I want you to know that I was here last night."

"I started. That was taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance. What was his idea?

"'Since you are so outspoken, Mr. Hollingworth,' I replied, 'I don't mind telling you that I have discovered you were here. The only point I would like explained is, why you were here!'

"'Ah!' He took a turn up and down the room. 'Ah!' he said again. 'That's the difficulty, isn't it?"

"'I already know that you were in Mrs. Westerham's room last night,' I said, 'if that makes it any easier for you.'

"'You do, do you?' He looked as though he could have slain me. 'Still, with your permission, I'd prefer to see Mrs. Westerham about it first of all.'

"I crooked my finger towards the boy who was waiting outside the door.

"'Call the memsahib!' I ordered. 'Give her my salaams, and ask her to have the goodness to step this way.' And as Hollingworth made as though to raise an objection: 'Hold your tongue!' I snapped. 'Remember you are under the gravest suspicion of having murdered James Westerham!'

"'I expected that,' he said at once. 'That's why I came here.'

"'What—to protest your innocence?' I couldn't help gibing.

"'No, to convince you of it!' he retorted. 'And from the look of things it's going to be very difficult.'

"'Very!' I said dryly.

"Followed a long silence, while we waited for Julie. And when at last she came: 'Mrs. Westerham,' I began, 'I've sent for you because Mr. Hollingworth is experiencing the greatest difficulty in explaining just why he was in your room last night. I thought you might perhaps care to enlighten me.'

"'He came because I sent for him,' she replied at once.

"'And why did you send for him?'

"'Because I wanted to see him.'

"'And why did you want to see him?'

"She hesitated for a second or so. Then, drawing herself up, 'Because I love him!' she exclaimed. 'And because he loves me!'

"'Oh!' said I. 'He does, does he? Well, and what then?'

"'He left me at half-past ten o'clock last night,' she went on. 'At which time my husband was still in his office.'

"'How do you know that?' I shot out.

"'Because it was nearly two o'clock when he came back to his room. I heard him undressing, and I happened to notice the time.'

"'Can you prove that?' I challenged.

"'I can corroborate what she says,' butted in Hollingworth, 'because I saw the light still burning in his office as I was being paddled home in my bellum.'

"'I'm afraid that isn't of much use ——' I was beginning. But as another thought struck me: 'Do you run a bellum of your own?' I asked.

"'I do—but the one I used last night was a hired one,' he replied.

"'Who from?'

"'From Said Beg. He lives up at the end of the creek.'

"'Did he see the light still burning?'

"'I don't know,' he confessed. 'But you could get him up and question him, couldn't you?'

"I could. And calling to my boy I ordered him to fetch this Said Beg. 'And tell him to look sharp!' I added.

"'IF Ronnie did what you seem so sure he did do,' asked Julie presently, 'how do you think he got from my room to Jimmy's?'

"'That,' I shrugged, 'is a matter for further investigation.'

"'Because if you're thinking of that communication door,' she went on as though I hadn't spoken, 'it would clear the air a bit if you went and took another look at it.'

"'Why?' I queried.

"'Because it can't be opened,' she shot out triumphantly. And as I stared: 'Come and see for yourself.'

"Well, as I had to wait for Said Beg, I thought I might as well spend the time looking at that door. Julie led the way, with Hollingworth and myself bringing up the rear, and no sooner had she pointed out to me the half-dozen rusty screws which held the door permanently fastened to its lintel than I realised that I was just about back where I had started from. That door had never been opened for years, so much I could see for myself, and if that door hadn't been opened, then how the devil had Hollingworth got in to strangle his victim?

"'If I swore to you, on my most sacred word of honor, that I know absolutely nothing at all about this murder, would you believe me?' asked Hollingworth then.

"I hesitated. The fact that that door had obviously not been opened was, I had to admit, a bit of a facer. But on the other hand were the motive, the fact that he had certainly been in Julie's room, and the fact that they were in love with each other. The balance was heavily weighted against him, you see.

"'I realise that all the circumstances are against me,' he went on, as I remained silent, 'but there are one or two things which ought to weigh in my favor. For instance, is it likely that I'd have waited until you were here in order to strangle Westerham? Wouldn't it be more reasonable to suppose that I'd have done it when the three of us were alone in the station, and when we could have buried him out of hand and reported him to headquarters as being murdered by the Dassinis? Wouldn't that have been the obvious thing to have done? Furthermore, you've got to take into account that last night was not the only time I've been here. I've been here hundreds of times. It's nothing new. I'd done it before! It was merely unfortunate that Westerham should have been strangled on a night when I happened to have called——'

"'Called?' I interrupted. 'You speak as though coming in through the window was the most natural thing in the world. If you'd come in through the door, in the normal way, I doubt if anyone would ever have connected you with the affair.'

"'I had to get in by the best way I could!' he retorted. 'I'm not discussing the morality of the thing; I'm merely telling you the bare facts of the case.'

"'Then why didn't you come in by the door?'

"'I'd rather discuss that in private, though I should have thought the reason would have been clear enough for anybody!' he replied.

"I shrugged. The affair was getting almost Gilbertian. Either Hollingworth had committed this crime or he hadn't. And if he hadn't—then who the devil had? 'Come with me?' I asked him on the spur of the moment. And telling Julie to stay where she was, I took him into Westerham's room.

"And he never turned a hair. 'Ghastly!' was all he said, as he leaned over the bed and looked into the eyes of the horror which was lying there. And then, rather suddenly: 'Bit strange that a powerful man like him should have been done in one-handed, isn't it?'

"'One-handed?' I stared. 'What do you mean?'

"'Well, here are the four finger-marks on this left side of his throat and a thumb-mark on his gullet,' he pointed out. 'I don't see any further marks, do you?'

"And, by gad, there weren't! The right side of his throat was absolutely unmarked, proving beyond all doubt that the assassin had used one hand only.

"'And it must have been his left!' decided Hollingworth, after trying in vain to screw his wrist round sufficiently to allow the fingers of his right hand to cover the four marks on the dead man's throat. 'He couldn't have used his right—not unless he sat astride the body!'

"'And he couldn't have used his left,' I almost shouted, 'because then the marks would have been on the other side of his throat, wouldn't they?'

"'Then he must have stood over the other side of the bed, that's all!'

"'But he couldn't have done that,' I argued, 'because the bed is pushed up hard against the wall!'

"'But couldn't he have moved it?

"'No,' I said, after a second's examination of the legs. 'They're all surrounded by a little fringe of dust. They haven't been moved for ages!'

"Hollingworth straightened his back. 'Then he couldn't have been strangled here at all!' he decided. 'Unless he was strangled on the floor and put into bed afterwards.'

"'Ah!' At last I thought I saw daylight. That would explain the queer business of the mosquito net not having been torn. It would explain the comparative tidiness of the bedclothes. It would explain everything——

"'Excepting the way he's got his arm round this pillow!' interjected Hollingworth. 'It wouldn't explain that!'

"No, I saw. That was true enough. That wouldn't do. And back we went to where we'd started.

"It was Hollingworth who broke the long silence, and he broke it in a very queer voice.

Please turn to Page 34

AN artistic combination is achieved with this gown of dull blue and silver worn by Adrienne Ames, Paramount player. The small, removable jacket is adorned with silver fox fur.

HOST Holbrook says: Since 1798 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant! ★★★

FREE TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

GREENTREE SALVE

MADE FROM EMERSON'S WORLD FAMOUS FORMULA FROM THE PUREST AND BEST OF INGREDIENTS

It is unequalled in the treatment of Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, and all affections of the Throat, Chest, and Joints.

It instantly clears clogged Nasal Passages and will relieve overnight any pain caused by congestion or restriction of the Nasal Cavities.

IT GETS TO THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE AND RELIEVES THE PAIN OR PRESSURE INSTANTLY

INVALUABLE FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS.

1000 NEW NASAL-AIDS TO BE GIVEN FREE UNDER THIS OFFER.

A New Nasal-Aid will be given FREE to all sufferers who take advantage of this offer promptly.

Send for your GREENTREE SALVE TO-DAY and get the FREE NASAL-AID WITH IT.

FREE COUPON

George Emerson Pty., 150 Pitt St., Sydney. I enclose P.N. for 2/6 for 1 tin of Emerson's GREENTREE SALVE. Send also FREE NASAL-AID.

NAME ....

ADDRESS .... W.W.

WAR AGAINST COLD CORNERS

The ultimatum has been issued . . . massed forces are operating over a wide area . . . a devastating attack is to be launched on the enemy's many strongholds . . . the most modern "fighting" equipment is to be used. But—not a gun will be fired, not a sound will be heard. This is a war to protect human lives, not to destroy them. It is a war against cold corners and cheerless homes — a crusade against winter-time colds, chills, sore throats, etc. and big heating bills.

"Down with cold corners" is the order for the day, and before many weeks have passed, cold corners will be banished from at least 1,000 homes in the metropolitan area, and thousands of people will enjoy the comfort and luxury of a modern gas fire. These cheerful-looking fires are so cosy that they make other room-heaters seem only lukewarm, and they are so clean, convenient and healthful that leading doctors use and recommend them.

Come and See these Wonderful Fires

Once you have seen these cosy fires in operation and felt their sunlike warmth you will never want to use any other kind of room warmer.

If you are unable to call please write or 'phone for descriptive literature. We will gladly furnish free advice and help on any use of gas.

Concession Fixing Charges

20/- if house pipes are suitable.

FREE if gas is laid on to fireplace and house pipes are suitable.

Deposits from 10/- Instalments from 5/- a month.

At your service always

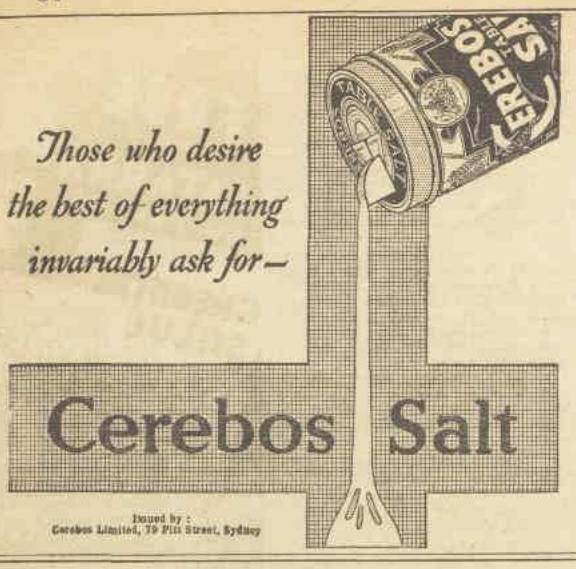
THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:

Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

DOCTORS RECOMMEND GAS FIRES

Those who desire the best of everything invariably ask for—



Issued by:
Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney

FOR all your cleaning — this safe, scratchless cleanser . . . in either Powder or Cake form

For baths . . . for sinks . . . for pots and pans . . . for *all* your household cleaning Bon Ami is the perfect cleanser!

Bon Ami doesn't scratch, dull and gradually wear away the surfaces, as coarse gritty cleansers do. Instead, it leaves what it is used on smooth . . . unmarred . . . and nicely polished.

To suit your taste, Bon Ami comes in a handy, long-lasting *Cake* or in a convenient sifter-top can of snow-white *Powder*. Both are the same pure, quick-working, scratchless, odourless, material.

BON AMI

. . . cleans quickly and easily doesn't redden your hands

HEALTH

KEEPS YOU LAUGHING

Everything depends on a clean system. Once poisons linger in the system, trouble begins. Sickness, Headaches, Irritability, etc. have their origin in Constipation. But just as these ills arise from one cause so ONE SIMPLE REMEDY—Beecham's Pills—puts an end to them. This purely vegetable remedy banishes 90% of poor health, because it removes the ONE underlying cause, Constipation. By cleansing, purifying and regulating the system they quickly make you fit. Take Beecham's TO-DAY.

Beecham's PILLS

A DOSE AT NIGHT KEEPS YOU RIGHT

PAYING GUEST

Continued from Page 7

MRS. LINDEN said to her next day, "I'd like to get those things off to Graham. I wonder if I rang up the hotel if they'd know where he's gone?"

But they didn't. They could only tell her he had left three months ago. "Perhaps he's gone abroad for the firm—or to the provinces," suggested Teddy.

But he hadn't, for Coralie saw him next day. She wasn't going to let him ignore her, this time. She went up to him.

"Hullo, you!"—their old greeting.

"Hullo, yourself!"

He must be hurrying off somewhere. He wore no hat, and had on his old overcoat—not the beautifully cut tweed one in which he had last called at Beech House.

She said: "We haven't seen much of you lately."

"No. I know. I've been meaning to come along——" he said.

"But Viva keeps you too busy. Is that it?" she said.

"Not exactly." He lit a cigarette.

"Still quite comfortable and doing well at the Wavertree?" she said.

"Mmm," he said, through a puff of smoke. "Food's good."

"—but you haven't tasted it for a long while!" she cut in sharply. "You're not there, now."

"How did you know?" he said. He looked awkward and embarrassed.

"Mother found some of your things—a cardigan, that blue one—and a cigarette case. She posted them to you—and they came back. The parcel was marked 'Not Known.' We thought you'd gone away——"

"As if I should go without saying good-bye to you," he said.

"Have you got married, then?" she said.

"No. I'm not married," he said, and laughed.

"Oh, I know I'm curious—but why've you left your comfort and luxury at the Wavertree, then?" Coralie said. She gave him a quick look which he did not see in the darkness.

"Couldn't afford it," he said shortly.

They were at the gate now. "Why," said Coralie. "Graham—what's wrong?"

He stopped. "Everything," he said. "I've been such a fool . . . I dunno."

They walked past Beech House to the end of the road. "I've lost my job," he said . . . "that's really why I left you. I never meant to go to the Wavertree. I meant to economise. But Viva said it was a silly idea when I'd got that five hundred. She said I ought to be seen about and get known. The car wiped out three hundred with insurances and things, and that crash nearly cleaned me up!"

They reached the end of the street, and turned and walked back again.

"I suppose you're staying with the Freemans now?" said Coralie.

"No. We're all washed up—Viva and I," Graham said.

CORALIE hated to see him like this, listless and depressed. Viva! The little beast. Giving him up when he was broke and hadn't a job. Betraying her look of being almost too good to live.

She said, as they reached Beech House again. "We've missed you awfully, you know. I'd like to walk to the bus-stop with you again in the mornings, Graham. Teddy and Jonny've missed you, too. Come in and have supper?" (She thought, steak and kidney pudding and apple charlotte won't seem wildly exciting to him, but it's filling sort of food if he's hungry. But she didn't like to think he might be.)

He put his hand over hers, where it rested on the wooden gate. "Corry," he said, "what's come over you, woman? You never had such a soft tongue in the old days—or, I swear I'd never have gone away!"

It was like the old Graham, that. Coralie said: "Well, celebrate. Come to supper! Come and stay—your old room's been done up, but there's nobody in it, yet!"

He came up the garden path with her. "Thanks to the first invitation. I accept with gratitude," he said. "And—if your mother hasn't got another P.G. by next week, perhaps she'll take me back. I'm going after a job tomorrow, and I've got a hunch I'll get it!"

Coralie let them both into the little square hall.

"I've brought a visitor back to supper!" she called.

Graham hung his hat up on the peg beside the morning-room door. Then he threw back his head and sniffed happily.

"Smells like steak and kidney pudding," he said.

(Copyright)

A *Sleeping* DRAUGHT

Continued from Page 33

"HAVE you seen this?" he almost whispered, pressing back the flesh from the nails of Westerham's right hand. "That's blood, isn't it?"

"And after a moment's inspection, 'It is blood, by God!' I gasped. 'It is blood! Where's it come from?'

"Mutely Hollingworth pointed to the four fingermarks on Westerham's throat. 'Look at those!' he said after a while.

"I looked. And fetching out a small glass from my pocket, I looked again. At the top of each mark was a distinct slit in the flesh, slits that could only have been made by long and pointed finger-nails. Finger-nails, in fact, such as Westerham's own.

"'Are you suggesting that he made those marks himself?' I managed to get out.

"Hollingworth was breathing rapidly. Excitement was written largely all over his face.

"'I didn't, at any rate!' he jerked out. 'I'm an engineer, and you can see my nails for yourself!' He held out his hands for my inspection, and it was self-evident that his were not the nails responsible for those slits.

"'Then whose are?' I muttered.

"Hollingworth was propping himself up against the bed-post. He seemed beyond speech. From his white face I looked towards the face of the murdered man. Thought how I had found him with his right hand lying across his throat. Thought of the locked doors, the lack of noise, the tidiness of the room and the bed. From his long, pointed nails I turned again to those marks on his throat. Remembered that nobody could have strangled him and left those marks in that position unless they had actually sat astride his body. Reflected that that would inevitably have resulted in the mosquito net being torn to fragments.

"'My boy,' I got out at last, 'this man strangled—himself!'"

COLEMAN'S voice tailed away into silence, and for a long while there was no sound in our little cabin, save the creaking and groaning of the ship's timbers.

"But of course he hadn't?" I asked at last, my voice hoarse from the number of cigarettes I had consumed during the recital. "He hadn't strangled himself?"

"But that's just what he had! That's just what he had done!" cried my friend. "And this is how we figured it out. You see, when I came to go over his records I found that on the night of the tragedy he had been engaged in writing out the evidence of several native witnesses in a certain strangling case that he had been investigating. He worked late, and, with the matter still on his mind, eventually returned to the house, and so to bed. At some unknown hour after that, and while he was dead asleep his hand—coming from around the width of that pillow I have mentioned—must have somehow fallen upon his throat. Now the whole of his attention had very recently been centred on this native strangling business, and either by a rapid association of ideas, or possibly something engendered in his subconscious thoughts by the feel of a throat beneath his fingers, he automatically tightened his grip to a genuine stranglehold. You see, he was a very powerful man, and medical opinion at the coast favored the theory that he had dislocated his windpipe at the very first onslaught—which not only prevented him from being able to cry out, but actually and definitely choked him out of hand. You see what I mean? But the thing we none of us could get over was this new blood test they have, because when they came to analyse the congealed blood which I got from beneath his nails and to compare it with a specimen of his own blood—the two were absolutely identical. And that, of course, settled the matter once and for all!" He was silent for a minute or two while I thought that over. Then: "Pretty startling business, what?"

"Well, it sure isn't a sleeping draught!" I admitted.

"Sleeping draught—huh! I've never had a decent night's sleep ever since!" He drew the blanket tighter round his shivering limbs, and looked at me rather pathetically. "I can't touch the pillow without sending myself into a cold sweat!" he growled. "And every time I wake up and find it has slipped down the bed—like it had to-night——" He paused expressively. "Do you mind if I have another tot of that brandy?"

(Copyright)

HOSY Holbrook says: I mature my Worcestershire Sauce until age imparts a full, rich, mellow flavor.***

Headaches!

Nyal Esterin Relieves Promptly

At the first sign of a headache take one or two NYAL ESTERIN tablets. Relief is rapid and certain. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative which acts directly on the nerve centres, quickly soothing all pain. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the relief of nerve pains of all kinds. Nyal Esterin gives prompt relief in cases of headache, neuralgia, rheumatic pains, etc., and it is not habit-forming. Women particularly should never be without this means of obtaining speedy relief from pain.

NYAL ESTERIN is sold and recommended by your chemist in tins of 24 tablets for 1/3.

NYAL **ESTERIN**

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431E, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

WW 7/7/34.

If you have bad luck at games, love, business—you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil or misfortune, and the other to attract much good luck, love, happiness and prosperity. Posted by return mail, Price 4/6 pair. Your money refunded within 7 days of purchase if not fully satisfied. V. B. Bassett, 129 Macleay St., Potts Point, Sydney, N.S.W.

Work While "VAREX" Heals — Your Bad Leg

Sufferers from varicose ulcers and bad legs can be permanently cured by the Varex Treatment, where other measures have failed.

There is no "laying up," and the patient can keep on working throughout the treatment. Only one dressing a week required, and there is no pain.

Call at the Treatment Rooms, and see the nurse in charge or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.

ERNEST HEALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 428N George St., Sydney.***

COLDS VANISH OVERNIGHT!!

Use Tiger Salve freely, rub it on chest, back and throat at bedtime. The penetrative powers of Tiger Salve will banish colds overnight. It never fails.

All Chemists and Stores 2/- per tin

TIGER SALVE 2/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604212

The END *of the* GAME

HE heard them stop, he caught a crisp rat-tat upon the front door, moved out into the hall and stood there interestedly, his head a little forward on his neck. Miles had come in, and now he stood hard-breathing in the hall in shorts and sweater.

Robin found speech.

"You've changed!"

"I always change to run round Regent's Park," said Miles.

If possible the head of Robin moved out another inch or two; it turned to follow Miles as he pushed past and went upstairs. Robin put down his glass, then followed after as though Miles were a ghost he meant to lay. He was in time to sidle round the bathroom door before it shut. They eyed each other and Miles began to strip, pausing to look once through the held sleeve of his sweater.

"Are you fond of music, Robin?" he inquired.

Robin looked strangely at the gushing taps and raised a pointing finger.

"Music of running water?"

"Music of birds. If you sit tight, you're going to hear me sing my swan song."

After a little interval in which his whole expression gradually changed, Robin went silently out, whilst Miles, left to soak, lay for ten minutes in the bath with folded feet.

And so Miles solemnly got fit, displayed his form, and presently was back in a first-class side; accordingly there came a day when wintry skies looked down on battle, for on that day his chance came, and he was matched with Scott at last, and for one game only. London were playing the Mohicans.

Robin, in a hard hat, looked on from a hard seat with hard lines between his nose and chin. His folded hands were resting on his stick. Soft rain was falling. Turf had got slippery, but in that rain two leading clubs fought fair and square and so did two half-backs above the ordinary.

Scott had reached a level which a few years back would have appeared incredible. He was unorthodox but deadly. His aim was to bait Miles with the ball. He held it out before him, moving it in enticing circles everywhere he ran, trying to make Miles commit himself, and when he was committed, Scott simply gave way at the hips and slipped him.

Miles kept crouching forward, hands held ready; and he dived this way and that as he used to dive at school; always he was evaded by a touch; when it was a case of speed v. speed Gerald got that extra yard which brought him clear as Miles hung out behind him like clothes on a line. If he passed, Miles was late, and if he sold the dummy Miles was left in the air. And yet though the superiority of Scott was marked, the fight went tensely all the time, for Miles would not give in. London led by three points, and Scott had got them.

MILES fought like a terrier to get them back until it was nearly time, and then his captain came to him during a brief lull, muddy, dishevelled, disappointed.

"It's that fly-half of theirs who's doing all the damage. I'm going to take a man out of the pack to help you smother him."

Miles, haggard with effort, bleeding at the knees, swollen about the lips, but still defiant, stared. He stopped himself from making a disgusted answer, shrugged. For the rest of the game a forward was detached to help him, and Miles had the lesson of his life. He played on, but not with the same keen interest. He had been made to look small; he had been shown unable to stand up alone against the man whom Audrey came to see. He had been given help to hold him.

Even that didn't pull the game out of the fire. Miles came in beaten and spent. He looked neither for Audrey nor for Robin in the stand. He just went in and found a bath, and sat beside it, looking at the steam as though he saw a shattered vision in the cloud. He picked small scraps of mud out of his broken skin as though they were pistachio nuts in chocolate nougat, and he peered despondently at each before he threw it at a window. With bland self-confidence he had come back vainglorious in his valor, to show what he could do, and had been ignominiously shown up. Robin would say: "I told you so! You're soft!"

He sat like that for a long time by himself, and all the while his mood, his attitude to life, was subtly altering; it seemed to him that he was back at school, a little tin god, a likely international; he passed again through early youth, remembered how he had gradually discovered what a lot of money he possessed and what a lot of charming friends he had; so there had come the party period, with self-contentment and indulgence.

Then Audrey. . . . Oh, he was sick with himself. He recalled that biting comment: "You could make rings round Gerald with a cigarette." She had seen Gerald now make rings round him, and with a Rugby ball.

Punishment had done Miles an incalculable service, for it had hurt like hell.

It had hurt Audrey, too.

She had sat in the stand beside some friends, not speaking; all through the game her grave eyes had been following Miles; he had been pitched down, trodden on, robbed of a pass, beaten by inches for speed, slung aside, and she had hated it. Never had Scott appeared to her so irritating as this afternoon. He was too good, and knew it; he had shown up the man she meant to marry. She looked for Miles when other members of the team came out in mufti; but he never came. Robin appeared. She asked him for news, and he smiled in a sad way, shrugged his shoulders.

"I think, perhaps, he's realised the truth at last."

He made as though to walk on thoughtfully, but Audrey looked at him. She was hard hit and she was going to take it out of somebody. Robin would do.

"Of course, he's had you to live up to, hasn't he? That must have helped a lot to make him good at football."

THIS PRETTY DANCER, in Dutch clogs, is Miss M. Prescott, pupil of Miss Sievers, who will take part in the New South Wales Dance Teachers' Society's dance recital at the Conservatorium on Wednesday, July 18, in aid of the Woollahra-Darling Point Auxiliary to the Society of Crippled Children. —Dayne.

Robin looked round at her in some surprise. His features were extremely angular. Audrey moved off, but he looked after her till she was out of sight. He knew he was no good at games. He wasn't even nice to look at. But, after all, he was a keen bridge player, and it had seemed to him that they were partners. She was making a bid to reform Miles. He had tried to support that bid, and now this was her gratitude for his hand. He looked distinctly wistful, and to himself he gently wondered: "Having no heart for me whatever, partner?"

Still Audrey waited round for Miles, and Miles evaded her. That was a pity, for she would have liked to put her hand inside his arm and then drive slowly home alone with him in her two-seater.

MILES was dropped after that display into the "A" team of the club, but he made no grumble; he did not give up, he played for one or two more weeks and he made his mark; clearly he was too good for such a side, and when another opening came they brought him back into the First XV to see if he had improved.

He had

Continued from Page 11

He had completely changed in type. His debonair and casual manner had entirely gone. He had been training zealously; he was beginning to get back his real speed; he scarcely raised his voice once through the game; his mind was concentrated on the play; he held his place this time; and, finding he had done so, he sighed gratefully and settled down to it. And he had never tried so hard or had to try so hard in his life.

The days creaked by. Mixed with his training he got in some golf; he played no tennis, for he was hurt by Robin's view of pat-ball and he required no more hard words spat out at him like poisoned darts. Audrey tried to meet him; she went unostentatiously to houses where she fancied he would be, only to find he had cut parties out. She ceased her show of interest in Scott, although Miles never heard of it. In fact, through those long weeks of winter Audrey began to eat her heart out. Sometimes she talked with Biddy Grey, but she made light of how things had developed, making it clear that all had gone according to her plan.

"Somebody seems to have reformed the young man certainly," said Biddy, "but to what end? He won't look at a girl at all now, and he's got new creases in his forehead as though there were cake crumbs under it."

But Audrey said, "He's going to put forth every ounce to make a snappy and particular retort to me. Do you imagine he'd do that for anyone he wasn't interested in?"

"I am a child in such things," Biddy said.

AND by now Miles was gaining notice in the papers as the second best fly-half in England at that time. Yet, only that. If Scott could turn out, all the better, said the writers on the game. If not, England would have a useful substitute in Barry. But there seemed no doubt Miles was second best. He still went grimly on. He had become a young man who meant not to make the same mistake twice over.

And then there came at last a great day. While he was aglow with it, Audrey and he met, by chance and good fortune, in a tube lift. You might have noticed something in her long eyes as she stood quite close to him; her low voice full of reckless information to a man with intuition; even the way she stood a poem.

Please turn to Page 37

"CHEAP LAMPS ARE THE ROBBERS!"

The Philips Photo meter, which proves the inefficiency of "cheap" lamps beyond all doubt.

"THEN Jack, my 'bargain' lamps weren't bargains after all!"

"Well, my dear, here are the facts — you thought you'd saved a few pence on the price of the lamps—but actually you've increased the light account by many shillings."

"Yes, Jack, then 'cheap' lamps are dear in two ways, for not only have they used more current—but the light is not nearly as good."

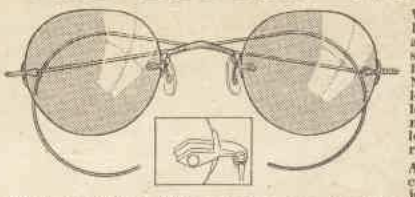
"Well, my dear—we've learned by experience—it is not only wiser to use Philips for better lighting, but our light bill proves that Philips are much more economical."

"And Philips Lamps are—Made in Australia"
Use only

PHILIPS "MEASURED LIGHT" LAMPS

4L-11

THE LECTRO NO-SCRU



Which makes Rimless Glasses almost as practical and serviceable as those fitted with frames. No trouble with loose screws and lenses; as with this new ' process the lenses always remain rigid.

All spectacle wearers can now really enjoy the beauty and comfort of Rimless Glasses without fear of constant breakages.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.,
OPTOMETRISTS & OPTICIANS
6 HUNTER STREET (3 doors from George Street)
378 PITT STREET (opposite Anthony Horderns') SYDNEY
J. W. BEEMAN
C. A. GIBB | Optometrists.
And at NEWCASTLE.

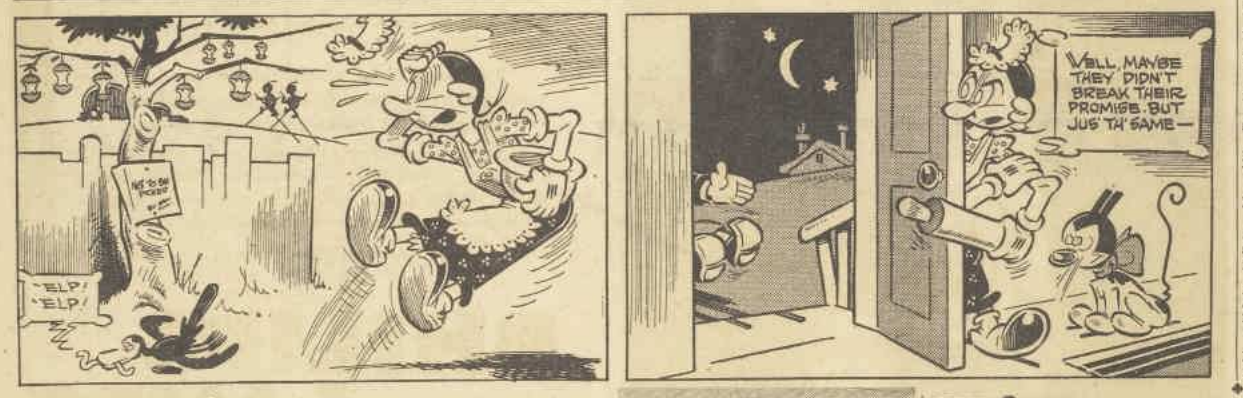
J. C. WILLIAMSON LTD. SYDNEY'S LEADING THEATRES.
ROYAL . . . . . at 8
MATS. WED. AND SAT. AT 2.
SENSATIONAL MUSICAL ATTRACTION
"WHITE HORSE INN"
SEASON CLOSES SAT., JULY 21
CRITERION . . . . . at 8
COM. SAT., JULY 7
MATS., WED. AND SAT. AT 2.
THE WIND and the RAIN
The Latest London and New York Comedy Success.

PICTURES *Worth Framing*
Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604213

TERRY and TEDDY, the TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

FRED and Wunderlust had just finished dinner and were talking in the hallway.

"If Mr. Boglog comes to-night while I'm out," said Wunderlust, "ask him to wait, for I won't be long."

"All right," answered Fred, helping Wunderlust with his coat. "What time do you expect to be back?"

"Oh, in about half an hour," replied Wunderlust; "I only have to go to the chemist's shop and then to Wearing's, so it shouldn't take me longer than that."

So saying, Wunderlust opened the front door and disappeared into the dark.

Fred then strolled into the lounge-room and sat down in front of the big log fire. He looked at the fire for quite a few minutes, imagining all kinds of things.

THE FLAME MAN.

Suddenly he distinguished the outline of a man in the mass of red coals. He was very little and dressed in bright red clothes. He was playing a trumpet, and he was playing so loudly that Fred wondered how such a little man could make such a big noise.

"Sh-sh-sh," said Fred at length, "You mustn't play so loudly, you'll wake all the children up. All the little ones, I mean. They go to bed at six o'clock, and really they mustn't be wakened."

* * *

"HA, ha, ha," laughed the little man, "they can't hear me. You have to see me to hear me. I play tunes all the time, all night, in fact, and nobody ever hears me. Ha, ha, ha!"

Fred watched the little man in amazement, and, not wishing to be laughed at again, said nothing.

"Once every year I talk to somebody," went on the little man, "and now I must go and tune the fire up a bit, it's almost out."

The little man then began to poke the fire about with his trumpet.

A knock was then heard on the door, and Fred immediately rose to answer it.

"Well, good-bye, Flame Man," said Fred, "I wish you would stay and see Wunderlust."

"I am afraid I can't," said the Flame Man smilingly, and disappeared.

The caller was Mr. Boglog, who was all muffled up in big furs. And he had scarcely been inside the house two minutes when Wunderlust arrived.

Of course, Fred didn't mention anything to Mr. Boglog about the Flame Man, but the very next day he told Wunderlust, who was very interested.

Wunderlust had known that such a Flame Man existed, but up to date had not seen him.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

Such an interesting letter came this week from Nena Redmond, Public School, Condobolin, N.S.W. Hers is an extract from it:—

"Situated in the Central Western Division of the State, on the Lachlan River, lies Condobolin, a town of three thousand inhabitants. There are many well - laid - out streets lined with trees, and some fine buildings, including a newly-opened open-air picture theatre. There are two schools—the convent and the public, the latter having an average attendance of four hundred pupils and a staff of ten teachers."

ABOVE is Bryon Power, of Bronte. —Falk.

I hope you all liked that short extract from Nena's letter, and as her letter was the best for the week Nena wins a 5/- prize.

Well, good-bye, Pals, until next week.

Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Pen Friend Wanted

Diana Young, Baroona, Singleton, N.S.W., would like to correspond with a girl about 12 years of age.

What hawk has no wings?—A tomahawk.

What is the gentlest spur?—A whips spur (whisper).

Prize Card to Edna Isherwood, No. 2 Flat, 79 St. Mark's Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

Land of Dreams

By PHYLLIS FERGUSON

COME, come little children,
Raise your curly heads,
Open your blue eyes wide,
Start up in your beds.

I am going to take you away,
Far, far across the sea,
To the pleasant land of Dreams,
Where there is happiness for thee.

We shall see the dreams passing,
Passing to and fro;
Good ones and bad ones,
All in a row.

When you grow weary, dears,
We will go home to bed;
Lay you in your downy cot,
Cover your curly head.

Prize of 5/- to Phyllis Ferguson (12), via Smithton, Broadmeadows, Tasmania, for this original verse.

THE COUNTRY GIRL

By JOAN ALLARS

HERE she comes, swinging her pails,
As happy as can be;
In her duties she never fails
She's always singing merrily.

She's always up at 5 o'clock,
And never late, oh, no,
She'll feed the fowls, then to the ducks
She hurriedly will go.

Prize Card to Joan Allars (12), Oxley Heights, Nambour, Queensland.

IN THE SNOW.—Prize of 2/6 to Marie Tasker, 8 Flitwater Rd., Brookvale, N.S.W., for this clever sketch in black and white.

INTRODUCING Fay Turnbull, of Moruya. —Raymond Sawyer.

Result of Painting Competition

FOR the best coloring of picture entitled, "Rub-a-dub-dub," **Vivienne Jarbo**, 7 Sutherland St., Cremorne, N.S.W., wins a prize of 5/-.

Prize Cards are awarded for the next best to **Edrie Tremaine**, James St., Kapunda, S.A.; **Patricia Pearce**, Winfield, Oakey, N.S.W.; **Dulcie Anderson**, Fairfield, Urana, N.S.W.; **Dorothee Syken**, Spring Valley, Goulburn, N.S.W., and **Bessie Matyear**, 402 New Sandgate Rd., Clayfield, Brisbane.

Two Jolly Games

ANY number of players can play this, no matter whether inside or out. All the players are to get together at the end of a room or yard and leave plenty of room for walking. Each player is to place a book upon their head, and they are to walk from one end to the other and then back again without dropping the book. If they can get back again without dropping the book they are to put another one on top of it, and do the same again. The one who gets the most books on his or her head is the winner. When they drop the book they are counted out.

Prize Card to May Reidy, 29 Weston Rd., Rozelle, N.S.W.

The players arrange themselves in a circle with one player in the centre who is the Chief Rhymer.

The Chief Rhymer starts the game by composing a line, and each player in return has to reply with a line to rhyme with it. For instance, the Chief Rhymer says: "I saw two kittens on a wall." The player might say: "One was big and one was small," or something similar.

If a player fails to make a line to rhyme before the Chief Rhymer counts ten, he is out of the game.

Prize Card to Joan Finney, 27 Allan St., Lorn, W. Maitland, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

Humorous Advertisements

Lost—A pound note by a working girl tied in a knot.
Wanted—A fox-terrier dog by a lady who barks at strangers.
To-Let—A room by a man ten feet high, with sliding panels.
Lost—A dozen apples by a lady in a brown paper packet.

For Sale—A piano by a man in a rosewood case.
For Sale—Bulldog, will eat anything, very fond of children.

Prize Card to D. Connor, Miranl, via Mackay, Qld.

A LIMERICK

There was a young girl of Asturias,
Whose temper was frantic and furious.
She used to throw eggs,
At her grandmother's legs,
A habit unpleasant, but curious.

Prize Card to Frances Strachan, 35 Goode Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

Little Boy: What's the matter, Dad?

Dad: I've lost my glasses, and I can't look for them until I find them.

Prize Card to Nola Allen, Fast Office, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

What gaiter can't you put on?—An alligator, of course.

Prize Card to Jimmy Bray, 27 Golf Pde., Manly, N.S.W.

Jimmy: I was the only boy who could answer teacher's question.

Mother: Well, I am proud of you. What did he ask?

Jimmy: Who broke the glass in the cloak-room window?

Prize Card to Marjorie Sheahan, Mannum, S.A.

A Whirligig

STICK two long needles through the sides of a cork, so that they form a cross. Take four square slices of cork of equal size, and on one side of each of these gum a piece of camphor. Now place the pieces of cork on the end of the needles, making the pieces of camphor face all the same way. To make this whirligig work, place it on the surface of a saucerful of water. Round and round it will go like a little windmill.

Prize Card to Betty Robinson, 359 King St., Newtown, N.S.W.

GATHERING FLOWERS. Prize of 5/- to Beryl Henderson, 139 Holden St., Ashfield, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

Little Willie was complaining because his brother had been given a larger helping of pudding than he had.

"But you must remember," said his mother, gently, "That Harry is older than you."

"That's just it!" wept Willie. "He was eating pudding for three years before I was born."

Prize Card to Betty Williams, 177 Tyler St., East Preston, Melbourne, Vic.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604214

The END *of the* GAME

"I KNOW you play," said she, "only you play so many matches in places nobody could get to in a car! You made the best show of anyone against Gerald Scott, and I want to see you play again!"

Miles looked so stiffly down his nose that you would have said he thought this rather impertinent.

"As it happens, you will have that opportunity," he said, standing aside to let her pass before him as the gates were drawn aside. "The teams have been selected for the other trial."

"And are you in?" Her face had darkened for one instant, cheeks and eyes waiting willingly, the first to flush, the last to glow. He said:

"I am and so is Scott."

He looked down once again before he went to catch his train. He seemed in no way anxious to detain her. And yet there was a pert inquiry in his eyes as he watched the effect of his triumphant news. Hers answered silently and solemnly enough for anyone. He said, as though it really didn't matter, but he might as well find out: "Will you be there?"

"Will I be there?" Her accent ridiculed his doubt. Why, heavens, she had engineered it all! Would she be there? She gave a laugh.

"I shouldn't be surprised. I shouldn't, really."

She was on her way to call on Biddy Grey. She did so, and was invited to a draught, a potion or a cordial or something poured from an ice-cold shaker wrapped in frosty napkins. Audrey sat down and shook her head.

"I want no cocktails. Give me," she said, "a sedative and tell me how to see this next week through."

INTERNATIONAL Trials are, in the main, games for the individual.

The varied jerseys of the one side help to give this impression; they do not seem to represent a team at all but only fifteen players. Yet who cares? The object is to find a combination.

With team play less important, therefore, and even people changing sides at half-time, Scott and Miles were going to be allowed more rope with which to tie each other up. Albeit, personal superiority was not going to be gained by selfishness. It would lie in the ability of each to get three-quarters on the move, the subtlety with which each drew off the defence, and in the pass with which he ultimately opened up attack.

On to the smooth, green turf the chosen came. Whites, the English side, to one end; colors, representing the Rest, to the other. Scott, in the white of England, trotted to his place and stayed there on his toes, swinging his arms and looking blithely round the field. Miles moved more slowly to his own position opposite; he wore the colors of the Mohicans; he never glanced round the crowded stands, his chin was sunk a little on his chest; hands in his pockets, he was resolute.

Under the sun the ball was sloped. The captain of the Rest looked archly round him, signalled, then took his kick and the ball sailed away into the waiting arms of a wing three-quarter; came a wild scamper down the touch-line, another kick, then touch. There was no mud. The ball would be hard, clean to take and sure to kick. So out from touch it came; ravenous forwards in a pack fought to get fingers to it, missed.

Into the picture came Scott going like the wind. That long pass out just suited him; he took it in full flight,

Continued from Page 35

swerved, and was well away. A tense roar greeted him. He had evaded two three-quarters and he was looking round for men to whom to pass. A wing came into action with the pace of a stag, and Scott made ready for a punt across to him, then as he poised the ball a hurtling body came from the blue and flung itself across his back. A shoulder punt drove him headlong, grasping arms reached and closed, then he was sliding on his face with the ball lost, while over him, spread-eagled and defiant, there lay Miles.

A second chorus detonated from the stands, exploded, smote upon the air.

People had argued in the Press and in their homes and clubs whether Scott was a brilliant fly-half or a mere showy player lucky in his forwards. Now they were going to see. Scrum followed scrum on the site where he had been brought down. Stout-hearted, sweating forwards battled for the ball, then broke as it came free like panicked steers; off went the Rest line, crash against England's barriers, the ball bounced clear, forwards came round again to use their feet.

Close upon their heels the scrum-half, nipping in everywhere with trodden hands still reaching for the ball, rescued it and out it went to Miles, who got it in the hollow of one arm when in full speed. He cut in, moved both hands to it, and made ready to do something great. His eyes searched every avenue, he swerved, ducked under clutching arms, and saw Scott coming at him in revenge. At the same moment he sent out the ball and saw it safely taken as the game went on. He cleared himself and followed after. The ball was travelling to the wing, who would be hemmed in close to touch, and if he swerved might find nobody in support.

MILES looked ahead and up he went. As well he did. The centre-three had skidded to miss a tackle and was closing in towards touch; he tried to cut back, saw that his way was barred, then made as though to kick ahead, only to be lugged off his balance by the jersey. His wing was now in front of him and thus off-side. Miles shot up and the distracted man flung him the ball. With it he was away again on a long, smooth, bright green track, head back, feet striding and a back-row forward only in his way until he met the full-back at the end.

Instinctively he made for one flank to entice the defence away, then as they followed him like hounds he swayed from the waist, turned suddenly, and punted. The ball rose high across the ground. The wing three-quarter went up like a streak of smoke to get the ball on the bounce, but by sheer ill-luck it bounced wrong and went into touch. Otherwise there must have been a first score due to Miles.

From that time on his tail was up. Scott had not been noticeable enough and seemed to know it. He was more feverish yet upon his toes. His urgent exhortations to the scrum-half could be heard across the field; he had been too used to a winning pack and now the ball was coming out more slowly.

In due course, all the same, he got it. Miles dived on the instant for his hips, grassed him, and held on while the ball worked loose. Another scrum. Again the ball for Scott. He swerved now towards the blind side of the scrum. He was encountered by a fast wing-forward and driven off. He doubled back, ducked at right angles, and made ahead, but this time Miles was there. His tackle was tremendous. His shoulder took Scott ruggedly against the thigh and drove him off his balance as his reaching arms dragged down.

And now Miles had his own line of three-quarters stretched diagonally behind him, keen to prove their value. As the ball came out his side of the scrum he got that line away. Fast play it was that followed. He was in every movement, never content to be a mere spectator to the tame end of a run. He backed up everywhere.

The second half brought the Rest the advantage of the wind. Fit men were keen to show how they had trained to catch the eye. There was stern, sobbing combat in the scrum, challenge and counter-challenge in the loose. The ball bounced at the jogging toes of forwards. Scott should have sacrificed his body, but he kept on his feet too long and was swept off his balance.

Miles charged on over him, and, as he saw Miles pass, Scott was egged on. He felt his England cap already slipping from him, just as at school Miles had kept colors from him too. His temper rose. When he had chased into the melee and was looking round him for a chance, the ball was hacked out and he saw Miles get it from the scrum-half; he threw himself at Miles. Miles went down, winded, shaken to the heels, yet he kept the ball; they fought for it, forwards ranged round again, those halves were lost to view, but when they reappeared Miles was the first up in pursuit.

Please turn to Page 38

GIVE her the sustaining quality of ARNOTT'S Famous MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS which is wonderfully beneficial to the child. This delicious milk food will transform her school lunch into a worth while event.

TRY ALSO ARNOTT'S FAMOUS GINGER NUT and SPICY FRUIT ROLL BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604215

Indigestion Sufferers Here is New Hope

De Witt's Antacid Powder, the wonderful quick-action remedy for indigestion, is winning golden opinions everywhere.

Thousands of people who had been sufferers from chronic stomach pains and all the serious illnesses caused by indigestion, find that here is a new scientific preparation that really does what is claimed for it—relieve the miserable weakening pain caused by indigestion, and give back a healthy "eat what you like" appetite.

Of all the host of letters that the proprietors of De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion have received, the following is one of the most vitally human.

READ THIS MARVELLOUS LETTER OF THANKS

"Some time ago," says this sufferer from terrible indigestion, "I was troubled with nasty bitter fluid arising from my stomach and disliked my food. I was in continual pain and soon had to cease work and take to my bed. I was sent to hospital for examination and an operation for gastric ulcers was performed. Later I tried to resume work, but I had to go to bed again. At last I heard of De Witt's Antacid Powder. I got a supply and this seemed to stop the sickness so I decided to persevere. After three days I was able to leave my bed and get out-of-doors. Before the first tin was completed I was able to enjoy my meals. Pain and sickness were gone and I was able to take long walks without discomfort. I am now feeling better every day."

That is the written statement of Mr. J. Harris, of 2 Dale View, Dale Road, Derbyshire. In face of this will you stay in misery and danger from indigestion?

De Witt's Antacid Powder soothes the digestive organs, cleanses away impurities and poisons that cause acidity, griping pains, sour stomach, flatulence and after-mealtime pains. Ask for, see you get—

DeWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

The END *of the* GAME

Continued from Page 37

AGAIN Scott by a superhuman effort cast himself from behind and bore Miles down, arms round the face, legs dragging, and neck nearly dislocated as he fell. He found his feet and saw Miles struggling free of other clutches. This time the ball reached him again in a better, cleaner pass, and he sent his three-quarters off as before. He was still on his feet when the centre to whom he had passed it cut ahead and gave him a return pass perfect as a pippin.

Miles gained a few yards, sent the ball back again as a back-row forward plunged into his path, but he shook clear and staggered on. The centre was by this time swerving from the outstretched arms of a flying wing three-quarter, and as he grabbed, the ball sogged back once more and finally to Miles, and he fell flat across the line for the first try of the match, and a nailing good try, too.

Audrey was on her feet. Her handkerchief screwed up and clenched, fell from her fingers. Cheers reached the corrugated iron roof and bounced back enfolding her. Miles scarcely heard. He was too conscious that the game was not yet done. Scott would make every effort now to get on top.

Miles' tackling rose to be superb. He smothered his man in every move he started; if he once got away Miles fetched him down hard from behind. In the last five minutes Scott was making almost frantic efforts to equalise. He got the ball out and punted over Miles' head once, was lucky, and came up to take it as it rose again. Others were in support, and when he had it he looked round, sent the ball out and kept in line with it. Presently it was kicked across to him again and he perceived his chance indeed. He gathered it and then he called out every inch of speed he had, and when in full flight he was conscious of another figure at his shoulder. Audrey was conscious, too (but only just).

Hands were already clawing at Scott's waist and he tried desperately to curve his back away. It was no good, for Miles was travelling as never in his life before, and he could see the whites of Scott's eyes as he turned. Miles chose his moment; his feet left the ground and trailed behind him; then the ground rose as his arms tightened; both crashed and lay there, side by side, completely finished, then came the whistle and the end. No words passed, and yet there was no doubt now who was second best.

THAT evening swan-song brought to Miles Barry his England cap. He was to play against Wales. He sat with both hands folded round one knee and tried to realise it. Robin was perched beside him like a mournful crow.

"And now," he said, "you may as well go round and take the prize. Some men have all the luck." He sadly shook his head.

"You needn't get all overheated and come out in spots," said Miles. "You seem to imagine I want Audrey."

Robin turned, raised his sharp nose and appeared to aim it, like a dart.

"That day you ate a filthy apple in my room," said Miles, "you said a lot of things, but the only one that got my goat was the impertinent futility of saying I was soft. I did this to prove that you talk through your hat. Of course, Audrey was rather rude to me and I hope she may be sorry, but beyond that—why," and he motioned airily, "forget it!"

Robin rose slowly from his seat as though afraid that he had sat in something sticky.

"You mean to say you're not in love with her? Does she know that?"

"I can't say what she knows except that if she doesn't know by now I'm not a fellow to make rings round other people with a cigarette, it isn't my fault, and she evidently never will."

And Miles turned to regard the evening paper and to whistle.

Audrey had sensed his feelings for herself.

Generals who fail in battle, leaders of strikes and ruined managing directors have their staff round them when they fall. Audrey was utterly alone.

Her tongue was pushing out her underlip; her long-lashed eyes were just a shade contracted as she faced defeat. Nothing had been said by which she could feel actually snubbed. There had been no reply in words to that unwise comment of hers about rings made round Gerald with a cigarette. And yet she knew instinctively. Miles had been picked to play for England, and, having shown her what he could do when he tried, he was finished; she had not even had a chance to shake his hand. He would, most likely, be the centre of a lot of silly flattery, but she, who had achieved it all, would be left out in the cold.

Her heart was heavy. Then, in a little while, she was called to the telephone. She went with feelings you could understand, for every time the bell rang she imagined that it might be Miles. She took off the receiver and her voice was calm. It wasn't Miles. She knew that at the first sound, but it was quite a near thing. It was Robin. What he had heard from Miles she could not guess, but she stood listening to him in perplexity.

"You know," he said after the customary greetings, "you said something a bit unkind about my example to Miles at Rugger; but, be that as it may be, Miles has got us to thank for having his cap, and I've been waiting for this day. Now that he's got it, why shouldn't you and I go out and celebrate?"

Audrey's face literally wrinkled. True, things were desperate and they called for desperate remedies. Were they as desperate as that? But Robin, his mind still on bridge, was cryptic.

Do You Know...

That brunette babies are the bravest when being baptised. According to Rev. Dr. Short, for 35 years a Methodist minister, blonde babies howl, brunettes smile, bald-headed ones look blank, while it is usually the fat ones who cry the most.

"You made a bid," he said, "and I supported you. Now we've been doubled, and it's going to be a fight to get your contract."

Audrey, understanding, very slowly nodded to herself and in a small but grateful voice she made arrangements with him, so that at evening Robin said to Miles:

"It's funny that you aren't concerned with Audrey. She's coming out with me."

"It's funnier still the lengths to which a girl will go," said Miles, "in order to achieve cheap notoriety."

He spoke like a man into whose wounds the salt has eaten.

Robin aimed his nose that way and looked along it. He was subtly pleased. Since childhood he had always been on Audrey's side.

AND so the days that followed were bad days for Miles. Nobody could have known the hurt that he had suffered at that showing up from Scott the first time they had met. It was taking a long time to eradicate, but, as the process gradually had effect, a worse hurt took its place. It was the thought that Audrey, turning from Scott, was going out with Robin. Scott had been bad enough, but what would it be like if Audrey got engaged to Robin? She would become a member of his family! He would not be able to avoid her and yet he would be hopelessly in love—with his sister-in-law! It worried him. To all intents and purposes it gave him a pain. He could not locate the pain, but by degrees it settled round his heart.

He had fought hard against this, but the thing had happened. He was absolutely humbled now. Audrey was coming to their house to lunch, actually into their house, his home, his only retreat. His first instinct was to go out. Then he was damned if he would; he stayed, and when he knew that she had come he went downstairs, looked at the closed door with a frown, then went in and glanced from Robin to the girl. Audrey's back was turned and she paid no attention to his coming, but she was being awfully sweet to Robin. He kept on taking her hand and walking about the room with it, and she smiled up at him and permitted it.

Miles, ignored, stood with arms loose-hanging, like a fighter waiting for the bell. He moved a few feet to one side and fixed his eyes upon her profile. For some reason of his own he tried to get the lashes of her eyes against the light. He had a tight expression to his lips. Then Audrey made her move. She had been talking theatres, and now she suddenly sent Robin to the telephone.

"Do go and ask if they have any seats—there's a good soul."

Robin glanced once at Miles, turned and went brightly out. Miles never moved. But Audrey turned and her eyes met his calmly.

"Oh, hullo, Miles!"

He came a little closer.

"Look here," he said, "if you've come here to lunch, all well and good; but if you and Robin want to carry on like that——"

"Whatever do you mean?"

"To have you here looking at him like that," said Miles indignantly, "is worse than your not being here at all!"

HIS face was very injured in expression; he stood well over her and her chin was a little raised.

"I came in, and," he said, "you never even took a look at me."

A tiny sound broke from her lips that seemed like a sob or laugh and yet was neither. Miles tried to speak again. At last his voice broke loose.

"If there's the slightest chance," he told her, "of you marrying into this family at all, then why—why on earth—can't you marry me?"

She looked at him amazedly.

"I don't know why, except—you never asked me to."

He looked and looked and looked. Then he secured her, and with a worried, humble look he wrapped her in his arms.

"I would rather," she remarked, "you had asked me on the day Scott got the better of you, because that would have shown people how I felt."

And then the room door opened and there entered Robin. He coughed peculiarly as they broke away.

"I can't get anything."

"Oh," put in Miles, "well, never mind." He paused. "I say," he went on pleasantly, "d'you notice any difference in this room since you went out?"

Robin had a big heart and he played up gallantly.

"Eh? Why, have you been moving furniture?"

"No, but when you went out," said Miles, "Audrey was over there and I was here. Whereas," he ended modestly, "you see us now—together—engaged."

Robin looked at each of them in turn.

"Well played, partner. That gives us game," he said, "and rubber."

He moved as though to reach them with his offered hand, but all at once a strange thing happened. Audrey left Miles and, on an impulse, she reached Robin. She folded her hands round his neck and she drew down his head. She rose on tip-toe and of her own accord carefully and in a fond, unhurried way, she kissed that elder brother on the lips.

He did not move. He could not even speak. He felt that kiss and clung to it. He stroked her hair back absently.

"I get the tricks," said Audrey, "but you take the honors—all in one hand—and ace high. You're a brick."

(Copyright)

HOST Halbrook says: I brew a special Vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Halbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar. ***

STOMACH ACIDITY RESPONSIBLE FOR 90% OF ILLNESS

Quite apart from the pain and discomfort of indigestion, stomach acidity is the cause of almost all illness. Excess acid disturbs the alkaline balance of the system and reveals itself in such conditions as HEADACHE, INSOMNIA, CONSTIPATION and even RHEUMATISM. For perfect health and vitality it is essential to neutralise excess acid and stop food fermenting in the stomach. If you take, immediately after meals, a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the stomach remedy which doctors prescribe and hospitals use, you will quickly overcome indigestion and other painful conditions due to stomach acidity, your health will improve and you will feel better in yourself and with the world in general. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and start your recovery to-day.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
Every package bears the oval 'Bismag' Trade Mark— BISMAG

NOURISHING BEEF TEA
made in a second
USE IT ALSO FOR GRAVIES & SOUPS
GLOBEX (GLOBE BEEF EXTRACT)
DELICIOUS SPREAD THINLY ON BREAD
OBTAINABLE IN 2 OZ. JARS AND IN 4 & 8 OZ CONTAINERS
at all Chemists & Stores

TEETHING HAS NOT WORRIED THEM....!

Mother has seen that their blood was kept cool, their habits regular by the good old friend Steedman's Powders, the gentle, effective aperient used by mothers for over 100 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS
"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.
FOR CONSTIPATION
John Steedman & Co., Box 494AA, G.P.O. Sydney
Box 531 E, G.P.O. Melbourne 46

FREE FROM COLDS
Sleep like a Top!

Secure INSTANT RELIEF from Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Throat and Bronchial Disorders, with this doubly-safe and reliably-compounded remedy. Keep a bottle in the home—always! It never fails. 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, everywhere.

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

W4J1

DRINK HABIT - COMPLETELY OVERCOME
30 YEARS' CONTINUOUS SUCCESS
ACT NOW!
Don't wish that your husband or son did not drink—ACT! Eucrasy is transforming drinkers into sober men every day. Users are daily testifying to its success. Why suffer the awful effects of drunkenness a moment longer? EUCRASY will sober the drinker and bring Happiness to your home if you USE IT. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless, and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily.
NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for Booklet, with Testimonials. DEPT B. THE EUCRASY CO., 267 Elizabeth St., Sydney.
FREE SAMPLE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604216

ENGLISH WOMAN'S *Book* ... for *All* CRICKETERS

By RUTH PREDDEY

A definite milestone in the history of women's cricket is represented in the publication of "Cricket for Women and Girls," by the well-known English sportswoman, Miss Marjory Pollard.

Though the author differs in various points of the game from the Australian conception, the book contains much that is of very definite value, and every girl who is interested in cricket should not only read, but study, the contents.

MISS MARJORY POLLARD, the well-known English sportswoman and author of the book "Cricket for Women and Girls," sets out in the early chapters to explain that women have taken to cricket as a game because they like it and not with a view to emulating men.

That women should strive to equal the playing powers of men at cricket is described as nonsensical, and Miss Pollard maintains that "we do not wish to follow the men, we wish to go our own way, run our own association, and play our cricket in our own way."

In advocating the tunic as the ideal wear for women's cricket, Miss Pollard metaphorically shudders at the thought of women wearing slacks on the cricket field.

Sleeveless frocks and transparent stockings are not allowed to be worn on the field, according to a by-law in the English Women's Cricket Association.

The book deals with several elementary subjects such as throwing, fielding, and catching. The advice dealing with the running between wickets, returning the ball to the bowler, the "mechanics," as she terms the bowlers, and on the art of captaining, is worth heeding by all our interstate players and potential international players.

The placing of the field, wicket-keeping, and the batting strokes, as illustrated, are not exactly in keeping with our standards, but which method is the most effective can only be proved when the English team is seen in action.

Miss Pollard also advocates sprigged shoes for cricketers. According to her book only three hours are given to play in England in the afternoon. If sprigs are essential for these short hours of play they will be even more necessary in Australia, when the Tests will be of three days' duration.

Umpiring is generally carried out by the women in England, and, as a consequence, there is a chapter dealing with umpiring and scoring, and another chapter is devoted to the proper method of filling in your score cards.

In the concluding chapters of the book Miss Pollard mentions the rapid progress women have made in cricket and says that in a few years time "a team will have been to Australia, and we shall have welcomed the Australian women here. Women's cricket will stand by the side of the women's team games and will not in any way suffer by comparison."

This book should be read and re-read by all cricketers and prospective cricketers. In simple fashion it explains many things we did not know, and enlightens us in reference to the progress of the game in England.

"SHORTS *have Come to Stay*"

(By Air Mail).

From JOAN HARTIGAN, Australian Singles Champion.

Shorts seem to have come to stay, and personally, I think some of them look very well.

None of us have adopted the craze so far, but probably before long we will also be trying them.

I AM very keen on the cream flannel pleated shorts with a cream woollen shirt worn by Mrs. Whitingstall and Miss Round. The only thing against them, I should imagine, is that they might be too hot for our climate.

Quite a few of the leading girl players wear neither eye shades nor bandeaux—just a net to keep their hair tidy.

Watching the tennis every day, we have seen many well known players who are no longer competing in tournaments. Among them was Suzanne Lenglen, whom we had the pleasure of meeting. Always beautifully dressed, and having a perfect figure, it is quite easy to imagine why she was noted for being so graceful on the court.

Practice Against Men

MISS PALFREY, the American player, expressed her surprise that Australian girls practise against one another. In the U.S.A., she says, the girls practise against the men and find their more forceful play immensely valuable.

Spectators invariably express their surprise at the power behind Helen Jacobs' strokes. She has, of course, a marvellous physique, but, undoubtedly, practising against the American men has assisted her to take full advantage of it.

WORLD WANDERERS

ON the return of the women hockey players from their first visit abroad, a Worlds Wanderers' Club was formed.

Whenever a representative from this Worlds Wanderers' Club visits another State, a reunion is arranged, generally in the form of a dinner.

The first function this season will take place when the Queensland team is in Sydney. Mrs. Scott and Miss Hansen are internationals with the Queensland team, and Mrs. Davy and the Misses McRae, Ogilvy, and Wicks are members of the New South Wales team who accompanied the first international team abroad.

This reunion will be the largest of this nature ever held, as all the players in the New South Wales team that toured Suva automatically become members of the Worlds Wanderers' Club!

Another reunion will take place during the visit of the interstate hockey players to Perth.

STATE TEAM *to Tour*

Difficulties for Umpires

The third week in July has been definitely arranged for the tour of the Queensland hockey team to New South Wales. The team will leave Brisbane on July 15.

THE decision to play at Wauchope necessitates a broken journey, and it is proposed to play Wauchope on Monday, July 16, entraining that night again for Sydney.

Two matches will be played in Sydney against New South Wales, possibly on Thursday and Saturday, July 19 and 21 respectively.

It is hoped that opportunity will be afforded members of the team, who have their "B" Grade umpires' badge, to be tested for their "A" badge. Miss Gwen Risson is the only Queenslander to hold this honor. Opportunities to gain a State "A" or "AA" badge are infrequent, as the test must be made at an interstate match. Ambitious umpires must seize every opportunity that arises.

In the ordinary course of events an umpire, unless a member of the State side, has to wait six years, until the carnival is held in her own State, to be tested for "A" Grade honors.

MISSES MONA MARSHALL and Isa Frizzell have been recommended to the Queensland Umpires' Board of Control for their "B" Grade badge. If possible, they will try for their "A" badge in Sydney.

Queensland candidates found the theoretical test of the All-Australia Umpires' Committee very difficult.

Of the six Brisbane girls who sat four gained the required 60 per cent. for a "C" Grade pass. No "B" Grade passes, requiring 75 per cent., were gained.

Beasie Watt, a member of the Kelvin Grove first eleven, topped the list with 69 per cent.

Jean Mathie, captain of the Hospital Nurses' Club, and L. Williams are both determined to have another shot. Jean is particularly keen and is always seeking advice on small points.

Miss Williams was unfortunate to injure her ankle recently. Her hockey days are over for a time but, after a rest at home in Mackay, she hopes to come back with renewed vigor.

MISS VEDAS EBERT, who won the Country title last year. Miss Ebert was not eligible for entry in this event this year, but she has been practising assiduously with the State title event in view.

ASSOCIATES *Will Contest* State Title

Country golfers have just completed the City v. Country match, following the contest for the country title, and, as a result, many of the players are showing a certain staleness in their game.

With a short respite, however, prior to the State championship event this week, there are several country entrants who can be expected to figure prominently in the finals of the contest.

THE City versus the Country Associates' match, in which the former team was victorious, terminated the country activities which commenced with the country championships. Miss McLeish was the ultimate winner of the title, with Miss Ashton runner-up.

In the City-Country matches it was quite evident that the country players had relaxed after their very strenuous week. The players were not producing their best form.

Miss McLeish was beaten by a very narrow margin by Miss Green of the Royal Sydney Club. However, Moss Vale has every reason to be proud of this player. After a brief spell she should be right on her game for the State title and give a very fine account of herself in the major event. Miss Ashton hails from Wollongong, and first made her mark in the junior ranks.

The thirty-second New South Wales championship will begin at the Royal Sydney golf course on Thursday, July 5. Miss Lefebvre, the present State champion, will not be defending her title, but many noteworthy players have entered the lists, and the last few days' play should provide some very interesting golf.

The State selectors will be watching the players with a view to choosing players for the Australian team to visit New Zealand in an endeavor to bring the Tasman Cup back to Australia.

Miss Vedas Ebert, last year's country champion, has been practising assiduously, and it is anticipated that she will return some excellent cards. Miss Parkman, runner-up in the country championship last year, is an entrant this year in the State event.

TO Mrs. Treglone, of Manly, golfers unanimously accord top honors in the matter of consistency. Mrs. Treglone recently won the associate championship of the Manly Club for the twenty-first time.

Masculine Attire

MISS M. BARRON, member of a Welsh team competing in international championships in England recently, dropped a bombshell in overseas golfing circles when she marched on to the first tee arrayed in grey flannel trousers. A pullover and beret completed her apparel.

The incident led to the issuing of an announcement by the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain that it had definitely decided not to interfere with the personal wishes of players in the matter of their dress. Officials declared that women golfers "had a right to wear what they chose."

BASKETBALL *Selections*

THE New South Wales basketball selectors have been engrossed during the past week-ends watching the interstate players in action.

Miss Eve Redfern is ably fulfilling her position as a basketball selector for the first time in her career. She is better known in that capacity on the hockey fields, and is an invaluable member of the Nereids Hockey Club. Misses Carpenter and Clarke are the other two selectors.

It is hoped within the next few days to have narrowed the selected players down to 14, and the final choice will not be announced for a week or two.

This year the interstate matches will take place in Brisbane.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd. Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

CRICKETERS *are Versatile!*

When the English women's cricket team leaves for Australia, the players will have just completed a season's play, and, after the comparative rest on the boat, should arrive at the top of their form. The Australian season, however, opens in September, and, for practically six months prior to the series of English matches, the players will not have handled bat or ball.

PROSPECTIVE test players and interstate representatives are not daunted by this prospect. For the most part they have turned their attention to other games during the winter months, and the summer season will find them all absolutely fit.

Kath Smith, captain of the Queensland team and outstanding fast left-hand bowler, is playing hockey. Though being left-handed is an asset on the cricket pitch, Kath finds it a definite disadvantage to a hockey player.

Margaret Peden, captain of the New South Wales team, played with the Illawarra hockey team last Saturday at Bushcutters Bay. The McAdam sisters, from the Kuring-gai team, are also members of the Illawarra Club.

Fast bowler Amy Hudson has joined the ranks of basketballers, and New South Wales' other fast bowler, Fernie Blade, is the pitcher of the Sans Souci Baseball Club. This team also includes Essie Shevill, Rene Shevill, and Peggy Knight.

Another interstate quartet playing baseball comprises Doreen Blake, Marge Hannan, and Hazel and Edna Pritchard. Nancy Boulton shows a preference for vigoro.

Country player, F. Tamsett, from Goulburn, has been selected as a representative for the New South Wales hockey team, which will journey to Perth at the end of this month.

* * *

THE Victorian Women's Cricket Association has made no preparations yet for combined training for the five Victorian players who will be members of the Australian team to play against the English visitors. A little later in the year, when the weather is more settled, they will probably start cricket practice.

Most of them play basketball as a winter sport, notably Peggy Antonio, the slow bowler. Nell McLarty, fast bowler and batsman, is relying on the practice matches to be arranged. She does not take part in any organised sport during the winter.

Association Meeting

At a meeting of the Victorian Women's Cricket Association, held on Thursday night, it was decided that Victoria would accept Queensland's conditions and give that State 10 per cent. of the profits of the Victoria v. England match.

It was also decided to hold a Queen carnival to raise funds, and each team promised to support the women's sports' display on December 1.

A preliminary meeting to the annual meeting will be held on July 26 at the V.C.A.

Prospective test players will commence training immediately after this meeting.

Q'LAND BASKETBALL *is Under* DUAL CONTROL

There are, in Queensland, two distinct basketball associations, the one the Queensland Women's Basketball Association, and the other the Queensland Ladies' Basketball Association.

However, the arrangement is a perfectly amicable one in so far as the officials and the Brisbane players are concerned, though misunderstandings have arisen in country centres.

TO those not directly connected with basketball the position is perhaps confusing, but the real difference between the two associations is easily explained.

The Queensland Women's Basketball Association, of which Mrs. T. Bullock is president, controls the seven-a-side interstate game, and is affiliated to the All Australia Women's Basketball Association.

The honor of holding the Interstate Carnival is to be theirs this year.

August is to be the gala month, and it is expected that teams from all the States, with the exception of West Australia, will gather in Brisbane.

Mrs. McGregor Lowndes is president of the Queensland Ladies' Basketball Association. This association has no interstate standing, but controls both a seven-a-side and nine-a-side section, and has a large country following.

Country centres should realise that in Brisbane there is no ill-feeling between the two arms of control; it is just a matter of opinion.

Ambitious players who aim at State representation join the Q.W.B.B.A. Others, attracted by the chance of inter-city matches, join the Q.L.B.B.A.

* * *

IN the small town, for instance, of Kilcoy, allegiance is divided. That would not matter if the clubs themselves could view their difference of opinion in a friendly spirit.

For one club, however, to refuse to play the other a friendly match, on the grounds that they did not belong to the same association, is absurd.

Both associations are working for the good of the game in Queensland.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604217

David Jones' SALE

MAIL ORDERS

Don't delay—send your order in now for any of these values. The sale ends on Saturday, 14th. Be explicit—it's easy to order by mail then. Address letters to David Jones', Box 503AA G.P.O., Sydney.

Cretonnes at Half

EVERY YARD REDUCED!

Sale time is a popular time to renew Loose Covers and Curtains—the savings are so remarkable. At Half Price. A splendid range of 31-inch Cretonnes to choose from—designs and colours that are sure to tone with your colour scheme! Usually 3/6, 3/11, 4/3, 4/6, 5/11. Sale Priced at Half, Now 1/6, 1/11, 2/3 and 2/6 yard. Besides these at Half Prices—every yard of Cretonne in the Dept. is reduced! Have your Loose Covers and Curtains renewed now!

NEW LOCATION—FOURTH FLOOR.

where every item's reduced!

EXCEPTING THOSE GOODS THE PRICES OF WHICH ARE CONTROLLED BY THE MAKERS!

10,000 PAIRS REDUCED!

16/11 Business Shoes

KILTIES · GHILLIES · OXFORDS · COURTS
TIES · BARS · STITCHED · PUNCHED

Another reason why David Jones' Shoe values are the sensation of the City! Save by buying a pair of these Shoes now—yet have the benefit of choosing from the complete range of styles and sizes. In Black or Brown Calf, Kid-skin, Suede and Satins. Genuine Welted or pump soles. We're offering 10,000 pairs at this wonderful Sale Price! Usually, 16/11. NOW, Pair

ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

15/6

6/11 Tweeds at Half — 3/5½

A favourite fabric of the season—sale priced at Half! Medium size Check Tweeds in black, navy, grey, white, and lizard green. 54 inches wide. Usually 6/11 yard. Typical of the values at David Jones' Sale. Now, yard, 3/5½.

1/11, 2/11 Cottons all at 1/6

A wonderful variety of designs and colours in Chiffon Voiles, Dimities, Batistes and Pique Voiles! Fadeless colours. 36ins. wide. Make a Lay-by at this special sale price and pay at your leisure. Usually 1/11 to 2/11 Yard.

1/11 Crepe Morocaine — 1/4½

Thousands of yards of this Crepe Morocaine have been sold at the regular price—so you can be sure of its excellent quality! Choose yours at this special Sale Price from 50 different colours, including ivory and black, 36ins. Yd., 1/4½.

5/11 Ptd. Pebble Crepe — 3/11

Use the Lay-by service for a dress length of this Pebble Crepe for Spring! Hosts of gay floral designs and many novelty effects on mid and dark grounds. All popular colours. 36ins. wide. Usl. 5/11 yard. Sale priced at only, yard

FABRICS—FIRST FLOOR.

SHEETS

at Startling Sale Prices!

13/11 "St. James" Sheets for 11/6

These wonderful Sheets are guaranteed for 5 years—if they do not give complete satisfaction we'll replace them free of charge! Secure yours at this marvellous Sale Price. High grade, plain, soft linen finish. Available in these sizes:—1½ x 2¾ yds., Usl. 13/11; pr. 11/6. 1¾ x 2¾ yds., Usl. 16/11; pr. 13/11. 2 x 2¾ yds., Usl. 18/6; pr. 15/6. 2¼ x 2¾ yds., Usl. 22/6; pr. 18/6, and size 2¼ x 3 yds., Usually, pair, 26/6; Sale offer, pr. 21/6.

1/6 Pillow Cases for each, 1/2

Superior quality plain soft Linen finish Pillow Cases, in full standard size 20 x 30ins. Taped End style. Usually 1/6 each; Sale, 1/2. Save further on dozen, 13/6. Housewife style, Usually 1/9 each; Sale, 1/5. Special per doz., 16/6.

3/3 Bungalow Lunch Cloths 2/9

A Special price for these popular Cloths! Guaranteed fadeless colours of blue, green, gold or orange, with white, in check designs. 45 x 45ins., 2/9 each; size 54 x 54ins., Usl. 4/6. Sale, ea., 3/11; Serviettes, 15 x 15, Usl. 7/6; doz., 5/11.

MANCHESTER—FIRST FLOOR.

18/6 Art Silk Parasols, 12/6

It's an amazing offer—even during Sale Time! Snappy little Art. Silk Parasols in popular chubby or midget sizes—brown, navy or black to choose from. New Handles with bracelet cords. Usually 18/6. Sale Special, 12/6.

NEW LOCATION—2ND FLOOR.

27/6 Bon Ton Corsets — 15/6

Save 12/- on Model 28! Bon Ton Back Lacing Corset in Tea Rose Broche. A well-boned model, with long skirt to control. Sizes 25 to 35ins. Usl. 27/6; Sale at

25/- Bon Ton Corselette — 19/6

Model 83! Here's a wonderful opportunity to save! Bon Ton Corselette with strong Uruda-belt. Ideal for medium, well-developed figures. Sizes 36 to 42ins. Sale

15/6 Contoura Corset — 8/11

Model 34! "Contoura" Side Hook Corset, in Tea Rose French Batiste. Lined front and back for service. With long skirt. Sizes, 23 to 30ins. Usl. 15/6. Sale Price.

CORSETS THIRD FLOOR.

SCHOOLWEAR

Three Great Bargain Offers!

17/11, 23/11 Pleated Skirts — 12/11

We regret—there's only 50 of these Skirts! Regulation Style. Dark navy Pleated Skirts, attached to white Calico Bodice. Lgths 36, 39, 42, 45ins. Usl. 17/11 to 23/11. Sale Price only.

6/11, 7/11 Navy Pullovers — 4/11

Mothers—save on these at Sale Prices! Dark navy all-wool Pullovers, with "V" neck trimmed gold, red, sky, green and fawn. Sizes 24 to 30. Usl. 6/11 At 4/11; 32 to 38. Usl. 7/11 At 4/11.

10/11, 11/11 Flannel Blazers — 7/11

Dark navy all-wool Flannel Blazers, trimmed with gold, red, navy or royal cords. Fit bust 24 to 36ins. Usually 10/11 and 11/11. Specially reduced to one price, during the Sale. 7/11.

SCHOOLWEAR SECTION.—THIRD FLOOR.

REMEMBER — DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE!

DAVID JONES' POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604218